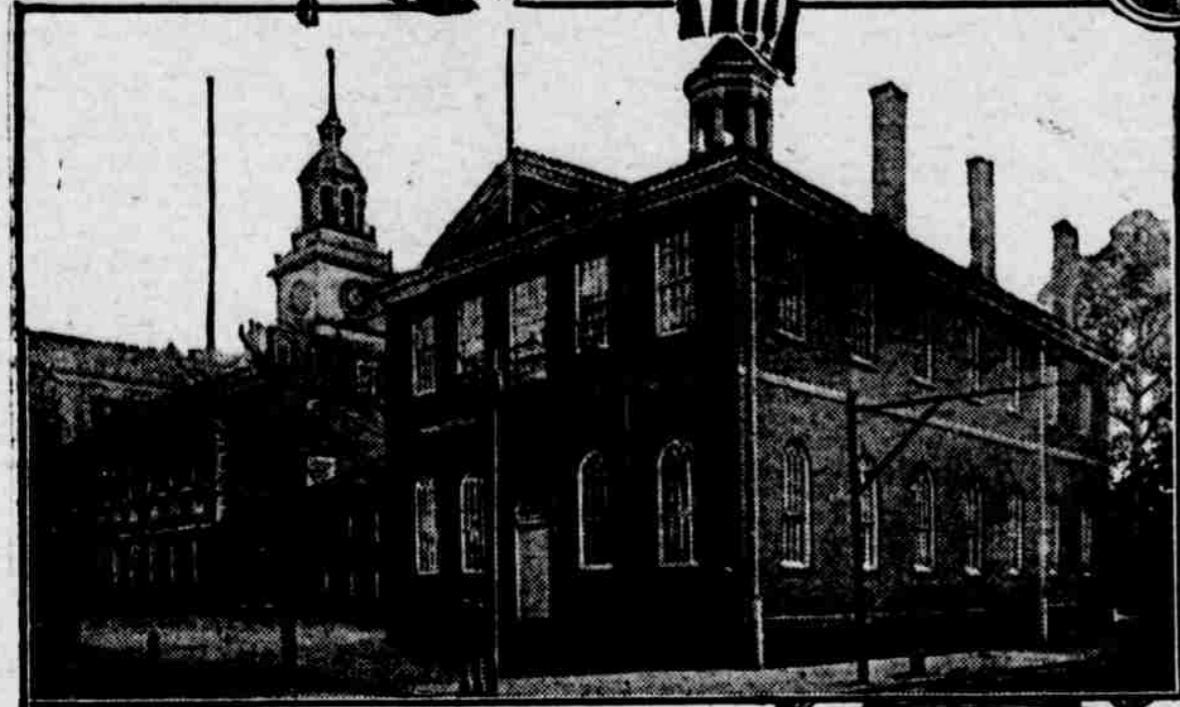


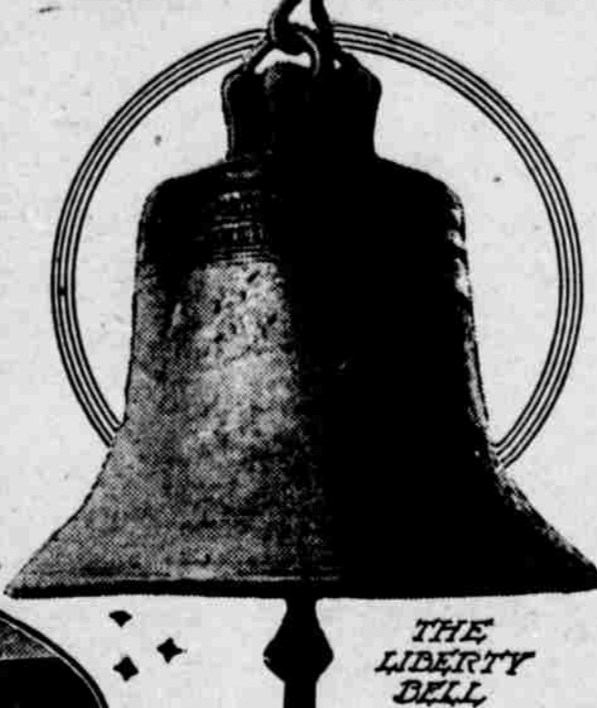
The OLD CRADLE Of LIBERTY



DRAFTING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



CONGRESS AND INDEPENDENCE HALLS



THE LIBERTY BELL

UNTIL the year 1776 the historic shrine of American liberty in Philadelphia was known as the State house; but after that it was called Independence hall. Thousands have made their reverent pilgrimage thither from distant places as to a sacred shrine, and yet a great many are unfamiliar with the history of the most famous edifice in America. They may not know that it was begun in 1729 and finished in 1754, and that in those days the plan of it was considered so palatially ambitious that its building was bitterly opposed by those who, like John Gilpin's wife, were of a frugal mind. The cost was \$16,850, and the wings that were added five years afterward brought the total amount to \$28,000. Doubtless there were many who dubiously shook their heads at the extravagance. What would they have thought of a city hall occupying several acres and costing \$34,000,000?

Although in the immediately pre-Revolutionary days the purpose to which Independence hall was put was serious enough, the long gallery upstairs had often been the scene of "revelry by night" before those times that tried men's souls. In 1736 the mayor, William Allen, invited most of Philadelphia to a feast; in 1756 the assembly gave Governor Denny a most pretentious banquet; and again, in 1757, Lord Loudon, commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in America, was lavishly entertained, and the uninvited grumbled at the outlay. When the first congress met in Philadelphia, in 1774, there was a "sumptuous collation" in the State house, attended by 500 persons, and as they drank their toasts cannon was fired, as happened in the case of Hamlet's unamiable father. The same hall that was the scene of these elaborate banquets became the prison of the American officers captured in the battle of Germantown, and after the bloody field of Brandywine it was a hospital.

It was in this building that Washington delivered his memorable farewell address; Lafayette was the guest of honor here at a reception in 1824; and here the bodies of John Adams and Abraham Lincoln lay in state. Thus it will be seen that the social and historic associations of the edifice are innumerable, leaving out of the reckoning what happened there on the Fourth of July, 1776. The signers of the Declaration came near not having a bell to announce their epoch-making resolution to the world. As soon as the building was completed, in 1754, it was planned to buy a bell commensurate with the dignity of the new State house. Then the advocates of economy—or parsimony—arose in their might and fought the project tooth and nail, representing that the "great cost of the State house had imposed a heavy tax upon the citizens and further expenditure was useless." After several years of more or less acrimonious debate it was decided to have a bell; and it was then discovered that there was not a foundry in the colonies capable of fashioning it, the repressive policy of parliament having well-nigh destroyed manufacturing enterprise in the new world. So the colonists had to send to London for a bell, giving specific directions as to the dimensions—the weight was 2,080 pounds.

When at last it arrived, in 1753, it was more than a nine days' wonder; the Pennsylvania farmers flocked to the wharf from far inland to acclaim its arrival. It proved all that any reasonable mortal could want in the way of a tintinnabulum. Its tones were far-carrying and sweetly musical, and all true-born Philadelphians (including those who had opposed the expense) were proud of it. Alas! as it was being transported with festal ceremony from the water's edge to the intended site in the belfry some nervous washing gave way beneath his corner of the ton of metal and the bell fell to the ground and was mortally injured. It had to be recast, and Isaac Norris, who superintended the operation, announced with pride that the result was "a good bell, which pleases me much that we should first venture upon and succeed in the greatest bell, for aught I know, in English America—surpassing, too, the imported one, which was too high and brittle."

The great occasion in the life of the Liberty Bell was not due to arrive until 24 years afterward. It was on the 15th of May, 1776, that the general assembly gave instructions to its dele-

WHERE WASHINGTON DELIVERED HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS

gates in congress to present to that body a resolution in favor of the mighty schism from England, and the formal declaration of the colonies' independence. Richard Henry Lee on the 7th of June arose and solemnly moved that "the united colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent states, and that their political connection with Great Britain is and ought to be dissolved." John Adams of Massachusetts seconded the resolution, and thereupon a long and vehement debate began. It was adopted by the closest possible majority—seven colonies giving it their approval, six voting in the negative.

A committee was then appointed to draw up the Declaration. Its members were Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston. The committee reported the result of its deliberations on June 28, the other members of congress in the interim having bestirred themselves to learn the wishes of their constituents. Thomas Jefferson, as every one knows, was

the author of the Declaration. He wrote it in a house at the present site of 700 Market street, now occupied by the Penn National bank building, and the very desk on which the immortal document was drafted is now in the library of the state department in Washington. It is not necessary to quote the solemn language of the Magna Charta of our American liberties. It was accepted almost as it came from Jefferson's hands, though a few passages were expunged which, it was feared, might give offense to America's much-needed friends in the mother country.

On the Fourth of July all the delegates except those of New York (whose representatives signed a few days later) had appended their names to the document and had pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor in the cause of liberty. Then came the moment for the Song of the Bell—a song whose reverberations shall not cease till the last page of American history has been written. Truly prophetic was the biblical motto which Isaac Norris is said to have chosen for the bell: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof." And rapturously did the assembled multitude and the distant patriots receive the announcement of the bell, that at last the 13 colonies had become the 13 United States, and the days of the dominion of the foreign oppressor were forever past.

LAST FOURTH OF JULY

Last Fourth of July I was only six, A reg'lar little chump, I got into a dreadful fix. You see there was a stump In our back yard, where I used to play All sorts of things alone; On Sundays 'twas a pulpit, On week days 'twas a throne. I was preacher Sundays, And the pickets on the fence Were the people that I preached to, But I didn't preach no sense.

On other days I was a king, The pickets were my people, I wore a golden paper crown All pointed like a steeple. Well, Fourth of July my cousin Bob Came from the great big town, With crackers, punk and fireworks To do the Fourth up brown. I told him how I was a king, He is bigger some than me, And he said we would have a steg, The stump would be my fort, And he would try to blow it up, He said 'twas lots of sport, So I got up upon the stump, And the crackers in a row He piled up thick around the foot, You should have heard it blow! The stump caught fire, I lost my head, My father carried me to bed.

I stayed in bed a long, long time, All bandaged—'twasn't fun, I'm big this year—you needn't smile, I'm not so big a chump, And if we have another steg Bob can sit on the stump.

INDEPENDENCE DAY FAVORS DISPLAY OF THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Warm weather does not in the least interfere with the plans of the maid who is ambitious enough to entertain a coterie of friends at some kind of an end-of-the-season festival; and the approaching Independence day holiday admits of so many forms of novelties in decorations and de-

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WANTED TO KNOW THE FIGURE

Fortune Hunter's Mother Was Not Dealing in Uncertainties, if She Could Help It.

Miss Jeannette Gilder, the brilliant critic, toyed with a pink and gold mustache cup at the mustache cup tea concluding the Bad Taste exhibition in New York.

"The mustache cup," said Miss Gilder, "holds its own even better than the hand-painted cuspidor. But, after all, there is spiritual as well as material bad taste, and a spiritual bad taste exhibition is now in order.

"In the forefront of it I'd put the fortune hunter. Not all our fortune hunters come from across the water. I heard of one the other day who belongs to the oldest family in America.

"But his family is very poor, and so he and his mother have decided that he must marry for money. They were discussing recently, the pair of them, a western girl.

"Her fortune is large but vague," said the mother. "Besides, she is gauche. Her feet are broad and flat. She has a gold front tooth. Her French is execrable. She—"

"Oh, I could make something out of her," the young fortune hunter asserted confidently.

"Yes, but how much—that's the question," said his mother.

Foiled Once. Little Francis was not to be fooled twice.

The heavy black clouds had massed in the east and west, the lightning was flashing fiercely between the heavy, incessant rolling of the thunder.

Francis was terribly frightened, and his fond mother had gathered her young hopeful into her arms and tried logically to calm his fears.

"Don't be afraid, darling. There's nothing to fear. God sends the thunderstorm to clear the air, water the flowers, and make it cooler for us. Now, don't cry, dear; it won't harm you, and everything will be better when it's over."

The little fellow listened intently, and as his mother finished he looked up at her gravely, and said: "No, no, mother, you talk exactly the way you did last week when you took me to the dentist, to have my tooth pulled."

—Chicago Sunday Examiner.

Child Acts Surgeon's Role. Sarah Shaffer, thirteen years old, of Los Angeles, Cal., developed into a little heroine when her five-year-old sister fell on the sidewalk while at play and shattered her elbow.

Dr. Edward G. Wiley, chief police surgeon, explained patiently over the telephone how the splint should be put on, and Sarah made such a good job of it as to win the admiration of all who saw the tiny patient when she arrived at the receiving hospital with her little amateur nurse.

The children's father is at the county hospital and their mother went to visit him. Maybelle fell and broke her arm. Sarah called up the receiving hospital, but owing to the distance was advised to call one of the district doctors. She could raise none, and again called the receiving hospital. Dr. Wiley told Sarah what to do to relieve the baby's pain, while the ambulance raced out to the Shaffer home, and Sarah obeyed instructions to the letter.

eruption disfigured face

Lock Box 35, Maurice, Ia.—"In the spring of 1911 our little daughter, age five years, had a breaking out on her lip and part of her cheek that we took for ringworm. It resembled a large ringworm, only it differed in that it was covered with watery blisters that itched and burned terribly, made worse by her scratching it. Then the blisters would break through and let out a watery substance. She was very cross and fretful while she had it and had very little rest at night. When the eruption was at its worst the teacher of the school sent her home and would not allow her to attend until the disfigurement of her face was gone.

"I wrote and received a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which we used according to directions, and they gave instant relief, so we bought some more. It gradually grew better. We kept on using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in three or four months the child was entirely cured."

(Signed) Mr. Henry Frins, Oct. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 25-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

If you want to find a man out all you have to do is to call on him with a bill.

Money goes. Ever notice how three \$20 bills will go like 60?

FOUND BROTHER AT LAST.

Beggar—Kind str, could you help a brother Mason. Odd Fellow, Elk, Moose, Eagle, Owl or Forester?

Passerby—I belong to none of them.

Beggar—Ah, den, could you help a fellow Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, Episcopal or Free byterian?

Passerby—I belong to none of them.

Beggar—Ah, den, shake hands and assist a feller Socialist and uplifter in distress.

FATAL WORDS.

"Ever hear from that college chum of yours who went to Colorado?"

"Oh, he's dead, poor chap. He may be said to have talked himself to death."

"What do you mean?"

"He called some Alkali Ike out there a liar."

Lowest Bidder.

"I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter," announced the young man.

"Have a chair," said her father, kindly. "I presume you have made an estimate of what it will cost to keep my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"I have, sir." "And your figures?" "Ten thousand dollars a year."

"I'm sorry, my boy," said the older man, "but I cannot afford to throw away \$2,000 a year. Another suitor has figured he can do it for \$8,000."

MRS. WINN'S ADVICE TO WOMEN

Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and be Restored to Health.

Kansas City, Mo.—"The doctors told me I would never be a mother. Every month the pains were so bad that I could not bear my weight on one foot. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and had not finished the first bottle when I felt greatly relieved and I took it until it made me sound and well, and I now have two fine baby girls. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly for what it has done for me. I always speak a word in favor of your medicine to other women who suffer when I have an opportunity."—Mrs. H. T. WINN, 1225 Fremont Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Read What Another Woman says:

Cumming, Ga.—"I tell some suffering woman every day of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it has done for me. I could not eat or sleep, had a bad stomach and was in misery all the time. I could not do my housework or walk any distance without suffering great pain. I tried doctors' medicines and different patent medicines but failed to get relief. My husband brought home your Vegetable Compound and in two weeks I could eat anything, could sleep like a healthy baby, and walk a long distance without feeling tired. I can highly recommend your Vegetable Compound to women who suffer as I did, and you are at liberty to use this letter."—Mrs. CHARLES BAGLEY, R. 2, Cumming, Ga.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Yellow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Removes Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from any Bruise or Strain; Stops Spavin Lameness, Always pain. Does not blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. \$2.00 a bottle, delivered. Book 1 K free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for manking. For Syphilis, Strains, Gouty or Rheumatic deposits, Swollen, Painful Varicose Veins. Will tell you more if you write. \$1 and \$2 per bottle at dealers or druggists. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 318 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

BLACK LASSES SUKELY PREVENTED by Cuticura's Blasting Pills. Laxative, fresh, reliable, prepared in a clean, modern, scientific factory, where other purgatives fail. Get your bottles. Cuticura Blasting Pills 50¢ (10-cent size). Blasting Pills 50¢ (10-cent size). Blasting Pills 50¢ (10-cent size). Use one tablet, but Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, Cuticura Cream. All dealers or druggists. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or druggists. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or druggists. Guaranteed effective.

DAISY FLY KILLER. Kills all house flies, stable flies, and all other annoying insects. Made of natural, non-toxic ingredients. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or druggists. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or druggists. Guaranteed effective.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 28-1914.

Don't Poison Baby.

FOETY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIO or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregorio, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without your or your physician's knowledge of what it is composed of. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.