

Signers of DECLARATION who later became MARTYRS



When the eyes of American people the Declaration of Independence meant freedom! To the English it meant high treason!

When, the Fourth of July, 1776, the continental congress finally adopted the draft of the Declaration, this country as a whole became a traitor to the crown of England, but the men who later subscribed their names to that document—written proof of their defiance of England's king—became martyrs to the Declaration! In order that this country might lift from around her neck the millstone of English oppression they placed around their own necks the hangman's rope.

Nor did those men who made up the continental congress believe otherwise. When, August 2, 1776, the engrossed copy of the Declaration was about to be signed by those present, John Hancock, president of the congress, said:

"We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together."

"Yes," Benjamin Franklin replied, "we must, indeed, all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately!" Hancock, as president, probably signed first, and it is said that, as he put his name to the parchment, in a large, strong hand, he rose, and exclaimed:

"There! John Bull can read my name without spectacles, and may now double his reward of £500 for my head. That is my defiance!"

And "John Bull" did read his name. In fact, he was at great pains to read all the names inscribed upon that document. Then he sent out an order for the capture of the men who had so dared defy their king.

During the hostilities which ensued there were several of the signers of the Declaration made prisoners; men who tasted to the full England's hatreds—Richard Stockton, Francis Lewis, Arthur Middleton, Lyman Hall, George Walton, Edward Rutledge, Thomas Heyward and John Hart were all among those who in the true sense of the term became martyrs to the Declaration of Independence.

Richard Stockton, one of New Jersey's signers, perhaps more than any of the others, suffered as a result of his convictions. So great, in fact, were the abuses heaped upon him that congress, hearing of them, sent word to General Howe that if the treatment accorded him were not more humane he might expect all British soldiers captured in the future to be treated in like manner.

Nearly fifty years of age when he signed the Declaration, Richard Stockton was in addition a delicate man. Toward the end of 1776 Mr. Stockton resumed his seat in congress after having completed a mission on which that body had sent him. Shortly after his return, however, he found it necessary to leave for home to find a safer place for his family than his home then afforded, as it lay in the path of the enemy, who were making a triumphal march through New Jersey.

He realized that not only the men themselves who signed the Declaration, but their families as well, had become the objects of vengeance by the British, and also that the reduced number of the American army made it impossible to hope for protection from that quarter. Thirty miles from his home, in Monmouth county, he left his family in safety. Refusing to imperil them, however, with his presence, he went to reside with a Mr. Covenhoven, a friend and patriot. But fate was against him as, through the treachery of some one, a party of British refugees was informed of his temporary residence.

Surrounding the house at night, both Stockton and Covenhoven were surprised and captured by this party. Dragged from their beds, stripped and plundered of their possessions, they were started to New York. Stockton, however, was first taken to Amboy and there thrown into the common "goal." There, destitute and exposed, he was allowed to suffer from the extreme cold and want of sufficient protection. Later, when taken to New York he was again placed in a common jail and subjected to similar treatment. So great were his sufferings that he contracted the disease which resulted in his death not long afterward.

Not only the comforts, but the bare necessities of life were refused Stockton during his imprisonment in New York. At one time he was left with absolutely no food for more than 24 hours, and then given some which was so coarse in quality, not to mention scanty in amount, that he would have been better off without it.

Fortunately, however, word of his treatment reached congress. A message was immediately sent General Howe, stating that he would either have to treat Stockton more humanely or expect retaliation.

Such ill treatment as Stockton endured in prison did not make up the whole of his sufferings at the hands of the British. While he was thus confined his property was plundered, his personal papers burned, and his fine library destroyed, as were also his horses and cattle.

When peace finally prevailed, Stockton returned home to find all in ruins, his property destroyed, his finances wiped out. So great was his poverty that he was forced to call upon friends to secure the necessities of life for himself and family. This state of affairs so depressed him that he was further aggravated, and in February, 1781, he died when but fifty-one years of age.

Thomas Heyward, Jr., was another of the martyrs. In 1778 he accepted a seat on the bench of the criminal and civil courts of South Carolina under the new government. This office was not without its attendant danger. The

British lay in the vicinity of Charleston, and it was in that city that the sessions were held. On one occasion Heyward presided at the trial of some persons charged with treason. They were convicted of having held correspondence with the enemy and executed in full view of the British lines. This act, especially, led to Heyward's great disfavor in the eyes of the British. At the same time he was a judge he held a military commission and was in active service. Commanding a battalion of artillery, Heyward and Rutledge were together during the defense of Charleston. In one encounter Heyward received a gunshot wound, the scar of which he carried the remainder of his life.

Although in that engagement victory was with the Americans, Charleston was destined to fall. Then Heyward, like his two compatriots, was taken prisoner and sent to St. Augustine, where he remained a year. During his imprisonment his plantation was raided and his slaves sent to Jamaica. Some were afterward reclaimed.

Although not intentional on the part of the British, the trip from St. Augustine to Philadelphia came near being the means of Heyward's death. While on the boat he in some way lost his balance and fell overboard. Straight vigorous efforts were made for his recovery, but the time consumed was so great that it was only by clinging to the ship's rudder that he was saved from drowning. Upon returning home he was still further afflicted, this time by the loss of his wife. So depressed was he by all his misfortunes that it was a considerable time before he regained his normal condition and was able to fully discharge his public duties.

Although never captured, John Hart of New Jersey was nevertheless made to feel the hatred England bore toward all the signers of the Declaration. "Honest John Hart," as he was called, was another one of the men who at the time they indorsed the separation of the colonies from England had nothing material to gain and much to lose. His farm, in Hunterdon county, was large, and his home was considered as a "seat of hospitality," but so situated that, in the event of hostilities, it would be open to the ravages of the enemy.

This Mr. Hart realized when he took his stand, and later even more fully appreciated. When New Jersey was invaded by the English he was one of the men particularly sought. His family, by a timely and distant retreat from their home, were saved personal violence, but he was forced to seek hiding. From one house to another he went, not daring to stay more than a single night under the same roof. While thus trying to keep beyond the clutches of the British his farm was destroyed, and his stock, which was numerous and valuable, became the enemy's spoil. The personal safety of himself and family was assured only by General Washington's successful march upon Trenton, the capture of the Hessians posted there and the enforced retreat of the foe.

down here to stay with us for a week or two. "Oh, that's what he wants, is it? It's a wonder he feels like t'ustin' him with us. Here he is, nearly ten years old, and we ain't never seen him. And they named him after her pa, too, when, by rights, he ought to be named after me. Write back and tell me to keep him there. I don't want no boy around here—specially no city boy."

Mrs. Crabshaw looked at her husband for a long time. He was generally considered a "hard" man. Everybody knew that he had plenty of money, but no one ever saw him spend any of it. His wife, who was growing feeble, was compelled to do her own housework and get along upon the barest necessities. He had driven his son away from home and then blamed him for not returning, humble and penitent. Most of his time was spent in his garden. It was the only thing he seemed to care for.

Having given his wife orders to write that he had no place for their grandchild, the old man took it for granted that the matter was settled and walked out of the house.

It was on the second of July that Jonathan Crabshaw, who was busy in his garden, heard the hinges of the gate squeaking. He looked up and

Jonathan Crabshaw's Glorious Fourth

By S.E. Kiser

"O, SIR," said Jonathan Crabshaw, "I ain't got any money to waste in any such way. If the rest of the people of this town want to make fools of themselves, that's their business. Let 'em go ahead and do it, but you needn't expect me to put a cent in this fund you're raisin'. What do I care how much the people of Greenville are goin' to spend celebratin'? Let 'em spend a million if they can raise it. They'll only have that much less to spend for things that might do their town some good."

"But don't you see," said Thomas Spurgeon, "that we can't afford to let Greenville get ahead of Paddington in this matter? Since the old-fashioned way of celebrating the Fourth has been done away with every town that amounts to anything has a general display which is for the benefit of everybody. By stopping the sale of dangerous explosives and all that sort of thing we can have a day of comfort and safety; but we owe something to the youngsters, so we propose to have a fine exhibition of fireworks in the evening. It will be in charge of men, who know how to handle such things, and you can readily see that it will be much bigger and more thrilling than it would be if everybody celebrated in his own way. Besides, there will be no chance for the boys to lose their fingers or have their eyes put out. The people of Greenville have been boasting that they beat our town in everything, and we want to show them for once that they can't do it. Don't you feel that you can afford to contribute a couple of dollars?"

"No, I wouldn't contribute a couple of cents for any such foolishness. I tell you it's all poppycock. It's nothin' more nor less than burnin' money up. What's the use teachin' the kids that we prevent 'em from actin' like a lot of crazy young savages. I'm glad the shootin' has been stopped. I wish they'd stop everything—fireworks and all. Them's my sentiments, and that's all I've got to say."

It was on the following day that Jonathan Crabshaw's wife received a letter from their son in the city. "Jonathan," she said when he came in from the garden, "William's wife's got to go to the hospital. That's just like them city women," he grumbled. "They're always goin' to hospitals. If William had married a girl from the country he'd be a blamed sight better off than he is. Why is he writin' to us about her goin' to the hospital, anyhow? I s'pose he's hard up and wants money, eh?"

"I'm afraid your heart's hardened, pa," Mrs. Crabshaw replied. "What's the use feelin' so bitter? William's the only child we've got, and if his wife ain't our kind that's no reason why we should treat him as if he was our worst enemy. I s'pose he thought it would be different when he married her. Now she's got the appendicitis and there's no knowin' what may happen. He wants to send little Henry



"No, I Wouldn't Contribute a Couple of Cents for Any Such Foolishness."

THE FLAG.
Let it droop or sway
To the wind's light will;
Purl its stars, or float in day;
Flutter, or be still!
It has held its colors bright,
Through the war-smoke dun;
Spitless emblem of the Right,
Whence success was won.

Let it droop in graceful rest
For a passing hour—
Glorious banner, last and best:
Freedom's freshest flower!
Each red stripe has blazoned forth
Gospels writ in blood;
Every star has sung the birth
Of some deathless good.

Let it droop, but not too long!
On the eager wind
Bid it wave to shame the wrong;
To inspire mankind
With a larger human love;
With a truth as true
As the heaven that broods above
Its deep field of blue.

In the gathering hosts of hope,
In the march of man,
Open for its place and scope,
Bid it lead the van!
Till beneath the searching skies
Martyr-blood be found,
Purer than our sacrifice,
Crying from the ground:
Till a flag with some new light
Out of Freedom's sky,
Kindles, through the guils of night,
Holler blazony.
Let its glow the darkness drown!
Give our banner sway,
Till its joyful stars go down,
In undreamed-of day!
—Lucy Larcum.

saw a little boy who had just stepped inside. No little boy had ever entered there before. Jonathan Crabshaw's garden was forbidden territory. Even his wife was afraid to go into it.

The little boy stood for awhile, looking at the "hard" old man who was half leaning upon his hoe. "Well," the old man asked, "what do you want here?"

"I want to come in and help you," the little boy replied. "Get out!" "Are you my grandpa?" "Your grandpa? What do you mean?"

"I'm Henry. Grandma told me you was out here all alone." Jonathan Crabshaw dropped his hoe and began rubbing the dirt from his hands. "How did you get here?" he asked. "I came all by myself on the train," the little boy said. "My papa put me in the car and grandma was waiting for me when I got here. My mamma is very sick."

There was a big apple tree in one corner of the garden, near the gate. Under it was a seat which Jonathan Crabshaw had made for himself. He went to it and sat down. "Com' here," he said. The little boy went to him and leaned upon his knee. The old man had a "hard" look, but in spite of that the little boy bore a strong resemblance to him. "So your name's Henry, is it?" "Yes. And your name's grandpa, isn't it?"

The "hard" look seemed to fade out of Jonathan Crabshaw's face. "Well," he said with something that was almost a smile, "that ain't exactly my name, but you can call me it."



"Are You My Grandpa?"

You've got another grandpa, though, haven't you?" "Yes, but I don't think I like him as well as I like you."

"Why not?" "He hasn't any nice garden like this, and he never sat under a nice big tree like this alone with me. Why doesn't grandma come out here with us?" "I—I don't know. Maybe we will have her come out here with us some time."

"Grandpa, do you know what?" "No. What?" "Day after tomorrow's the Fourth of July."

"Good gracious! Is it?" "Yes. You have the Fourth of July here, don't you?" "Of course we do."

"And fireworks?" "Fireworks? Um, yes, we have fireworks here, too."

"Goody! We'll have some, won't we?" "Certainly. And your name's Henry?" "But that's only part of it."

"Oh! What's the rest of it?" "My name is Jonathan Henry Crabshaw."

A rough old hand was laid gently upon the little boy's head. "How would you like it if I called you Jonathan instead of Henry?" "I'd like it. That's what papa always calls me when I do anything that makes him glad."

Jonathan Crabshaw's contribution to the celebration fund made it possible for Paddington to "put it all over" Greenville in the matter of Fourth of July fireworks. When the old man and his wife and their little boy got home after witnessing the splendid display Mr. Crabshaw said: "Mother, I never really knew before what the Fourth of July was for. Ain't it been a glorious day all around?" Then he kissed the little boy and after that he put an arm around his wife and kissed her and said: "I'm mighty glad Mary's out of danger. As soon as she's well enough to get around again I guess we better go up there and see about buyin' 'em a house. Little Jonathan ought to have a nice yard to play in, and I can show him how to start a garden of his own."

Easiest Way to Make Fancy Waist



If there is one article of clothing upon which the manufacturers may depend for a long, long profit, more than upon any other, it is the fancy waist made of lace, chiffon, net, silk, embroidery or any other of the pretty things which are so alluring and so fragile. The materials required are not in themselves very expensive, but the finished product, as in the case of millinery, is so much a matter of translating fabrics into little poems of apparel that it is the idea and its working out that commands the price. And the price is usually something to cause a gasp like that following a plunge into cold water. The unfeeling owner of an exclusive Fifth avenue shop mentions anywhere from \$15 to \$50 in the most casual and off-hand way, when one begins inquiring as to the value of three yards of chiffon and a few bits of other materials sewed together.

The easiest way to make these fancy waists is first to buy a dressmaker's form or dummy upon which to drape the material. Get one with the cor-

rect neck and waist measure, and as like yourself in shape as possible. Simple waists of plain net or of lace are to be had in the department stores at a very reasonable price, that is in the neighborhood of two or three dollars. Or a four button waist may be made a very little cheaper at home. But those to be had in the shops are cut on good and up-to-date lines. These waists make the best of foundations on which to drape the chiffon or net or lace or other fabrics which enter into the composition of fancy waists. Chiffon veils, in pretty colors and with hem-stitched edges, are easily used to make drapery for these waists. Plain chiffons, embroidered voiles, and nets, answer the same purpose. In the waist pictured here voile is draped over a foundation waist of lace with fine effect. In attempting a fancy waist, it is much the easiest way to select a waist, or the picture of one, and follow out its details.

Popular Hats for Vacation Trips



NOW that the time for vacation trips is coming near and has, in fact, arrived, the consideration of hats comes up, hats which will do all their wearers have a right to expect them to.

The three shapes, two of them straight sailors, that are grouped in the picture given here, are fine examples of hats suitable for vacation trips. Besides the two sailors, the hat with taller crown, trimmed with wheat, is designed for matrons who do not want a hat as youthful as the plain sailor.

The introduction of lacquered ribbon with its metallic-looking, highly lustrous surface (which suggests durability but does not really mean it), has given considerable strength to hats of black braid. A pretty model for an outing hat is made over a wire frame with silk fiber braid sewed to it. There is a collar of black lacquered ribbon laid in fluted plaits at intervals about the crown. Between the plaits are clusters of cherries.

No Silt Skirts Worn. "I have not seen a single woman, well groomed or otherwise, in the streets of Paris wearing a silt skirt," writes a fashion correspondent. "While speaking of skirts, I may tell you that the new ones, for all occasions, are worn a little longer and not loosely gathered around the waist, or made with a full, plait at both front and back. By the way, the waist is not placed quite as high as last season. The tailor-made jackets are small and cut away in front, and most of them

This is a hat with considerable durability to recommend it, as well as good looks. Flowers, so much in evidence on the dressier hats of the season, are not used on outing or traveling hats. But fruits, less fragile, are a part of the play, with cherries as the star.

Fringed ribbons, that is, ribbons, raveled out into fringed ends, or spaces, are pleasing on hats that depend on ribbon alone for decoration. But there are not many of these. Too many good ornaments made ready to use, too many good substantial fancy feathers, save the time of trimmers.

The trimming of hats of this kind is distinctly within the scope of the home milliner. A shape originally becoming and simply trimmed is sure to turn out satisfactorily. Among one's belongings good millinery materials, left over from other reasons, if of the right character, save money and answer the purpose for traveling hats.

Metal Ribbons. Lightweight metal ribbons, in elaborate designs, are among the newest things offered for trimming dresses. These may be used in combination with metal laces, or for vestings or girdles on evening dresses.