

# WHAT THE FOURTH COSTS US



STARTING OUT TO CELEBRATE

GIRLS ARE MORE SANE

HE LIGHTS HIS LARGEST CRACKER

The experience of past years is repeated in the annual celebration of the signing of the Declaration of Independence this year will cost 200 lives. No more serious results, as far as casualties are concerned, could be expected from a considerable battle. For though the number of dead will be relatively small, the list of wounded will be very large. Probably 20,000 or more will be seriously hurt in one way or another by explosives. Of these more than 100 will lose one or both legs. Nearly 100 boys will receive injuries in the right hand from toy pistols, from which they will die in a lingering and painful manner from lockjaw.

In the palm of the human hand there is a plexus, or network of nerves. When a toy pistol explodes, or shoots backward, as it is always liable to do, the wound inflicted is usually in the palm; there is laceration of the network of nerves aforesaid, and lockjaw is likely to follow.

The estimate of 20,000 wounded does not include the slight-hurt, who will make a much longer list. But taking the figures given, and leaving out of consideration all destruction of property by fire, it would seem that the nation's bill for its Fourth of July celebration is a pretty heavy one.

The property loss by fires due to careless use of explosives, will amount to at least \$500,000. Possibly it may run up into the millions, but the estimate here given represents merely an average Fourth of July. People will throw firecrackers into places where they are likely to start conflagration, and skyrockets, which excite such enthusiasm when they go up, have a deplorable way of coming down upon roofs and making mischief.

Then, too, many of the modern kind of fireworks, such as the bombs, which rise 1,000 feet in the air and explode, liberating beautiful showers of varicolored stars, contain considerable quantities of high explosives, and are proportionately dangerous. Only last Fourth of July, it will be remembered, many people were killed and wounded by the accidental setting off of a quantity of such bombs which had been put in readiness for a fireworks exhibition.

Some, probably a dozen, shops that contain large stocks of fireworks will be destroyed by the accidental setting off of the combustibles, incidentally endangering much property in their neighborhood. Few finer and more striking exhibitions in the fireworks line are given on the glorious Fourth than are furnished by such impromptu displays, but they cost a great deal of money.

If grown people are satisfied to risk life and limb in playing with the high explosives contained in many kinds of fireworks, it is nobody's business but theirs. Unfortunately, some of the instruments of celebration placed in the hands of children are loaded with small quantities of similar deadly materials. Naturally, the little ones like best the torpedoes which make the loudest noise, and those are the ones that contain fulminate of mercury (an exceedingly dangerous substance) and sometimes even dynamite.

Just why the police do not take the necessary pains to suppress the sale of such torpedoes nobody can say. To offer them for sale is against the law, but ordinarily the regulation is not enforced, and little Bobby or Johnny walks innocently about the streets on the Fourth of July with enough dynamite in his jacket pocket to injure him seriously, or possibly kill him, if a mischance should set off his package of torpedoes all at once.

Parents are not acquainted sufficiently with the danger that lurks in some kinds of torpedoes. If they were at all aware of it, accidents of the kind would be less frequent, and public opinion would bring about the proper enforcement of the law which forbids the sale of these bombs—for bombs they are, though only small ones. Of

## JUDGED OTHERS BY HIMSELF

Small, Persistent Jibber Imagined Colored Man Had Been Punished in the Customary Way.

There are no negro settlers in the portion of the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas traversed by the St. Paul branch of the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad. Accordingly many children grow to the age when they attend high school before they see a colored man.

Thinking of Himself. Two Irish soldiers stationed in the West Indies were accustomed to bathe daily in a little bay which was generally supposed to be free from sharks. Though on good terms with each other, they were not what might be called fast friends.

One day as they were swimming about 100 yards from the shore, Pat observed Mike making for the land as hard as he could without saying a word. Wondering what was the matter, Pat struck out vigorously aft-



AFTER THE EXPLOSION

course, most torpedoes are entirely harmless; but some of the small ones, round and very hard, about the size of a marble, which go off with a report like a pistol-shot, are in the deadly class, containing as they do fulminate of mercury.

Years ago, as most people will be able to recall, there was a dreadful Fourth of July accident in Philadelphia. A large quantity of torpedoes, of a kind whose sale had been expressly prohibited by local ordinance, was exposed on a street stand, kept by an Italian, on one of the busiest downtown thoroughfares. Exactly what caused it nobody ever knew, but apparently a stone thrown by a boy struck the torpedoes, and all of them went off together. They were loaded with dynamite, and the explosion was tremendous. Seven children were killed, while a number of others were more or less seriously hurt.

A great many of the Fourth of July accidents are caused by children's mischief. A boy will throw a firecracker at a girl, for example, burning her seriously. Then there is the deadly cracker that has failed to explode, and which must be examined and relighted, the consequence being an unexpected report and possibly the loss of an eye.

The large crackers, some of which are a foot or more in length, are really dangerous bombs, and should not be put in childish hands. No prudent father would allow his boy to use a toy cannon, with loose gunpowder, which is likely to become ignited with dis-

astrous results. Indeed, the list of killed and wounded would be enormously diminished if parents would take the necessary pains to keep toy pistols, raw gunpowder, and giant firecrackers out of the hands of their children, reserving to themselves also the business of setting off the fireworks in the evening.

If we must have a Fourth of July celebration, let us try to be more sensible about it, and so cut down the number of slain and injured, as well as the serious property loss of bygone Fourth's.

Guns and pistols are not suitable playthings for children.

The little boy who picks up his toy gun and playfully says, "I'll shoot you," should be taught that even in play he must not point a weapon at another, for it is in just such ways that respect for life is lessened and involuntary manslaughter is the result.

Thoughtful parents will not give children such toys. It has been the custom for many years to celebrate the Fourth of July with noise and fireworks.

Children do not originate the practice. It is the method shown by their parents, and so each year we have a slaughter of the innocents equal in number to the loss in a great battle, and, as in the days of old, when human sacrifices were laid on the altar, we sacrifice to the nation's glory hundreds of its embryo citizens.

The man who takes his life in his hands and goes to battle for his country's protection gives his life to a worthy cause, but the children whose lives are sacrificed to celebrate the nation's birth have given their lives to little purpose.

Is it not time that parents should think of this subject, and see if they cannot devise other methods of celebrating our national holiday that will not entail such sacrifices of life and property? Is it not time that in an age when peace and arbitration are in the air, and when the great nations of the earth are steadily advancing toward the day when disputes and differences will be settled by arbitration, that we should begin to teach the children higher ideals of patriotism than noise and shooting?

## STILL AMONG THE LIVE ONES

Woman's Fear That Husband Had Departed This Life Proved Altogether Unfounded.

"I beg your pardon, if I disturb you, sir," she said to the keeper of the morgue, "but my husband has been gone two days, and I fear that he may have been killed on the street and brought here."

"Husband missing, eh?" queried the official. "We may have him in here. What sort of a looking man was he?"

"A short, thick-set man, sir, with side whiskers and two front teeth gone."

"Um. Side whiskers, eh? Two front teeth gone? Was he a man likely to get in front of a cable car?"

"He was, sir. If he thought the car meant to bluff him, he'd stand on the track until he was run over."

"How was he on dodging hacks?"

"He never dodged one in his life. He used to carry half a dozen rocks tied up in a handkerchief, and the hackman who tried to run him down got his head knocked off."

"Been gone two days, eh?"

"Two days and a night, sir, and you don't know how worried I am."

"Yes, I suppose so," absently replied the man. "I wish I could say he was here, and thus relieve your anxiety."

"Then he isn't here?"

"No'm—not unless he shaved off

Little Johnny had been a resident of Combs, Ark., all his life. He was an adept at fibbing and to break him of the habit his mother painted a little spot on his hand with ink every time she caught him fibbing. The result was that some days he would have several black spots on his hands.

A new railroad is building from Combs south, and some of the grading contractors imported negroes to drive teams. One day Johnny ran to his mother very excitedly, and exclaimed:

"Mamma, I have seen the biggest liar in the world. His mother must have used a whole bottle of ink on him! Come and see him!"

The mother went to the door and Johnny pointed to a negro driving by with a team of supplies.—Kansas City Star.

Call Me Early. "Why do you call that drummer the Queen of May?"

"Because he leaves such early calls," explained the hotel clerk.

Suffering Impressions. "If inanimate objects could feel, photography would be a cruel business."

"Why so?"

"Just think of some of the faces recorded on sensitive plates."

Their Habit. "Women can get along very well with a comprehensive ballot."

"Why?"

"Because they are used to folding things of a blanket type."

er him, and landed at his companion's heels.

"Is there anything wrong wid ye?" inquired Pat, feigning.

"Nothing—nothing at all," replied the other.

"Thin what did ye make sich a sudden retreat for an' lave me?" continued Pat.

"Bedad," answered Mike, coolly, "I spied the fin of a big shark about 20 feet ahead, an' I thought while he was playin' wid you it wud give me time to reach the shore!"

# THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM



DEAR: So you want to know how I spent the glorious Fourth? Was I sane and sedate, comporting myself in a manner befitting a brand-new college graduate, or did I run off and romp with Brother Tom's kiddies, as usual, forgetting all my recently acquired dignity? Alas, my dear! I must confess that my Fourth was far from sane, and that instead of recovering my sanity I've—But there, my studies in prose style should teach me better than to jump at the conclusion of my story like that! I'll begin at the beginning.

It was Independence day. The sun was shining in newly awakened splendor, when the casual observer might have discerned a solitary female form gracefully scaling the stone wall between the luxuriant back gardens of the Hendersons and the ditto ditto of the Bartletts—Tom and his family are staying with her mother, you know, next door.

This feat accomplished, our heroine (that's me!) proceeded up the Bartlett lawn, collecting dewdrops on her trailing cheesecloth draperies and, incidentally, getting her new white shoes deplorably damp. Her slender form was draped also in a large American flag, and her raven curls were surmounted by a fillet of silver stars. This Goddess of Liberty effect was the result of a promise to "dress up" for the two adoring and adorable nephews, Bert and Bob. Arrived beneath the window of the room usually occupied by the nephews, the Goddess of Liberty proceeds to the time-honored ceremony of saluting them; this she does by setting off ten packs of small firecrackers, followed by a "sock dolager" of a big one. No joyful exclamations follow. Aunt Peggy is frankly puzzled; clearly, the boys are oversleeping, and she bursts into song, rendering the "Star-spangled Banner" with dramatic effect, marred only by a breathless squeak

positive genius when it came to chasing cows, fixing hammocks, unpacking luncheon and all the regular picnic stunts. The boys adored him, and he was simply angelic to the old folks; and by the time we went home I couldn't scarce up a resentful feeling.

Yes, Polly, I know; you needn't remind me of all the hateful things I've said about Englishmen and the times I've vowed I couldn't, and wouldn't care for one, not if he asked me on his bended knees. Yes, and I've demonstrated often that no one but an American man was a fit companion for an American girl. I've said heaps of perfectly ferocious things, and I suppose I meant every one of them. But that was before Archie—Polly, dear, do you know, he says it was all over with him from the first moment he saw me—and in that circus-parade rig! Isn't it absurd—and lovely? And, just think, it's only a week since we met, though we both agree that it seems like years. And you should see my ring—a quaint, old, old one, that belonged to his great-great-grandmother! And his people live in a lovely old Elizabethan house, in a regular Cranford town; and his mother's a dear little old-fashioned soul with side curls, and idolizes him. Please don't remind me of anything I ever said about effete tradition, will you, Polly? I'm not going to England yet awhile, though, for Archie's here indefinitely, to learn American business methods, in Tom's line of work. I really have a little spark of American pride, I guess, for I am glad he's only a younger son, with no title within reach, though I don't suppose I'd mind that, or anything else. Because, Polly dear, I'm not shouting the battle cry of freedom nowadays. Somehow it gets all mixed up with "Rule Britannia." Do come up with me soon and discuss the new Anglo-Saxon alliance with your bewitched but blissful PEGGY.



Gracefully Scaling the Stone Wall.

on the final "Land of the free." Still no Bob and Bert. Our heroine shies a bit of turf at the window, with a command, "Wake up, lazybones!" and as the window sash begins to creak responsibly she begins to carol "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!" at the top of her very healthy lungs, for Aunt Peggy has no foolish dignity when it's a question of amusing the kiddies. At last the window opens wide and, looking up, she sees—

Polly, what do you think? Instead of two little white nighties and two tousled, curly heads, there was a man! A strange young man, my dear; blonde, blue-eyed, immaculate in a beautiful duck suit and gazing at me with what seemed to be mild horror, mixed with amusement, as though I were an escaped lunatic. I felt like one, I assure you, all the more so because he was awfully good-looking and well groomed and correct; and I couldn't imagine who he could be. However, it seemed to be up to me to do something, so I drew myself to my commanding height of five feet four inches and begged his pardon for disturbing him, explaining that my little nephews usually occupied that room, and that they were expecting me over to celebrate the Fourth with them—but it all sounded like perfect nonsense. Just then, to my mingled relief and annoyance, Tom appeared at the window, too, with a fenshish grin, as he sized up the situation and my costume.

"Been serenading you, has she,

Archie?" he asked affably, while I boiled with helpless rage. "You mustn't mind it, old man; it's the day we celebrate, you know, and our patriotism still runs so high that even the girls seek out peaceable English visitors and taunt them with our independence. Quite the usual thing." Then, as "Archie" and I preserved a helpless silence, Tom sobered down and introduced us in proper style, and as soon as I heard the name I remembered that Archie Vane was Tom's chum in London, when he was over there setting up some machinery. He had just landed and Tom, running across him in New York the night before, had insisted on his coming home with him to spend the Fourth—all natural enough when Tom explained it. So there I'd been bearding the British lion in his den with militant American noises on the anniversary of a day ignored by all good Englishmen; and here was the British lion looking at me with his ingenuous blue eyes as if he was trying to decide whether I'd bite or not.

"I warn you," Tom added, in his tactful little way, "that Peggy is a rabidly patriotic person, so I wouldn't advise you to start any discussions on international issues. This Columbia setup is quite in character, so beware!" Alice and the boys came out on the porch just then and wanted me to stay to breakfast; but of course I declined with dignity and went home—via the front gate, however, instead of the garden wall. When I turned to latch it that Englishman was still looking at me in a dazed sort of way.

The plot thickens. After breakfast my beloved kiddies rushed over to beg me to go with them on the usual family picnic to the pine grove, and I hadn't the heart to disappoint them. I wore my most sensible clothes, and I tried hard to be haughty and distant to Mr. Vane; but he kept developing such nice qualities that somehow I couldn't keep it up, especially as he ignored my crazy performance of the morning so successfully. He was a

GOOD ROADS

## COUNTRY ROAD IS ACCUSED

Automobilist and Farmer Take Turns in Swearing at Poor Construction of Thoroughfares.

Everybody takes a whack at the country road. The automobilists that trundle their machines over it curse its makers. The farmer that hauls his load to market over it swears a blue streak over its bumps and chuckholes and wonders why somebody does not know enough to fix it so it will stay fixed. The legislator lounges in the leather chairs in the state capitol and delivers profound discourses on it and its uses and abuses, and the best way to fix it and keep it fixed. The board of supervisors meet and look wise and talk their heads off about the way it should be taken care of, and how the care-taking expenses should be met. And still the country road slumbers on and never gets much above the mud except in dry summers or very cold winters, when the traffic can skat along on the ice, says the Northwestern Stockman and farmer. The country road is an orphan and usually a friendless orphan. Like the Arkansas house, it can't be fixed while it is raining, and when it doesn't rain there is no need for fixing it. It is a public domain where poll taxes may be worked at leisure, and with the least possible efforts by the party that is segregating himself from so much of his valuable time for the good of the commonwealth. Its surface is marred here by a hole dug by an unruly plow, there by seven scrappulous of dirt dumped in the middle of it just prior to quitting time. There are useless trees bordering it that shut out the sunlight and keep off the wind so that its surface shall remain the consistency of putty the longest possible time. It is a bone of contention for neighborhood rows over who shall be "road-boss" and how the poll taxes shall be "worked." I am not trying to solve the country road problem, but I am endeavoring to call attention to it.

The country road problem is too deep and complicated for one man to solve. It will require the best and most conservative brains in the state to settle upon some plan that will make the country road what it was intended for—a highway for traffic with the least possible resistance. Agitate good roads brethren. Keep the matter before the public. Don't let up until something definite and proper is done to give the state of Montana good permanent highways at a minimum cost.



Tom Appeared at the Window, Too.

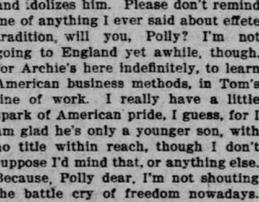
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Aside From Leveling Ground Implements Can Be Used for Transporting Stones and Stumps.

I find a field drag a useful tool. Aside from leveling the ground it can be used for carrying stumps and stones, writes C. C. Marshall of Bethel Springs, Tenn., in the Missouri Valley Farmer.



Construction of Drag.

Farmer. In winter it can be utilized to shelter potatoes or other vegetables that have been hauled up, and when set up slanting it forms a protection for the bed of a brood sow. To make the drag take a section of log 5 or 6 feet long and split until the sections are 2 or 2 1/2 inches wide. Lay these sections side by side and on top of either end nail a 2 by 6-inch runner.

## Construct Market Roads.

Ohio is about to embark on the construction of what it calls a system of market roads which is to cover the entire state. It figures that by the expenditure of \$3,000,000 to \$3,500,000 a year for ten years it will be able to bring the system to completion. If it does so, it will have to be luckier or wiser than New York state has been.

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The state statute on roads reads that all general road work should be done between the first of April and the first of October.

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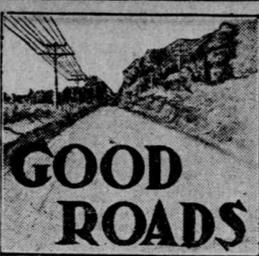
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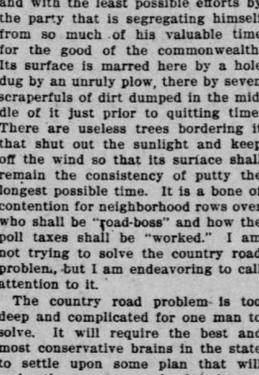
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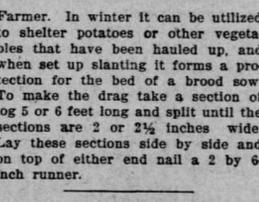
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How Herman Quit. The painful duty was thrust upon me recently to select an office boy. The line was well formed, and upon looking them over a young voice piped up: "Don't forget me, mister!" "A little later this lad was before me and I said to him: "What is your name?" He replied, "Herman Mallowitz." I then asked him where he worked last, and after he told me I said: "Herman, were you fired?" He hesitated a moment and then spoke up: "Vell, I didn't exactly get fired. I just told 'em to go to h—!"—Exchange.

# "A Big Hit"

There is nothing makes a bigger hit with a hungry person than to know the digestion is working properly and that your meals are going to benefit you. If you are not in this class take

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It is an excellent medicine for all Stomach, Liver and Bowel Ills; also Malaria. Try it now.

When a man gets all the thinks he needs he has a large surplus.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle for 25c.

## Suitable Retreat.

"Where do you suppose the dove of peace goes when it is frightened away?"

"I suppose, to some pigeon hole."

## Modern Art.

"This is a picture of a straw stack in a tornado, isn't it?"

"Sir, that is a painting of 'Jacob Wrestling With the Angel,' by a distinguished Cubist.

## Wouldn't Take Chances.

A Chicago lawyer found a new sort of therapeutic treatment. His instructor told him that if he retired into the silence, breathed rhythmically, and said certain words he would be able to cast off all his bodily ailments. He tried it and it worked. Then his three-year-old child got measles and he worked it on him. He was all pulled up. Later his prize setter contracted the mange. He summoned a veterinarian. Then a friend expostulated. "Your system worked with yourself and it worked with your child," he said; "why don't you try it on the dog?" "That dog cost me \$100 when he was a mere pup," was the answer, "and I can't afford to take any chances."

## Great Defense.

The great advocate—let us call him Mr. McSweeney—was defending a man in a murder case. The case looked hopeless, and McSweeney submitted no evidence for the defense. So the public prosecutor, believing that conviction was assured, ended with just a few perfunctory remarks.

Then, in a quiet, conversational tone, the famous McSweeney began to talk to the jury. He made no mention of the murder. He just described in vivid colors a pretty country cottage rung with honeysuckle, a young wife preparing supper, and the rosy youngsters waiting at the gate to greet their father on his return home for the evening meal. Suddenly McSweeney stopped. He drew himself up to his full height. Then, striking the table with his fist, he cried in a voice that thrilled every bosom: "Gentlemen, you must send him back home to them!"

A red-faced juror choked and blurted out: "By George, sir, we'll do it."—London Opinion.

## BANISHED

Coffee Finally Had to Go.

The way some persons cling to coffee, even after they know it is doing them harm, is a puzzle. But it is an easy matter to give it up for good, when Postum is properly made and used instead. A girl writes: "Mother had been suffering with nervous headaches for seven weary years, but kept on drinking coffee." "One day I asked her why she did not give up coffee, as a cousin of mine had done who had taken to Postum. But Mother was such a slave to coffee she thought it would be terrible to give it up." "Finally, one day, she made the change to Postum, and quickly her headaches disappeared. One morning while she was drinking Postum so freely and with such relish, I asked for a taste." "That started me on Postum and I now drink it more freely than I did coffee, which never comes into our house now."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for booklet, "The Road to Wellville."

Post