



The Remorse of "Windmill" Kenny

A Fourth of July Story
By HOWARD FIELDING

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I HAD been dressing the burned fingers of patriotic youngsters all day long, but a little past 5 I received a much more notable patient, no less a personage, indeed, than John—otherwise known as "Windmill"—Kenny, the able pitcher of our local ball nine. Kenny was a big, strapping, handsome fellow, born of poor parents and reared haphazard, but he came to my office intimately and affectionately attended by Clinton Stoddard, son of the richest man in our town. Such is the democracy of the national game. Both the young men were in uniform and bore the stains of recent conflict. There had been a great match that day, an international affair, indeed, for



"WHEN HE CAME UP I GRINNED AT HIM."

the crack nine of Kingston, Ont., had come over to American soil to try conclusions with us in our own pet sport upon the nation's holiday.

It appeared that Kenny had a broken nose, but this, in his friend's opinion, was not the worst of it.

"I'm afraid there's an injury to the brain," said Stoddard, drawing me aside and speaking anxiously. "He hasn't spoken a word since it happened and doesn't seem to understand what I say to him."

"He's dazed; that's all," I replied. "His brain is all right. And I'll repair his nose. So his friends need not worry."

Stoddard laughed nervously.

"As to his friends," he said, "I'll tell you that my father is one of them. He's taken a great fancy to Jack, has given him a good job and thoroughly believes in him. If you know the governor you'll understand that that's about all any fellow needs. The rest is with himself."

I smiled at Kenny's good for-

the old statehouse museum, Boston. This neighborhood gave rise to many tales in Revolutionary days. An agent of General Gage came to Sam Adams and said:

"We are about to institute a new order of nobility in this country. We would not leave you out. The time has come for you to make your peace with the king."

"Sir," said Sam Adams, "I trust that I long ago made my peace with the King of kings, and no power on earth shall make me recede to my duties to my country."

Sam Adams went to Salem to a convention, locked the door against an intrusion from officers of General Gage, and he and John Hancock were the elected delegates to the Continental congress at Philadelphia.

On his return to Boston a committee of carpenters met him, and the spokesman said:

"Mr. Adams, you have been elected, as our delegate to the Continental congress. Your house is very much out of repair."

"Is it? I did not think of it—I am so engaged in these matters of correspondence between the colonies. It keeps the weather out."

"We have come to ask you to let us repair it, now that you have become our representative."

"Yes, yes; you are very good. Repair it in any way that you like—it will suit me. You are very good; very good. It is an honor to represent such people."

Next came the batters to the new representative.

"Mr. Adams; ah, Mr. Adams," said their leader, "excuse me, but your hat is rather worn; it has seen good service. Now that you have been made our representative to the Continental congress, it would please us to give you a new hat."

"Yes, yes; you are very good; very good. Glad to represent such people. Please yourselves; please yourselves—any kind of a hat that pleases you will please me. I am to represent you. My old hat kept the weather out, and I have been all given up to these letters of correspondence between the colonies so as to unite them, you know. I haven't been thinking of my hat."

Next came the tailors.

"Mr. Adams, your clothes, which you have been wearing so long, shine like your deeds. You will need a new suit to go to Philadelphia with John Hancock, with his ruffles, velvets, silver buckles and laces. It will give us pleasure, as you are about to represent us, to take your measure for a new suit."

"Ah, yes. Well, please yourself. Any style, any color, any kind. I have no time to think of these things. I am so given up to these letters of correspondence. My old suit has served me faithfully and kept the weather out. Fix me up in any way that suits you best."

Next came the merchants.

"Ah, Mr. Adams, you must need money now that you are to be our representative at Philadelphia."

"I have no money. My leather purse is empty, but I knew it would come all in good time. I have no time to think of money."

"But we have. Delegate Adams, allow me to present to you this purse of gold. John Hancock will ride away. It is likely, in a chariot."

"And I will ride with him."

One day Hancock and Adams stood on Woburn hill and heard the first gun on Lexington.

"What a glorious morn is this for our country," said Adams, an epic in a single line.

Sam Adams' day—what was that? The day of democratic innocence and simplicity!

John Paul Jones, Revolutionary Hero

John Paul Jones, whose body has lately been rescued from its unmarked grave in Paris after 113 years of nameless obscurity, was particularly a Fourth of July hero, for he was all but born on that day. On July 6, 1747, in Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland, he began his notable career. In July also, on the 18th day, in 1792, he laid down with his life a sheaf of honors such as few men have won. He came to the colonies very young and by the time the Revolution had begun was as ardent an American as any. Throughout the war he was a veritable scourge of the sea, dispersing British fleets, capturing prizes by the score, raiding the coasts of the enemy with audacity unparalleled. His unequal battle with the Serapis and the Countess of Scarborough, in which he took the Serapis at the cost of his own ship, the Bonhomme Richard, is recorded in red letters in the annals of naval warfare. In 1788 Jones entered the service of Catherine the Great. Disgusted with Russian intrigues, he returned to Paris to die not in poverty and disgrace, as has been often stated, but attended by Marie Antoinette's physician and surrounded by influential friends. The French parliament sent twelve members to his funeral to honor the memory of "Paul Jones, admiral of the United States navy, a man who has well served the cause of liberty."

INDEPENDENCE DAY

JULY 4, 1905

By ARTHUR J. BURDICK

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WE'RE sort of independent folks,
As all the wide world knows;
We're stanch and loyal to our friends,
And just unto our foes.
And if ye'd know why this is so
The secret I'll give tongue—
On Independence we were fed
When we were very young.

WE'RE quick and bold to speak our mind;
Our principles are plain—
To "Equal rights to every one,
And let the people reign."
Why we declare 'em free and fair
I here will let you know—
We fought a Declaration through
A long, long time ago.

WE'RE prompt to act and strong to do
And nations all confess
That we have spelled in letters grand
The mighty word "Success."
We're quick to act, and 'tis a fact,
We're handy in a fight,
And victory is with our arms,
Because we back the right.

WE'RE somewhat noisy, too, at times,
Whene'er our hearts are glad,
And there is one day of the year
In which we're never sad.
So lift the voice and all rejoice
And give emotions play;
It is the nation's natal morn,
Glad Independence day.

Sam Adams' Day

A Fourth of July Sketch
By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

[Copyright, 1905, by Hezekiah Butterworth.]
THE statue of Sam Adams stands in what is now Adams square, and the grave of the Boston Cato may be seen in the Grand burying ground as one passes along Tremont street. In this old graveyard sleep Hancock, Otis and the parents of Benjamin Franklin. The neighborhood is bounded on the northeast by the Boston stone, on Marshall street, once a "short cut" to the ferry. The stage used to start from the Boston stone, which was the beginning of milestones. The second milestone read, "1 m. from Boston."

A western lady thought it a tombstone and to read, "I'm from Boston."

"What a lovely person!" she exclaimed. "No name, no date. She only desired it to be known that she was from Boston; that was enough."

The old West school, where were hidden in a wood box by Boston school-boys the two cannon after-

ward called the Hancock and Adams, which may be seen in the chamber of Bunker Hill monument, bounded this interesting neighborhood on the south. The Liberty tree stood near the school-house, associated with the story and the funeral of the boy Snyder.

The neighborhood contained the historic old Province House, with its famous Indian whose legend Hawthorne has told in his

Province House stories, of which "Lady Eleanor's Mantle" and "Old Esther Dudley" would make the hair of a susceptible listener bristle, and the old statehouse, said to be haunted by the spirit or ghost of Sam Adams, in one of whose rooms the great patriot said to General Dalrymple, "If you have the authority to remove one regiment from the town of Boston you have the power to remove both, and we demand that both of the regiments go out of town," after which order was obeyed the two British regiments were sarcastically called the Sam Adams regiments. The Province House stood near the present Boston tavern. The Indian vane became the property of Major Ben Perley Poor and was placed in his historical museum at Ride Hill farm, near Newburyport. It is now

allowed me to present this purse of gold."

"I had time NO LIES A PERSONAGE TO THINK IT THAN 'WINDMILL' KENNY."

all over. I'd thrown the game. One man was bound to come in, and maybe two. And, anyhow, I was knocked out, and Frank Collins would have to go in to pitch, and Kingston would kill him. O-o-o-h; I wish I could have died."

"What happened?" I cried as Kenny paused with his hands before his eyes.

"The man on third got home," he answered, "but the other fellow was caught between third and the plate and run down. Clint Stoddard got the ball in time."

"So you won—you didn't throw the game?"

"Yes, I did," he said, with bitter decision. "It was only luck that saved us. If Worthington's rap had missed my nose it would have gone clean to Canada and the game with it. And the crowd cheered me! Oh, I'll dream of that, you bet! It'll be my regular nightmare from now on."

"And that's why you wouldn't speak to Stoddard on the way over here?"

"Speak! How could I tell this story to him?"

A light broke upon my mind. "You don't mean to tell me that the young lady in question is Miss Stoddard?"

"Who else would it be?" he groaned, and buried his face in his hands.

time and viewed him with a new interest when we returned to the office. He had not moved since he first dropped into the chair that I had placed for him. He still stared as if he saw a ghost, and when I began to repair his damaged nose he bore the pain with incredible indifference. But when my work was done and Stoddard had gone home to change his clothes I remarked a change in my patient's manner. He became restless and from time to time uttered half-suppressed groans.

"Are you in pain?" I asked at last. He shook his head.

Sure, it was not in reason that so hardy a fellow should be so deeply affected by a mere physical injury. Obviously there must be another explanation, and suddenly it occurred to me to ask, "Did you lose the game?"

Kenny sat up and stared at me. He seemed about to speak, but changed his mind and lay down again. There was a silence, and then, while I was forming another question, he surprised me by a burst of confidence.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm going to tell you all about it."

"Something on your mind?" said I.

"You'll think I'm batty," said he at last. "What do I want to tell you for? Well, I'd like to tell the whole crowd that's the way I feel about it. I'd do it, too, only—"

"Only what?"

"Why, it's like this—if I should say to the gang 'I threw that game,' they'd naturally want to know what I did for, and I couldn't tell 'em."

I was horrified and yet incredulous. To "throw" a game—that is, to betray your own side and give the victory to your opponents—is a peculiarly detestable form of treachery.

"Threw it?" I echoed. "What do you mean?"

"There was a girl in the grand stand, said he. 'So far as I was concerned there wasn't anybody else there—just her. And there was a man on the Kingston nine, a big fine looking fellow. Well, I might as well tell you who he was because you'll find out from the papers tomorrow. His name is Worthington, he played third base, and he put up a good game too. He came to the bat in the second inning and made a hit, and it let in a run. They'd got a man around to third on an error and two outs."

"Between innings a fellow said to me, 'Do you know who that is that made the hit?' And I asked him what he meant. 'Why,' says he, 'that's the son of old Worthington, the millionaire. One of the richest men in Kingston. He's engaged to—' Well, never mind her name—the girl. 'He is?' says I. 'How do you know?' 'Oh, that's what they say,' says he."

"Now, you understand, that young lady is nothing to me, and never can be. She's as far above me as a star in the sky, and you may look at a star till your head swims, but you'll never get any nearer to it. Still, a man has natural feelings."

"Well, Worthington came to bat again in the fifth, and he cut three slits in the air. I'd have fanned him if he'd been Hans Wagner of the Pittsburghs. And when he came up in the seventh I fanned him again."

"The fact is, I never was as good in my life before as I was this afternoon. I could put 'em just where I wanted to, and every curve broke exactly right. Perhaps I was keyed up to it. Having these blasted Englishmen come over here to do us up on the Fourth of July was enough to give a man an extra pound of steam. Then there was the girl—well, well; it's all done now and can't be helped."

"Oh, I had a mean, yellow joy in making a monkey of that man Worthington right there, with everybody looking on, and when I say 'everybody' I guess you understand what I'm talking about. You see, she knows the game. She keeps a full score, with every play down, and to think of her chalking up strike outs against Worthington was a low, miserable pleasure to me."

"Well, it came along to the ninth inning, and the score was 3 to 1 in our favor. It looked like a pipe, and the stars and stripes were waving pretty high. Everybody in the grand stand had a flag of one kind or another; never saw so many flags in my life. She had one. I could see her waving it every time I looked up."

"Their first man up in that ninth inning struck out on three pitched balls, and the crowd went crazy. Somebody out in right field let off about a million crackerers, and you couldn't hear yourself think. The next man up laid the ball right down in front of the plate. Bert Winslow stepped ahead and grabbed it and threw it clear out where the cannon crackerers were. The runner made third, and the Kingston rooters yelled themselves hoarse."

"It gave me a bit of a scare to see Bert make such a yellow error after the great game that he'd caught, and I settled right down and put the next man out of business. So there were two out, a man on third, and two runs to tie. It looked like fruit."

"The next man up was a fellow named Clark, the weakest batter on the team. He hadn't touched the ball all the afternoon. It was a pipe that I

Original "Yankee Doodle"

A Fourth of July Story

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