

FIRING FOURTH OF JULY SALUTES

By WALDON FAWCETT

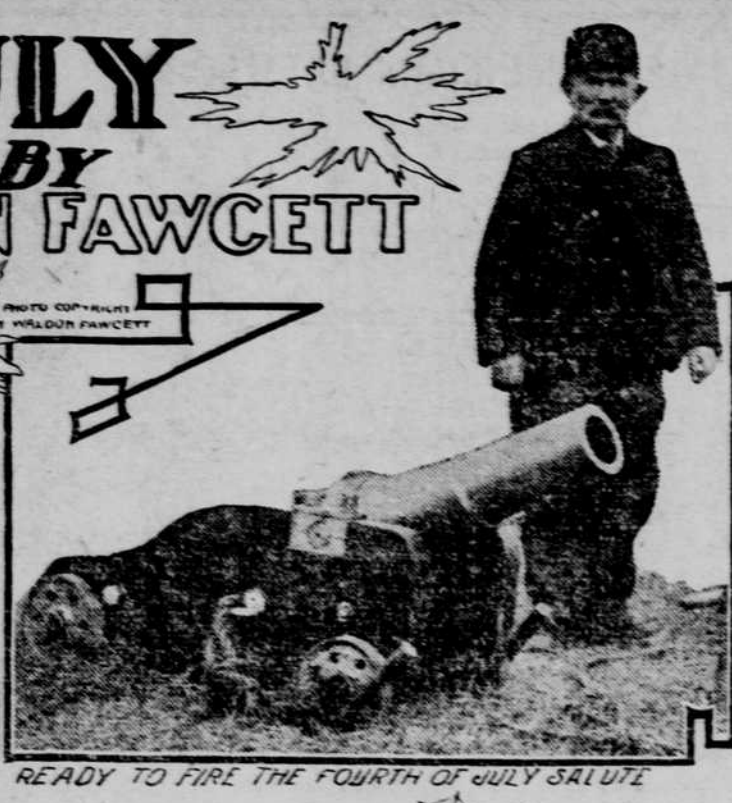
THE early morning salute on the Fourth of July is to the celebration of our greatest national holiday much what the gorgeous morning parade, or better yet, the "grand entries" and pageant of all nations, is to the eyes of the average small boy. It is at once the herald and forerunner of his stories to come. And what man, whatever his years or present-day responsibilities, can wholly forget the keen anticipation with which he awaited that early morning summons, if, indeed, he was not down on "the commons" or the vacant field at the edge of town to see with his own eyes the barking of the famed dog of war.

From time out of mind the firing of salutes with cannon has been one of the approved methods of celebrating the Fourth of July and it is likely that it will continue to be the fashion to the end of the chapter, no matter what other changes may be made in the approved form of commemorating our festival of independence. The discharge of big guns on the July holiday is simply an elaboration from the noise-making standpoint of young America's practice of exploding firecrackers, and since the average red-blooded citizen is merely a small boy grown tall, there is widespread sympathy with, if not co-operation in, this noisy acknowledgment of the glorious Fourth.

Whereas commanding seems to be a fixed feature of the program of the day we cele-



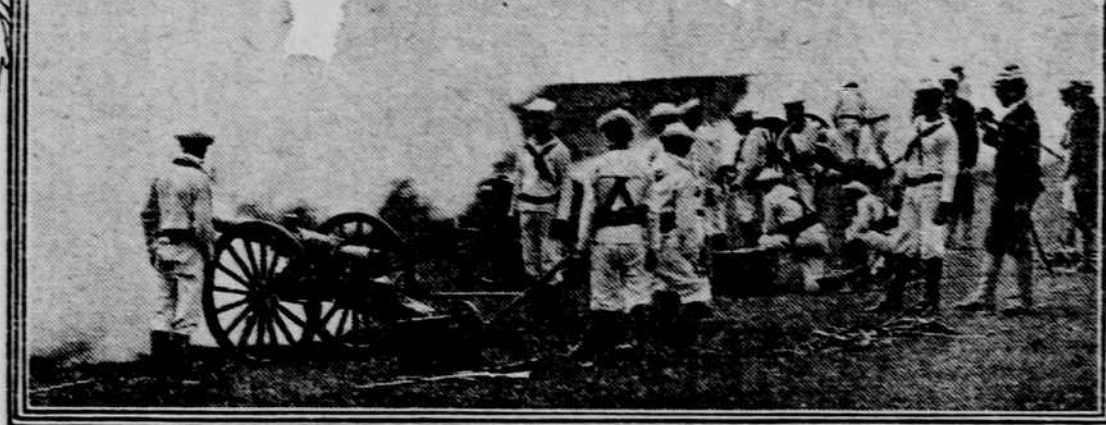
TYPE OF MODERN FIELD ARTILLERY USED FOR FIRING SALUTES



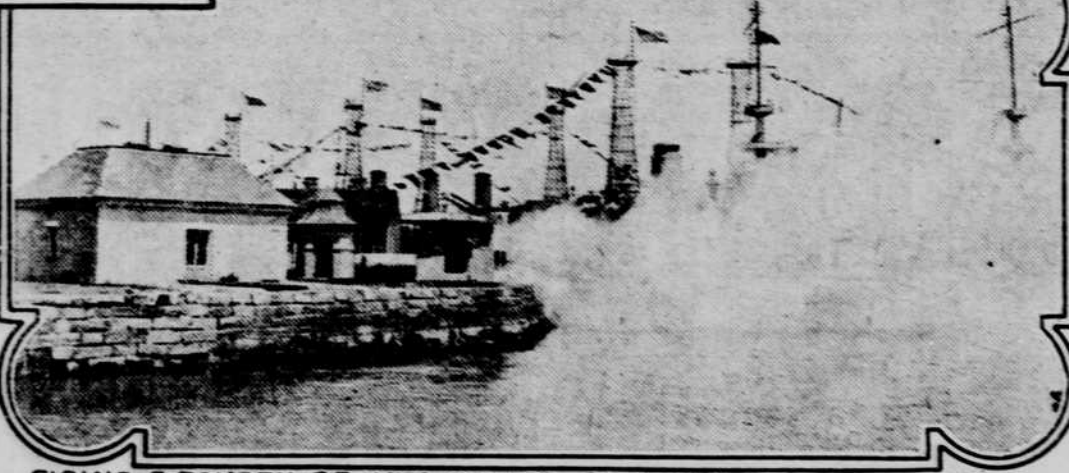
READY TO FIRE THE FOURTH OF JULY SALUTE



FIRING A FOURTH OF JULY SALUTE



ON THE MORNING OF THE GLORIOUS FOURTH



FIRING A FOURTH OF JULY SALUTE AT A NAVY YARD

brate, it must be admitted that the practice has undergone some changes with the passing of the years. In the days of our grandfathers the booming of the big guns kept up pretty much all day—indeed in those days the patriotic citizens of the new republic liked such din so well that they fired off cannon not merely on the Fourth, but on Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's as well. And on Independence Day if the booming did not literally keep up all day at least there was a prolonged salute at sunrise, another at noon, a third at sunset and a final thundering along with the skyrockets and Roman candles in the evening.

In this more decorous generation we have to be content, most of us, with one salute of this sort on the Fourth. At U. S. navy yards and military posts and other governmental reservations the salute is fired at noon, but in the average town or city where the civilians must do the firing—especially if these self-same civilians are to participate in a picnic or a parade—the regulation salute is sent echoing over the countryside soon after the break of day. Of course, if there is to be a ceremonial flag raising during the day, or a monument is to be unveiled or some high-up public official is to be given a reception, there may be a salute as a sort of accompaniment for the function, but for the most part nowadays the average American community has to get along on the Fourth with one formal salute.

Another change that has come with the passing of the years is in the matter of the arrangements for the firing of the salutes. The average individual who listens to the reverberation of the distant guns never gives a thought to this part of it, but obviously somebody has to attend to this part of the celebration. In the old days almost anybody who volunteered to contribute to the powder—was considered competent to act as artilleryman for the occasion. Similarly almost anything that would answer the purpose of a cannon was accepted as a vehicle of noise making. How often under such circumstances was a worn old field piece dragged forth to do such duty and loaded high to the muzzle by enthusiasts who thought far more of the din than of the danger that lay in an overcharge of ammunition. Sometimes a hollow log or even a length of pipe was made to serve as a substitute.

The natural sequel of such a happy-go-lucky scheme of firing Fourth of July salutes came in a constantly increasing record of accidents which finally bestirred public sentiment on the subject. Manifestly a large share of the mishaps of this kind, the chronicle of which filled the newspapers on the day following the Fourth, were due either to inexperience in handling the guns or to the kindred cause of lack of knowledge in measuring powder charges. Well, the upshot of the agitation was that there found favor a scheme for having all Fourth of July salutes fired by "professionals," as it were—that is by men who make a business of setting off large caliber guns and who do it every day of their lives, or at least quite frequently, instead of merely once a year.

Thus it has come about that in most communities where their services are available the official Fourth of July salutes are now fired by enlisted men of the United States army, navy or marine corps or members of the National Guard or Naval Militia of the several states. Accidents have not been eliminated but they have been greatly reduced and the salutes are more accurate—that is, a salute fired by such a gun crew will consist of just the proper number of discharges of uniform volume and with the proper intervals between instead of the hodge-podge that was formerly delivered in many instances when a salute was likely to be prolonged until the

gunners grew tired or the powder was exhausted and when the volume of each peal of artificial thunder varied according to the guesswork of the amateurs in measuring out the powder.

In one way, though, it is a pity that there had to be any change in the method of firing the Fourth of July salutes for noise making was genuine fun for the men who did it years ago, whereas it is no more nor less than a detail of the day's work for Uncle Sam's gunners. Indeed it may surprise some of our readers to learn that there are artillerymen on our regular army and men-o-war's men on our naval vessels who thoroughly detest the roar of the big guns. It is not that they are afraid or are lacking in experience, for some of these men have been in the service for years and have repeatedly faced death in a variety of forms and yet many a veteran never gets over his dislike of the din at close range.

But then the enthusiastic crowds that on the Fourth of July hear the echoing salutes in the distance have no idea of the shocks administered to the men behind the gun when a "shooting iron" of any size lets go. The strain of waiting for each report and bracing himself to withstand it is also a severe tax on the nervous system of the gunner, to say nothing of the unpleasant experience that follows the discharge when the gunner is struck in the face as though by a sharp gust of wind and sustains a jarring, particularly of the spine, which may force him to have a memento all the remainder of the day in the form of a severe headache. Of course guns of the largest size are never employed in the

firing of salutes. On United States warships, where guns of every caliber are at hand, from which to pick and choose the saluting is usually done with three-pounders and on shore light artillery or field pieces of about the same dimensions are utilized.

A salute should consist of a specific number of discharges having a certain significance, and one or another of these regulation salutes are fired when the noise-making is in the hands of regular or volunteer soldiery, but independent gun crews recruited for the Fourth continue to claim extensive license in this respect. There are several different salutes as prescribed in Uncle Sam's books of regulations that may be adopted for the Fourth of July greeting. Perhaps the most extensively used of all is the American salute of one gun for every state in the Union. By allowing an interval of a minute and a half between discharges this salute can be strung out for more than an hour and at half-minute intervals, which is slow enough to suit most persons, it enables an interval of booming that exceeds twenty minutes.

Another salute that is used on this holiday and that is appropriate to the occasion is the old Federal salute of thirteen guns—one for each of the thirteen original states. This salute is no longer used to any great extent on other ceremonial occasions, but it comes

in pat on Independence day. Extensive use is also made on the Fourth of the standard national salute of twenty-one guns. Ordinarily this number of guns is also accepted as the international salute and it is also the special salute of the president of the United States, fired whenever the chief magistrate visits a fort or steps aboard a naval vessel. The salute is popular on the Fourth because it seems to be just about the proper length and its use on the holiday is justified by the fact that the number twenty-one is formed by the addition of the figures 1, 7, 7, 6, comprising the numerals in Uncle Sam's birthday year.

Every saluting vessel in the United States navy will thunder out a salute to Independence day no matter whether she be at anchor in a foreign port, tied up in one of our navy yards or cruising out of sight of land in the open sea. The national salute is the one used just as it is on Memorial day and on Washington's birthday. The salute of minute guns is prescribed under certain conditions in the navy, but the regulation interval between guns in all salutes including the national salute of twenty-one guns is five seconds. During the firing of the salute all the officers and men stand at attention. It is customary for foreign warships anchored in American harbors to fire a salute in compliment to the United States on the Fourth and the same courtesy is usually shown by foreign forts and warships when Yankee naval craft are spending the eventful holiday in alien waters. Whenever any foreign authorities or ships fire our national salute, the firing is no sooner concluded than an officer from the American ship in port makes an official call upon the foreign officials and extends thanks.

MADE HIS OWN WAY

Immigrant Boy Becomes a Law School Professor.

Samuel Want Was Penniless When He Came From England Ten Years Ago—Now an Expert Commercial Lawyer.

Baltimore, Md.—At twenty-two years of age, Samuel Want, who came to this country a penniless immigrant ten years ago, has been appointed a member of the law faculty of the University of Maryland. Mr. Want is also an assistant editor of the American and English Encyclopedia of Law, Lawyers' Reports Annotated and several other legal publications. He is instructor in commercial law at the eastern high school, a member of the Maryland bar, and is engaged in other activities and labors.

The appointment by the faculty of the University of Maryland, of which Chief Judge Harlan is dean, is the result of sheer force of merit and effort on the part of young Want. He entered the university in 1907 as a freshman and was graduated from the school in June, 1908. He made the three-year regular course in less than 12 months and the faculty were quick to appreciate the intellectual and gifted qualities of the young man.

His special duties on the faculty are to instruct students in the selection of books and authorities. The young professor has had a varied and picturesque career made interesting because he came to this country penniless and without friends at the age of twelve years from Newcastle, England.

Young Want knew a former Englishman who lived in Darlington, S. C., and straightway made for that southern town. He astonished the residents of that city when he ambled from a freight train into the post office and inquired for the man whom

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OUT FOR BUSINESS.



The Arctic Explorer—Say, can you tell me where I can find the North Pole?

The Eskimo—Nix. If I knew I'd have had it in a museum long ago.

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF PSORIASIS.

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s psoriasis, and others leprosy, commencing on my scalp; and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there would be nearly a dust-pailful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. — treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs; feet badly swollen; toe-nails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as a bone; hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer.

"My sister wouldn't give up; said, 'We will try Cuticura.' Some was applied to one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap. I commenced by taking Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. Hiram E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y."

The above remarkable testimonial was written January 19, 1880, and is republished because of the permanency of the cure. Under date of April 22, 1910, Mr. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St. So., Lansing, Mich.: "I have never suffered a return of the psoriasis and although many years have passed I have not forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

Life without love is like a good dinner without an appetite.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar is never doped—only tobacco in its natural state.

Most sharp retorts are made in blunt language.



SAMUEL WANT

he knew while a little lad in England. He secured employment as an office boy in a store and at the same time read his speller and arithmetic at night.

At the age of fourteen the youthful Want was made manager of the store. Instead of scrubbing the floor and carrying bundles, he did the buying and had charge of the sales department. He read much and was determined to become a lawyer. He came to Baltimore at the age of eighteen and entered the University of Maryland.

The members of the class of 1908 remember well how the spare, studious and quiet stranger learned the law with astonishing rapidity. Judges Harlan and Stockbridge, Gorter, Rose, the late John P. Poe and other eminent instructors of the university soon saw that the youth was possessed of more than the average ability. It was with considerable pleasure that they saw him receive his diploma, for he had the second highest mark in the class.

Want is a modest, unassuming young man and strongly objects to talking about his own accomplishments. He admits that he is a graduate of the school of hard knocks, and this his path in life has been rather rugged, but that is all he could be induced to say. He is a broadly cultivated young scholar. Besides having an extensive knowledge of the law, he is a student of the classics and foreign languages. He is an omnivorous reader and absorbs everything he reads. He is married.

JUST ENOUGH FOR THE WIDOW

This Thoughtful Pennsylvania Husband's Will Does Not Allow for Waste Provisions.

Allentown, Pa.—In disposing of his estate Stephen Bloss of Washington township made a will, one of the most original ever put on record at the Lehigh county court house.

After providing for his widow's property rights, the testator directs that the executors are to provide for her each year 10 bushels of wheat, rye and oats, 12 bushels of corn, 15 bushels of potatoes, 25 pounds of lard, one hog, weighing about 200 pounds, about 30 pounds of beef in the fall, 8 pounds of sugar and coffee, a bushel of salt, 2 gallons of good molasses, 4 gallons of oil and 5 gallons of apple butter.

If the apple crop is a failure she shall receive less apple butter, says the testator, and he directs that if she goes away she shall fetch her, and if she gets sick she shall fetch the doctor, but she shall pay him, and they must furnish wood and coal and make fire for her, and "if my wife makes trouble when she is sick for my daughter Flora, she shall get the real estate \$1,000 cheaper." The estate is valued at \$20,000.

Cheap Candy Kills Baby.

Montgomery, Mo.—Eating a large quantity of cheap, colored candy which its parents had gotten, the 18-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Strain became ill and died before a physician could be summoned.

MOLLY PITCHER, HEROINE

The best-known of all the American heroines of battle is Molly Pitcher, the story of whose adventures, especially on the battlefield at Monmouth, is one of the most picturesque incidents of the revolutionary war. The early life of Molly is somewhat vague. She is supposed to have been born at Carlisle, Pa., October 13, 1744. Her right name was Mary Ludwig, and while the soldiers were only familiar with her first name, calling her Molly, they soon applied the second, because wherever they saw Molly they also saw the pitcher with which she carried water to the sick and wounded in the camps.

Several writers say Molly came to this country from Germany with her parents, who were among the Palatines. The first information we have of her is that she was employed as a maid in the family of General Irvine at Carlisle, and on July 24, 1763, was married to John Hays, a barber. Her husband was commissioned a gunner in Proctor's First Pennsylvania artillery, Continental line, December 1, 1775, and Molly followed him to the field. This was a common thing for the wives of private soldiers to do, their time being passed in laundering for the officers.

At the assault at Fort Clinton she showed much pluck and also the following year in

the important battle of Monmouth, N. J. In the latter battle her husband, a gunner, had fallen, when she sprang to his place and fired the cannon.

Molly had been carrying water to the soldiers from a spring, the mercury being at 96 degrees in the shade. As no one was able to take his place when he became incapacitated, it is said she dropped her pail, seized the rammer, and vowed that she would avenge his death. She proved an excellent substitute, her courage exciting the admiration of all, and on the following morning, in her soiled garments, General Greene presented her to Washington, who praised her gallantry and commissioned her a sergeant.

It is related she received many presents from the French officers and that she would sometimes pass along the French lines, cocked hat in hand, and would get it almost filled with coins. She is said to have served in the army nearly eight years in all. She was placed on the list of half-pay officers and for many years after the Revolution lived at the Carlisle barracks, cooking and washing for the soldiers.

The house in which she spent her later years in Carlisle was demolished in recent years. She died January 22, 1823, at the age of seventy-nine, and was buried with military

honors, but her grave remained unmarked until 1878, when Peter Spahr of Carlisle conceived the idea of erecting a monument.

A monument on the battlefield of Monmouth further commemorates Molly Pitcher, a bas relief representing her in the act of ramming a cannon. She also figures in George Washington Parke Custis' painting "The Field of Monmouth." So familiar had the heroine of Monmouth become that the name "Molly Pitcher" was applied by the continental soldiers, in their hot and weary march through New Jersey, to any woman who brought them water to drink.

"Molly" is credited with having remarked at a banquet at which there were British soldiers, when she was called upon to toast King George: "When Washington leads his soldiers into battle, God help King George!"

COULDN'T STAND EXPOSURE.

The member of the legislature, of whom some graft stories had been circulated, was about to build a house.

"You will want a southern exposure, I suppose," asked the architect.

"No, sir!" said the man. "If you can't build this house without any exposure, I'll get another architect."

Her Taking Way.

Hotel Manager—Caught a souvenir spoon fenn in the act in our dining-room today.

His Wife—Indeed! And what did you say to the culprit?

Hotel Manager—I asked her, by George, if she thought spoons were a kind of medicine to be taken after meals.

Boys Were Not Pampered

Spartan Simplicity the Keynote of Life in English Schools a Century Ago.

Coleridge's record of the meals at Christ's hospital in his school days gives a detailed picture of what was once thought good enough for growing boys: "Our diet was very scanty. Every morning a bit of dry bread, and

some bad small beer. Every evening a larger piece of bread and cheese or butter, whichever we liked. For dinner—on Sundays, boiled beef and broth; Monday, bread and butter, and milk and water; Tuesday, roast mutton; Wednesday, bread and butter, and rice milk; Thursday, boiled beef and broth; Friday, boiled mutton and broth; Saturday, bread and butter and

peas porridge. Our food was portioned, and excepting on Wednesdays I never had a bellyful. Our appetites were damped, never satisfied, and we had no vegetables.

The hardships of life at Eton in the old days were aggravated by bullying which, in the words of one of the victims, sometimes amounted to "a reign of terrorism." Provost Okes of King's college, Cambridge, contributed the following story:

"In July, 1826, contemplating matrimony, I went to the University Life

Insurance society for a policy. I went before the board—some sixteen men. "You are a fellow of King's, I see, Mr. Okes, from your papers." "Yes, sir." "I infer, then, necessarily that you were at Eton and in college?" "Yes, sir." "How long were you in college?" "Eight years." "Where did you sleep?" "In Long Chamber, sir." "All the time?" "Yes, sir." "We needn't ask Mr. Okes any more questions." And they did not." It meant, as the Provost said, "If you passed eight years in Long Chamber and are alive at 29, you are a fairly safe life."—London Daily Chronicle.

GOOD? SURE IT IS

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It's Good when the stomach is bad.

It's Good when the bowels are clogged.

It's Good when the liver is inactive.

It's Good in any malarial disorder.

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