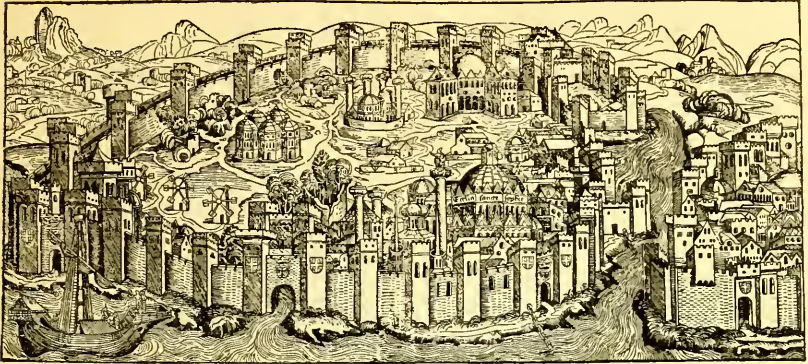


Romans, and so the catastrophe of May 29, 1543, could not be averted in spite of the brave defense of the Greek garrison.

Our frontispiece represents a miniature contained in the book of travels of Bertrandon de la Brocquiere of the fifteenth century and is preserved in



CONSTANTINOPLE.

From Hermann Schedel's *Weltkronik*, Nuremberg, 1493.

the National Library at Paris. It represents the siege of Constantine's city and the firm establishment of the Turkish empire whose fate is now dependent on the outcome of the present war.

AMERICA FIRST.

BY LOUIS DORN.

Last night, at a meeting of Germans, I heard
 The thundering song of the Rhine, and it stirred
 My soul to its depths, so that mightily grew
 The love for the land of my fathers anew;
 And firmly it held me with powerful reins:
 The blood of the Teuton awoke in my veins.

I stepped to the street and I glanced at the stars
 That smile upon peace and that frown upon wars;
 My heart was entranced, for they seemed to bring down
 For Germany's head the victorious crown.
 But, passing along, by a friend I was hailed
 Whose ancestors whilom from Britain had sailed.

He said: "Do you see yonder stars in the sky?
 "As far as they travel, they shine from on high
 "On British domain; and your Germany must
 "Submit to my England and squirm in the dust.
 "Britannia rules o'er the lands far and wide,
 "She's queen of the oceans, we sing it with pride."

And soon we are hot in the midst of debate
 Repeating the words coined by frenzy and hate.
 He calls the good Germans barbarians wild,
 I shout: "That is slander by liars compiled!"
 "The Teutons are war-mad!" he cries and I hold,
 That British hypocrisy fights for its gold.

Our eyes were aglow with an unholy light,
 With quivering lips we put friendship to flight;
 We felt that the ties, which the heart bind to heart,
 From anger and passion were snapping apart:
 When suddenly, softly, a voice clear and sweet
 Was heard in a hymn from a house near the street.

We stopped and we listened; the song we knew well.
 Like waves of the ocean the notes rose and fell;
 They sounded a message of glorious times,
 Of love for the home, for American climes:
 The "Star Spangled Banner" so noble and fair
 Rang out and it hallowed the evening air.

The spell of the strains like an angel came down
 To silence the storm and to banish the frown;
 And out went my hand, it was fervently grasped:
 In friendship the Briton and Teuton were clasped.
 We spoke not a word, but we pondered it long,
 The message for us from America's song:

"Love, Teuton, thy people, its learning and grace,
 "Love, Briton, thy splendid and glorious race:
 "But let not that love tear the neighbors apart,
 "Shoot not at each other the poisonous dart
 "Of galling remark; and unitedly stand
 "For waving Old Glory, the flag of the land!

"The Stars and the Stripes are protecting a home
 "For every good folk under heaven's great dome,
 "A haven of refuge for all the distressed,
 "A promise of freedom for peoples oppressed,
 "An island of peace while the world is at strife:
 "For love is its spirit and justice its life!"

We stood there in silence, the song died away,
 The hour was sacred, we could not but pray:
 "Grant peace among nations, Allpowerful Lord,
 "And teach Thou our brothers to bury the sword!"
 From Briton and Teuton two prayers had gone,
 They rose up to Heaven united as one.