



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Here it is, the "Fourth" again!  
Sakes alive, how time does slip!  
Don't seem like it's sixty year  
Since I first began to hear  
All the loud, tarnation noise  
We stirred up when we was boys,  
All of us a-wishin' powder  
Was lots cheaper and lots louder!

Recollect with what delight  
Used to be up half the night  
Helpin' fire the anvil or  
Makin' other sounds of war?  
Used to wish the earth was drilled  
Out inside and powder-filled,  
And that I could somehow just  
Touch her off and hear her bust!

Weren't no cannon-crackers then.  
Kind o' wish there had a been.  
Then they would 'a' sounded sweet;  
Now they lift me off my feet.  
I've begun to think that noise  
Was invented just for boys.  
Fourth o' July don't seem to me  
'T all like what it used to be.

Just as patriotic, still  
Somehow I don't catch the thrill  
Of the loud, tumultuous joy  
Like I used to when a boy.  
Nothin' doin' then but I  
Had a finger in the pie;  
But that finger, as you see,  
Got blowed off eventually.  
—Nixon Waterman in The Sunday Magazine.

OLD-TIME CELEBRATIONS.

Parades, Dinners and Speeches Characteristic Features.

Parades, dinners and the drinking of as many toasts as there were States in the Union formed the characteristic features of the early Fourth of July celebrations. There was less noise a century ago than is usually the case to-day and absolutely no overindulgence in fireworks, because fireworks were so scarce that their use was practically restricted to the public gardens. These popular resorts, of which there were several in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities, were careful to announce, often weeks beforehand, the attractions prepared for the anniversary day. Nearly every town and village could point with pride to Revolutionary veterans, and the presence of these warriors who had contributed their share toward making the Declaration of Independence mean something to the country added to the deep personal interest in the day. The love for their young country rang out true and clear in every oration and after dinner toast. The following toast, given by the merchants of New York in 1795 at the Tontine Coffee House, is but a sample of many which the day always called forth:

"The auspicious day that rescued our country from the hated yoke of foreign tyranny and gave us honorable rank among the nations of the earth—may its glorious events never be effaced from our memories; may the blessings it has conferred be as lasting as the globe we inhabit and may each revolving year find us more united, more happy and more free."

During the early years of the last century the celebration in New York invariably opened with a discharge of cannon from the Battery. A parade of the militia and volunteer rifle organizations, accompanied by the leading societies of the city, in which Tammany was always well represented, marched through Broadway below the present city hall, Wall street and some of the other thoroughfares.

After a march of about an hour the paraders filed into St. Paul's or some other prominent church, where the Declaration of Independence was always read, followed by an oration.

In the evening every tavern and coffee house had a special Fourth of July dinner. This latter custom was universal. No hamlet was so small that it could not gather its company of patriotic diners in the village tavern, where their enthusiasm was displayed in repeated protestations of loyalty to their country.

The residents of Brooklyn 100 years ago were not to be outdone by their

THE PATRIOTS OF PEACE.



from London town Samuel. Hub!

All right. The navy is growing and we are spending millions for target practice and more millions for great guns. But let's hope hard that there will never be another war, and that widows and orphans will never again be made in a strife with other nations or at home. God grant it, is the prayer of the millions.

A patriot isn't necessarily a soldier. A man doesn't have to storm a fort to prove that he loves his country. That kind of bravery is fine. It gets into the papers and there is a thrill of pride even in the later days when flowers are strewn on graves and women in black weep.

But don't you forget that there are more patriots to-day than ever before. There are millions of them. They are behind counters in shops; they are running locomotives and tilling farms. They are not thinking much about war. They have no hatred in their hearts.

And how is it that they are patriots? Because they are trying to do their full duty as American citizens. That is how. They toll till their backs are stooped and their hands gnarled and knotted. They rear homes and honor good women. They bring up children and educate them. They do not hesitate to deny themselves to the end that those who come after them shall find greater opportunity and fill a better place in the affairs of the world than did their parents.

They are the fathers and mothers of progress. They are the bone and blood and sinew that make the nation strong. They are the living exponents of charity, decency, energy and human love, and they are stronger than the combined armies and navies of the world.

And so, while the explosions in memory of '76 shake the earth, be glad that you are a worthy member of that great army—the patriots of peace. God guide them all.—Kansas City World.

friends in the greater city across the river, as, according to a newspaper account at the time, the Fourth of July, 1804, was celebrated in Brooklyn as follows:

The military of Kings county assembled at the town of Brooklyn to celebrate the day. At sunrise a salute of seventeen guns was fired. The uniform corps of the Troop of Horse, Republican riflemen, Washington fusiliers and the Rising Sun companies formed on Brooklyn Heights at 10 o'clock and marched through Sands street, Main street, Front street, up old Ferry street, to the parade ground.

Later in the day there were dinners in the various taverns and the customary toasts.

An account of a celebration at Potts Grove, Montgomery county, Pa., is interesting not only for the picture of rural enjoyment, but as a sample of the journalistic writing commonly seen in the early newspapers:

"Two fieldpieces, cheerfully served, sent abroad in the forenoon the lofty report of both fun and frolic by sixteen well timed and successive discharges. Joy beamed on every brow; the green valleys and distant hills participated in the gladness of the day by reverberating the magnificent and far sent sounds of liberty and independence."

Mention is then made of the dinner, with its attendant speeches, and in concluding the writer adds:

"The retired sun had just by this time let in the gloomy shade of night, upon which the company betook themselves to the tavern of James Kinkead, where they enjoyed themselves with the sprightly dance and fensated to a late hour upon song, sentiment and rosy wine."—New York Times.

Dance Favors for the Fourth.

For the Fourth of July dance there are enormous crackers or snapping mottos in tri-colored isinglass. An extra loud snapper is in honor of Independence day, and the caps and aprons peeked into the small space are all in patriotic col-

REMEMBER what Sherman said about war? It also applies to Independence Day and the popping, roaring, crackling, whooping, exploding that drives some folks almost to insanity and means that we are a nation of patriots and are so glad of it that every year we burn tons of powder and maim, mutilate and cripple between 4,000 and 5,000 human beings—mostly boys.

And the popular idea of patriotism is war. We are glad we fought or that our ancestors fought, and the hair bristles on the back of our necks, and we feel, by hoky, that we can fight again and that the foreigners to Vladivostok had better keep off the toes of your Uncle

Samuel. Hub!

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ors. Other dance favors are tiny canes wound with tri-colored ribbons, and small pistols which, when the trigger is pulled, send out a small Japanese folding fan, while those of a larger size shoot forth diminutive parasols in the same colors, with the cutest of fringed edges.

Undoubtedly.

"There is at least one thing," observed the Norwood philosopher, "that will never become popular in this country."

"What's the answer?" asked the Mt. Auburn man.

"A noiseless Fourth of July," replied the philosophy dispenser.

Disfigured.

Church—We had some attractive features on the Fourth.

Gotham—And the next day I suppose there were a lot of features in town which were not so attractive.—Yonkers Statesman.

Not the Usual Rate.



Jones—Did your boy enjoy himself as much as usual this year?  
Brown—No. He only blew off one finger.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Greater San Francisco is the next thing in order.

Only those who enjoy dining on air can afford to trust to luck.

Wireless telegraph does its best work at night. The same is true of wireless politics.

Any fool can predict an earthquake, and more of them ought to refrain from doing it.

Ours is truly a great and glorious country, it produces spring chickens all the year round.

Ohio proposes to make Standard Oil play the leading role in the stirring rural drama, "Driven from Home."

It is but natural that "The Man with the Muck Rake" should find the fertilizer trust a proper subject of attack.

There is a certain grim logic in a man's shooting his head off because he was insane. Many are not sane enough for that.

When that tax on fortunes is put into effect the public can afford to send a brass band to the funeral of every millionaire.

In advocating an inheritance tax it is not to be inferred that President Roosevelt had the new Rockefeller baby especially in mind.

Mr. Rockefeller is now rated as a billionaire and berated as the most infamous man of the age. Still, he says he is always at ease.

Statistics show that 1,006,000 people have been killed by earthquakes since 1137. That's a large number, but, then, it has been quite a little while since 1137.

Those who prophesy earthquakes and volcanic eruptions cannot be expected to miss every time. Even the weather bureau hits it occasionally with its guesses.

The head of a suicide club seeks divorce on the ground that his wife threatens to kill him. What he really seems to owe the lady is a vote of thanks.

King Edward is now a doctor of laws in Pennsylvania, but he will find that the coal trust and its friends have already doctored the laws of that Commonwealth about all they will stand.

The crater of Vesuvius, formerly but 100 feet wide, is now more than 1,000 feet in width. Physiognomists say a wide mouth denotes strength of character, but we can't find much to admire in the character of Vesuvius.

Some statistician has put forth the declaration that the annual products of all the gold mines in the United States do not equal in value the eggs that are laid by American hens each year. We may add that very few of the hens crow over it, either.

Wooden shoes are clattering into use in America, chiefly among our adopted citizens. A few years ago there was supposed to be only one maker of sabots in New York City. Now there are known to be several manufacturers in New York and other cities. Indeed, the industry has grown in Michigan to be a lusty infant, and manufacturers from that State have asked to be protected by a tariff on the foreign product.

Perhaps the next improvement in methods of travel in the large cities will involve the use of the pneumatic tube. Living parcels were experimented with in Philadelphia not long ago, and the result was surprisingly successful. A bantam rooster was put in the carrier and forced through the tube to a station a mile and two-fifths away. The first thing he did when taken out was to crow, as if in celebration of his achievement. Later two puppies and two guinea-pigs were sent through, and a glass bowl filled with water containing several goldfish. None of the creatures suffered injury.

In Germany the Minister of Foreign Affairs directs the government of the colonies of the empire as well as deals with its relations to other countries. Because of the increasing importance of the colonies, German statesmen are discussing the need of dividing the department and creating a new member of the cabinet, to be known as the Colonial Secretary. The British did this years ago, and they have a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The United States has not had foreign dependencies long enough to evolve any plan for their management. The Philippine Islands and Porto Rico were acquired by conquest, treaty and purchase, and began their relations to this

country with the Secretary of War as the cabinet officer immediately responsible for their government. He has remained in charge of them because no one has thought of a better way for supervising their affairs.

The first American earthquake in our history was that of Nov. 18, 1755, and simultaneous with the great Lisbon earthquake. The disturbance was known to extend to Iceland. In Massachusetts the earth suddenly began to roll in swells on Nov. 18, with a roaring noise like that of thunder. There were several shocks, but the greatest lasted about two minutes, and was accompanied with jerks and wrenches. Many chimneys in Boston were dislocated or thrown down, with brick buildings contorted and fissured and the stone walls on the farms frequently overthrown. A tidal wave followed. The next earthquake of importance occurred in 1811, with its center around the little town of New Madrid, on the Mississippi, some fifty miles below the Ohio River. Humboldt remarks that it was one of the few examples of incessant quaking of the ground for successive months far from any volcano. For months the country stretching southward from the Ohio River along the Mississippi rose and sank in great waves. At one time lakes would be formed, and at the next convulsion they would be drained. The earth was opened in great fissures, generally running from the northeast to the southwest. Some of these were more than a half mile long, and there was ejected from them mud and water thrown out with violence that carried them above the tops of the trees. The terror-stricken people were unable to escape from the country, but they protected themselves by felling trees east and west and forming platforms upon which they could take refuge. The disturbances continued until March 26, 1812, when they ended with a great convulsion, which was coincident with the earthquake that destroyed Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, and buried 12,000 people beneath the ruins. Oct. 19, 1870, there was a shock extending throughout the Middle and Eastern States. It was traced to the volcanic region from 50 to 100 miles northeast of Quebec. Aug. 31, 1886, Charleston, S. C., was visited by a severe earthquake, in which about 7,000 buildings were either destroyed or seriously injured and several lives were lost.

Of two men who make each a dollar a day, he who spends one cent less than that is rich and growing richer, and he who spends one cent more is poor and ever getting poorer. The man who, as a habit, permits his regular living expenses to exceed his regular income saddles himself as a poor beast of burden. In the saddle ride the double load of deceit and despair, with whip and spur, and at the end of the journey is ruin. A Cleveland bank clerk who killed himself because he could not make good an embezzlement of \$2,300, was paying \$1,300 a year for rooms and board alone, while his salary was only \$1,500. This arrangement left \$200 a year for the rest of the expenses of himself, wife and three sons. Can anybody figure out—when a bank clerk has failed to do it—how this financial impossibility can ever be accomplished? Such debt as this man sank into is an inevitable and inexhaustible fountain of dishonesty. No man can long spend more than he makes without being forced to beg or steal—for to borrow under such circumstances is only to beg or steal. Nothing is easier than to clear debts by borrowing, particularly if the lender need not be consulted. But he who walks into this quagmire founders to his doom. There is no help or hope for him unless he withdraws in time. It is by no means an uncommon vice. It may almost be said to be one of our national weaknesses. From gay neckties to costly jewels, and from automobiles to gaudy houses, we strive to surpass one another regardless of cost. But nature sets a limit. With the present shackled by debt and the future mortgaged, life narrows down to the thorny lane of despair. It does not always lead to death of the body. But it does always lead to the death of hope and peace. One who husbands his money, however little, in his business or in any good investment, always has something substantial under his feet. And he is rewarded with steady increase. But he who wastes his money, however much, upon his stomach and his back in efforts to impress others with his importance, never has anything but debts, and fools nobody but himself. There is a golden medium between the extremes of extravagance in home and sordid meanness in it. And happy is the man who dwells in that medium!

A Drop of Irish.

The wife of a wealthy Irish contractor of Kansas City, who was traveling abroad, was ever watchful lest her speech betray her Celtic origin. On one occasion she was heard to say that while she had visited Vesuvius, it was her regret that she had not seen the "creature."—Harper's Weekly.

It takes a clever woman to say cruel things in an agreeable manner.