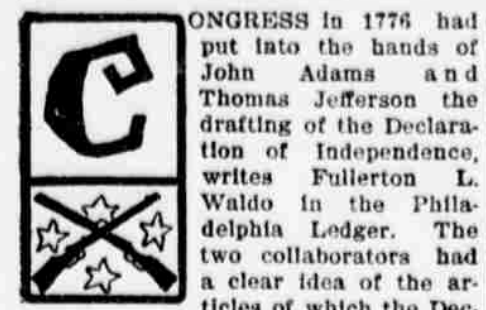


The Document That Made Americans Freemen



CONGRESS in 1776 had put into the hands of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, writes Fullerton L. Waldo in the Philadelphia Ledger. The two collaborators had a clear idea of the articles of which the Declaration was to consist, for there had been prolonged discussions in committee, of which careful notes were taken. The little sub-committee of two men met and conferred together, and Jefferson asked Adams to take the written memoranda to his lodgings and there prepare the draft.

But Adams, self-effacingly, insisted that the laborious honor should fall to his colleague.

"You are a Virginian," said Adams, "and I am a Massachusetts man. You are a southerner and I am from the north; I have been so obnoxious for my early and constant zeal in promoting the measure that any draft of mine would undergo a more severe scrutiny and criticism in congress than one of your composition. And finally—and that would be reason enough if there were no other—I have a great opinion of the elegance of your pen and none at all of my own."

Whereupon, bowing deeply and with protestations of mutual regard, the patriots went their several ways, Jefferson with the manuscript under his arm. And in a day or two they met again and "conn'd the paper over."

"I was delighted with its high tone," Adams wrote in 1822 to Timothy Pickering. But to the part containing the denunciation of King George he took exception. "I thought the expression too passionate and too much like scolding for so grave and solemn a document." Nevertheless, he had no amendment to suggest, and the draft

go down in history alongside of Pam Revere's and Philip Sheridan's. In default of missing detail the imagination must provide the picture of the tall, gaunt spectre of a man, half-masked and riding like a demon, urging his steed onward through the night with whip and spur, along a road abounding in pitfalls, with black miles separating one warm, yellow cabin light from the next. What was he thinking of as he rode onward? Not of the pain of the cancer, slowly eating away his countenance and sapping his vitality; not of the risk he ran, a solitary horseman, of being waylaid and robbed or murdered upon the lonely journey. He heeded not the hunger and the sleeplessness; he was thinking only of the fact that his vote would turn the day for Delaware; Delaware, though a little state, might influence Pennsylvania, and so the vote of the colonies would be unanimous for a declaration that would immortalize the men who made and signed it, and enfranchise the people of the 13 colonies and their descendants.

Next day, Thursday, July 4, as the members were assembling at the state house door, a rider, booted and spurred and covered with the dust of night-and-day travel, dismounted in their midst, and when, a little later, Caesar Rodney rose in his place, still breathing hard, and said, "I vote for independence," the result was that the vote of Delaware was cast in favor of the declaration, Pennsylvania, by three of her five delegates present, supported Delaware's action, and thus by the ride of Rodney the unanimous vote of the colonies (with the solitary and temporary exception of New York) was that day secured for the Magna Charta of our American liberties.

"It was two o'clock in the afternoon," Lossing tells us, "when the final decision was announced by Secretary Thomson. When the secretary sat down a deep silence pervaded that



Famous Old Independence Hall.

of the declaration was put before the committee of five just as Jefferson had prepared it.

The desk upon which the declaration was drafted is in the library of the state department at Washington. It was exhibited at Buffalo in the Pan-American exposition in 1901.

The final debate in congress, in the committee of the whole, upon the adoption of the Declaration of Independence began at nine o'clock on Monday, July 1. On that day Pennsylvania, seven of whose delegates were present, voted against adoption. The vote of Delaware, having two delegates present, was divided.

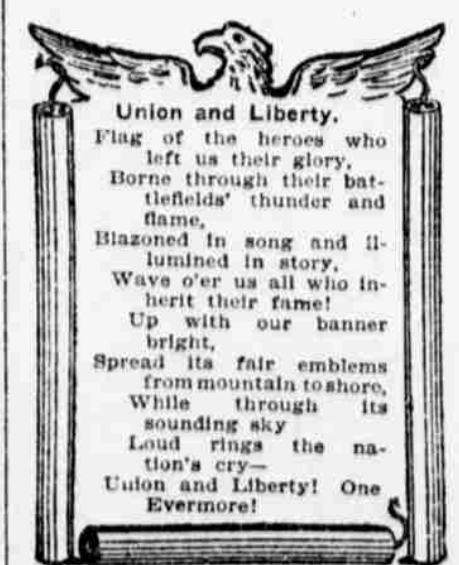
Thereupon McKean of Delaware, who had voted affirmatively, wrote a frantic letter to the absent Delaware delegate, Caesar Rodney, imploring him to come and cast his vote, and thus turn the scale for Delaware, for it was highly probable that if Delaware supported the declaration Pennsylvania would follow suit.

Rodney at the time was 80 miles away, at Dover, at one or the other of his farms, Byfield and Poplar Grove. He suffered tortures from the cancer, which, starting on his nose, had spread all over one side of his face, so that he had to wear a green silk shield to hide the disfigurement; it was of this chronic affliction that he died. A contemporary chronicle describes him as "an animated skeleton—indeed, all spirit, without corporeal integument."

McKean's messenger left Philadelphia late in the afternoon of July 1. It was necessary to get Rodney back to Independence hall by July 4, the day appointed for taking the vote upon the adoption of the declaration. All night, all day he rode at top speed; and Rodney is supposed to have started on the return journey in the evening of the second.

That ride of Rodney's deserves to

August assembly. Thousands of anxious citizens had gathered in the streets. From the hour when congress convened in the morning the old bellman had been in the steeple. He placed a boy at the door below to give him notice when the announcement should be made. As hour succeeded hour, the graybeard shook his head, and said, "They will never do it! They will never do it!" Suddenly a loud shout came up from below, and there stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his hands and shouting "Ring! ring!" Grasping the iron tongue of the old bell, backward and forward he hurled it a hundred times, its loud voice proclaiming "Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." The excited multitude in the streets responded with loud acclamations, and with cannon peals, bonfires and illuminations the patriots held glorious carnival that night in the quiet city of Penn.



HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

"Practical" Queries That Puzzled Dad



KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Was education more practical a generation ago, or did John's father study his books more thoroughly than John does? John is a seventh grade student in the public schools. He asks his father one day to help him solve the following problem:

A. asked how much money he has in the bank, replied: "If I had \$10 more I would have \$1,000 more than half what I now have." How much money had A?

"Such a fool problem," said the father. "Tell that teacher to ask the cashier. You have been pestering me with problems like that for a week. Suppose your teacher asked you how old you are. Would you tell her?"

"If I were ten times as old as I am, diminished by 42, I would be 30 years older than dad, and if dad were one-fourth as old as he now is he would be my age?"

"What would your teacher do if you answered in such a manner? In my days we had practical problems in our arithmetic."

In order to investigate his father's statement John went to the public library and asked for an old arithmetic.

The librarian gave him "Richard's Natural Arithmetic." He turned to the page marked "Practical Exercises" and read:

A puts his whole flock of sheep into three pastures; half go into one pasture, one-third into another and 32 into a third. How many in the flock?

"That's queer," said John. "Practical exercises, too. Here is a man who wants to find how many sheep he

has. He counts them so he will know when he has half of them. This half he puts into a pasture. Then he counts out a third and puts it in another pen. Next he counts what's left and finds he has 32. After a little figuring he finds how many in the whole flock. Very practical. I guess dad didn't study that book."

The next book he examined was "Milne's Inductive Arithmetic," edition of 1879. In miscellaneous examples he found the following:

Two ladders will together just reach the top of a building seventy-five feet high. If the shorter ladder is two-thirds the length of the other, what is the length of each?

"Why didn't he measure each ladder separately?" John asked himself. "That problem is not practical. I guess dad is older than I thought. I want an older book."

The text book written in 1868 was handed to him. The book was evidently influenced by the Civil war, for it was filled with problems dealing with battering down fortifications and the sustenance of soldiers. One problem was:

"If twelve pieces of cannon, eighteen pounders, can batter down a fortress in three hours, how long will it take for nineteen twenty-four pounders to batter down the same fortress?"

"That's fine for a general," John reflected, "but dad says that I am going to be a captain of industry."

Another arithmetic of the same date had the famous fish problem, with which John's teacher had troubled him for six weeks before he himself finally explained it to the class. The fish problem is:

"The head of a fish is ten inches long. Its tail is as long as its head and one-half the body. The body is as long as the head and tail both. How long is the fish?"

Very handy problem for a butcher.

Partners for Years But Never Speak



NEW YORK.—In one of the large wholesale houses in this city there are five partners. Two of them have not spoken to each other except over the telephone for twenty years. Their private offices are not more than twenty feet apart and they see each other a score of times a day, but they meet and pass without the slightest sign of recognition. If it becomes necessary in the course of business for them to communicate with each other they do so either by calling a stenographer and dictating a memorandum or else by being connected on the telephone over their private line. They never speak face to face.

A quarter of a century ago these five partners were young men with small capital. All of them had been employees of the same concern, but they had their own ideas and believed in them. So they put their money together and formed a partnership. The new business was successful from the very start. Each man had his own particular branch to look after and

each was a specialist who did his part to perfection. Their separate interests in the firm so interlocked and they worked together so harmoniously that within five years they were on the high road to fortune. It was just at this time that these two partners fell out. It arose from a trifling difference their wives had. Naturally each partner, through loyalty to his spouse, took her side, and the quarrel grew so bitter that it culminated in blows being exchanged. Then they vowed they never would speak to each other again. The other three partners saw that if this course were pursued it would spell ruin. After a lengthy conference, in which the two disputants were called in separately, the proposition was put to them that they should agree to remain with the firm, of which they were essentially important parts, and should hold communication with each other only on business matters and then either in writing or by telephone.

This is the plan that has been followed to this day and is likely to be pursued to the end. When these two enemies talk over the telephone they converse with all the polite amiability of old business associates; they discuss prices, business propositions and the various problems with which they are mutually concerned.

"Old Rags, Old Iron" Set to Music



BOSTON.—An outdoor school for making musical rag men, hawkers and street vendors is the latest educational novelty established in this city.

Miss Caroline E. Wenzel, a fair settlement worker and a graduate of Vassar, is the originator of the idea and sole instructor. Miss Wenzel believes that if the voice of the rag man and peddler must be tolerated it should issue forth from the throats in flute-like tones. She confidently believes that once her method becomes a fixture a person, instead of feeling obliged to slam down the window on

a hot summer day or fret and fume over the guttural cries of the merchants of the thoroughfares, will throw open the window and be lulled into peaceful slumber through the melodious strains of "Rags and Bottles," "Ole Iron," "Soap Grease" and "Juicy Lemons."

Miss Wenzel has established her outdoor school at Washington street and Massachusetts avenue and has nearly a score of pupils. The young woman is popular with the vendors.

She got her idea from a trip abroad last year. Her method is simple. She finds out a man's business and instructs him accordingly. She suggests expression to fit his wares and teaches the correct pronunciation of these expressions.

Her musical instruction is similar to what the musical teachers advocate for the production of a good ringing "head tone."

Expected Twin Babies But He Found—



CHICAGO.—"Come home—twins!" A mandatory order to a policeman of the Hyde Park station flashed from his home to the station at midnight. The policeman obeyed, just as he has done each year at the summons to "come home" upon the arrival of new members of the family—ten of them—during the last ten years.

Sergt. Bartholomew Cronin, the father, left his desk duties at the police station and rushed to his house at 7019 Indiana avenue. Within were signs of activity; lights flashed and above the din of excitement could be

heard the wall of several of the small Cronins. Even Polly, the red Durham cow, which furnishes milk for the group, seemed affected and moored in unison with the crying children.

The police sergeant hesitated at the threshold—then doffed his helmet and entered. He sought first the physical signs, two of them, who talked disinterestedly with some of the children. One of them said:

"Sergeant, this case is one most unusual. It should be brought to the attention of dairymen throughout the country. A full-sized male and female. Mother and offspring doing nicely. You might drop a word to the farm journals."

Then a veterinary surgeon appeared and joined in the congratulations.

Polly, the red Durham cow, had given birth to twin calves.

WOMAN ELECTED JUSTICE

Mrs. Mary Phares of Clinton, Second of Her Sex to Hold Illinois Office.

Bloomington, Ill.—Illinois' second woman justice of the peace, Mrs. Mary Phares of Clinton, whose campaign was started as a joke, and who did not know she was a candidate until notified of her election, has qualified for the position and hung out her shingle. She is now ready to deal with any malefactor who may be haled before her, or will serve papers, etc., for whomsoever may apply. She is diligently reading up in law and in the statutes which relate to the duties of justice of the peace and now that she has the job, proposes to go the limit and learn everything about the position that can be unearthed.

"It was started in fun," said Justice Phares, when asked about her new post. "Last winter, Attorney L. O. Williams casually remarked, in my hearing, that he was going to see that I was elected justice of the peace, when the first vacancy on the board appeared. He said he thought I knew as much about weighing evidence and deciding controversies as the average masculine justice. I supposed he was joking and laughingly told him to go ahead and that it was all right with me.

"The subject never entered my mind again until the night of the



election, when I was astounded by the information that I had been elected. I received 52 votes. You must consider this a good showing, as I did absolutely no electioneering. Mr. Williams quietly spread the word around among his acquaintances and admonished them to say nothing about it. My name was written on the ballot and even the election judges did not know what was up, until they commenced to count after the polls had closed.

"I was at home all day, while the election was in progress, little dreaming that I was being elected justice of the peace. If ever an office came unsought, this one did. I have since been busy thanking my friends for their remembrance. Perhaps if I had conducted a campaign, I would have polled more votes, but I am satisfied and will try to be a just judge for all the people.

"It will appear a little odd, at first, to give up household duties and officiate at trials. I may even be called upon to marry people. I will have to brush up on the marrying code. I ought to do a rushing business, as brides will not object to me kissing them, as in the case of some of the masculine justices that I know of."

Justice Phares is a widow, her husband, the late Frank Phares, having been a well-known and prominent citizen of Clinton. Mrs. Phares is unusually well educated, is highly intellectual and well read and her friends believe that she will be a fearless justice.

CORN PLANTING IS OVER

THAT CANADIAN TRIP SHOULD NOW BE TAKEN.

If you had intended going to Canada for the purpose of purchasing land on which to establish a home and accompanying some land company, whose holdings you proposed to look over or to go up on your own account to select one hundred and sixty acres of land free, you should delay no longer. Cornplanting is over, your wheat crop is well ahead, and you have a few weeks' time before you are required in the fields again. Now make your intended trip. Reports at hand show that the crop prospects in Canada were never better than they are today. The cool weather has not affected the crop, but if anything, it has been a benefit. There has been plenty of moisture and those who have had their land properly prepared look upon this year as likely to be one of the best they have had. A great many are going up this season who expect to pay two or three dollars an acre more than they were asked to pay last year. Others who wish to homestead are prepared to go farther from the line of railway than would have been necessary last year. Still it is worth it. So it will be with you. Next year lands will be higher-priced and homesteads less accessible. There is a wonderful tide of immigration to Central Canada now. It is expected that one hundred and fifty thousand new settlers from the United States will be numbered by the end of the present year, an increase of fifty per cent over last year. In addition to this there will be upwards of one hundred thousand from the old country, which does not include those who may come from the northern countries of the Continent. These all intend to settle upon the land. The reader does not require an answer to the questions, "Why do they do it?" "Why are they going there in such large numbers?" Western Canada is no longer an experiment. The fact that one hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat were raised there last year as against ninety-five millions the year previous, shows that the tiller of the soil in Central Canada is making money and it is safe to say that he is making more money than can be made anywhere else on the Continent in the growing of grains. He gets good prices, he has a sure and a heavy crop, he enjoys splendid railway privileges, and he has also the advantages of schools and churches and such other social life as may be found anywhere. It is difficult to say what district is the best. Some are preferred to others because there are friends already established. The Grand Trunk Pacific, on its way across the Continent, is opening up a splendid tract of land, which is being taken up rapidly. The other railways—the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern are extending branch lines into parts inaccessible a couple of years ago. With a perfect network of railways covering a large area of the agricultural lands it is not difficult to secure a location. Any agent of the Canadian Government will be pleased to render you assistance by advice and suggestion, and a good plan is to write or call upon him. The Government has located these agents at convenient points throughout the States, and their offices are well equipped with a full supply of maps and literature.

Gasoline Engines.
Gasoline engines are only used to a limited extent as yet. They are just coming into use. One dealer estimates about five per cent replacing windmills. People are very conservative about improvements.

HEADS AMERICAN PRINTERS

James M. Lynch, Re-elected President of International Typographical Union, Remarkable Organizer.

Indianapolis.—James M. Lynch, who has been re-elected president of the International Typographical union, has been at the head of that organization since 1900. He is a leader of con-



servative tendencies and has shown remarkable power of organization since he began, at the completion of his apprenticeship as a printer, to take part in labor union affairs. Born at Manlius, N. Y., in 1857, he lived many years in Syracuse, N. Y., where he was for seven terms president of the Syracuse Trade assembly and a member of the city board of fire commissioners. In 1899-1900 Mr. Lynch was the first vice-president of the International Typographical union.

A TRAIN LOAD OF TOBACCO.

Twenty-four Carloads Purchased for Lewis' Single Binder Cigar Factory.

What is probably the biggest lot of all fancy grade tobacco held by any factory in the United States has just been purchased by Frank P. Lewis, of Peoria, for the manufacture of Lewis' Single Binder Cigars. The lot will make twenty-four carloads, and is selected from what is considered by experts to be the finest crop raised in many years. The purchase of tobacco is sufficient to last the factory more than two years. An extra price was paid for the selection. Smokers of Lewis' Single Binder Cigars will appreciate this tobacco.

—Peoria Star, January 16, 1909.

Men who remain neutral in times of public danger are enemies to their country.—Addison.

Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes. Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c at Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

To love and to serve is the motto which every true knight should bear on his shield.—Downs.

