

# ELIZABETH'S SANE FOURTH

By JANE OSBORN

ELIZABETH PRICE'S father was the chief instigator of the movement for a quiet "Fourth" in Dalesville; so Elizabeth, when the town council passed an ordinance limiting the legal celebration of the day to speeches, parades and fireworks of a quiet and unexciting kind, thought it incumbent on herself to make life as bearable as possible for as many as possible of the small boys of the neighborhood.

She began with her Sunday school class as a nucleus and invited them to a picnic; and each and every one of them asked permission to bring a small brother or friend. Her own brother, Tom, home for a visit, promised to come for her and help her bring the children home at sunset.

Elizabeth, as soon as the morning parade was over, started out undismayed with some twenty irresponsible boys in her wake.

"Now, boys," she said as she gave each of them a flag, a paper drinking cup and a small box of provisions when they were all settled safely in the open car, "we're going to play soldiers. These are our rations. I'm the general, and I'll appoint the two boys who behave best on the way out captains to help me manage things. You know, soldiers obey, and that's what you must do."

"If we're soldiers, we can fight, can't we?" demanded Peter Dolan, the fierce light of a born warrior shining in his red-brown eyes.

"Jimmy's cat ate my singin' canary. You ought to have seen it—just two bites—"

Jimmy's placid round face darkened into a frown. "Probably the canary bothered him; it shrieked, it didn't sing," he vouchsafed. Surreptitiously he kicked Peter.

"Now, get out," exclaimed that hot-headed young man, "or I'll—"

"See here, boys," interrupted Elizabeth, "we're not going to fight, and if you act this way I'll turn around and go home this minute. Remember what I said about the captains."

Then and there, with the tact that makes a successful general, Elizabeth decided that she would appoint Jimmy and Peter, the two most unmanageable of her soldiers, captains.

The first real hitch in Elizabeth's plans came at the fork in the road. Elizabeth started on the path to the right; the two captains, voicing the opinion of the whole army, advocated the path to the left.

"Please, Miss Elizabeth," pleaded Jimmy, "there's a rock out there where the Indians used to build fires for signals. Please let's go."

And in the end Elizabeth found herself mildly following her mischievous army to the spot in the world where she least wished to be. Just a year ago today Robert Willis and she had wandered up the same path. They had stopped to rest on the famous Indian stone, and while they were there Robert had surprised Elizabeth by asking her to be his wife. She had refused him, for she had not trusted herself and had thought that the quick, warm feelings which came to her with his words would leave her. Today she realized her mistake. She had purposely brought the boys to the foot of the valley. But she had meant to walk up the path on the right side to a pretty spot where she knew she

and various other boyish treasures had made their appearance. Lunch added to their good spirits. But Elizabeth felt out of key and although usually she would have been happy at the happiness of the children and the success of the picnic, she found herself wishing for sunset. Once in a while she would steal away from the boys, playing in the woods, and wander out to the edge of the great bowlder.

"Perhaps," she mused to herself, "some silly Indian maiden once stood here watching for her Indian brave, whom she had foolishly sent away, and that's just what the silly girl deserved."

Again her eye rested on a large pine tree spread out in the valley below her. She remembered watching it sway in the breeze a year before, and she idly wondered how many tragedies and comedies it had witnessed in its old life.

The boys, in spite of their general's preoccupation, enjoyed every minute of their "sensible" Fourth. When the sun dipped suddenly below the opposite hilltops, Elizabeth breathed a sigh of relief, but the boys begged for a little more time.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "we will wait here for my brother who's coming to take us home." "Oh," she exclaimed suddenly, "I told him the other path. Boys, won't two of you go down the path to the fork in the road and wait there for Mr. Tom? He thinks we are on the other side of the valley. I wish Captain Jimmy and Captain Peter would please go. You don't know him, do you? He's tall and looks a little like me. Just tell him Miss Elizabeth is waiting for him at the Indian stone. We'll have a game of blind man's buff till you come back."

A few minutes later Jimmy and Peter encountered Robert Willis at the fork in the road. Robert had traveled many miles that day in order to keep a melancholy sort of tryst with himself on the old Indian stone. He realized the foolishness of his action, but he had made the trip nevertheless. He had a vague, unacknowledged idea



Once in a While She Would Steal Away From the Boys.

that perhaps some of Elizabeth's sweet presence might have lingered at their last meeting place.

"Hello!" said Jimmy in a conversational tone.

"Oh—" said Robert, suddenly awakened from visions of soft, shining hair blowing in the breeze.

"He's the feller," whispered Peter—"brown eyes like Miss Elizabeth, tall and all that."

"Miss Elizabeth's waiting on the Indian stone," volunteered Jimmy, and he began to lead the way up the steep path.

Robert staggered and turned white. These rosy, brown-skinned, freckled little faces belonged perhaps to sprites or brownies who were teasing him. He tried to catch one of the boys, who bounced on ahead, thinking Robert was making an attempt at some game of tag.

"I'll get ahead of them," he said, pushing past the boys with a hard set face.

At the top of the path he turned toward the Indian stone, and there in a clearing he saw Elizabeth, blind-folded, surrounded by many dancing, jumping, shouting small boys, or—for a moment Robert's heart stood still—perhaps after all they were sprites, and Elizabeth, for some fault of his, was their captive.

"Here he is, here he is, Miss Elizabeth," the boys shouted, and the next moment Robert threw himself into Elizabeth's outstretched arms.

Five minutes later Tom, tired, warm and a little cross, walked upon the scene.

"I say, Elizabeth," he called through the trees, "this is a nice way to treat an obliging brother. You told me the other path; and if these youngsters hadn't been howling like wild Indians, I'd be on the opposite side of the valley yet looking for you."

Suddenly Tom stopped. He saw Elizabeth, flushed and happy, and by her side Robert Willis, also happy, still holding the veil he had pulled from Elizabeth's bandaged eyes. The boys stood awkwardly about looking at each other.

"Well, of all the—strange happenings," chuckled Tom, taking in the situation. "I say, boys," he said, coming to his sister's rescue, "I'm Miss Elizabeth's brother. Come on; let's go home. I'll lead the way to the trolley."

"Gee," said Jimmy, putting his hands in his pockets and throwing back his head in a superior way. "Aren't girls queer?"

"Well," said Peter, stubbing his toes against pebbles in the path, "maybe it's our fault. We caught the wrong man."

(Copyright, by Associated Literary Press.)

## LAW LIBRARY STRUCTURE AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY



## HEROES OF LIBERTY

Men of Foreign Birth Who Aided the United States in Their Historic Struggle.

WITH the attention of America directed toward the European conflict it is interesting to look back into the history of our own struggles and to note the debt this country owes to several of the nations now at war—particularly to recall the public testimonials raised to the memories of citizens of Europe who gave their efforts toward aiding the United States in her time of trouble.

The nation has not been negligent and today in Washington there are fitting and lasting tributes to foreigners whose names are familiar in every American home.

Aside from Columbus, to whom the world rather than the nation is debtor there is the Marquis de Lafayette, co-worker with Washington in the Revolution. A striking statue of him and to his compatriots, Rochambeau, Dupont, de Grasse and D'Estaing, occupies the southwest corner of Lafayette square, opposite the White House, and in the southeast corner is another memorial to Rochambeau.

These five, Frenchmen all, and with the exception of Dupont, of noble birth, did effective work against the British forces on land and sea. The work of Lafayette—his service at Brandywine, Monmouth and Yorktown and as an emissary to France—are too well known to need repetition, but the labors of the other four are not of common knowledge.

Count Rochambeau did not come to America until late in the war, when, at the head of a French force of about 6,000 sent by Louis XVI to aid Washington, he took part in the siege of Yorktown and contributed materially to the final downfall of British arms in the colonies. He was made a marshal of France in recognition for his services against the English.

Dupont—Louis Lebeque Dupont—had seen much service in the battles in which Lafayette had participated, and at Monmouth played an important part in the operations. On that field his memory is kept fresh by a memorial statue.

Admiral Count de Grasse and Count D'Estaing both did effective work on the sea, the former particularly in connection with the Yorktown siege. D'Estaing's field of activities ranged from the Rhode Island coast to West Indian waters. His squadron co-operated with a land force under General Lincoln in an attack upon Savannah which was repulsed by the British and in which another patriot of foreign blood lost his life.

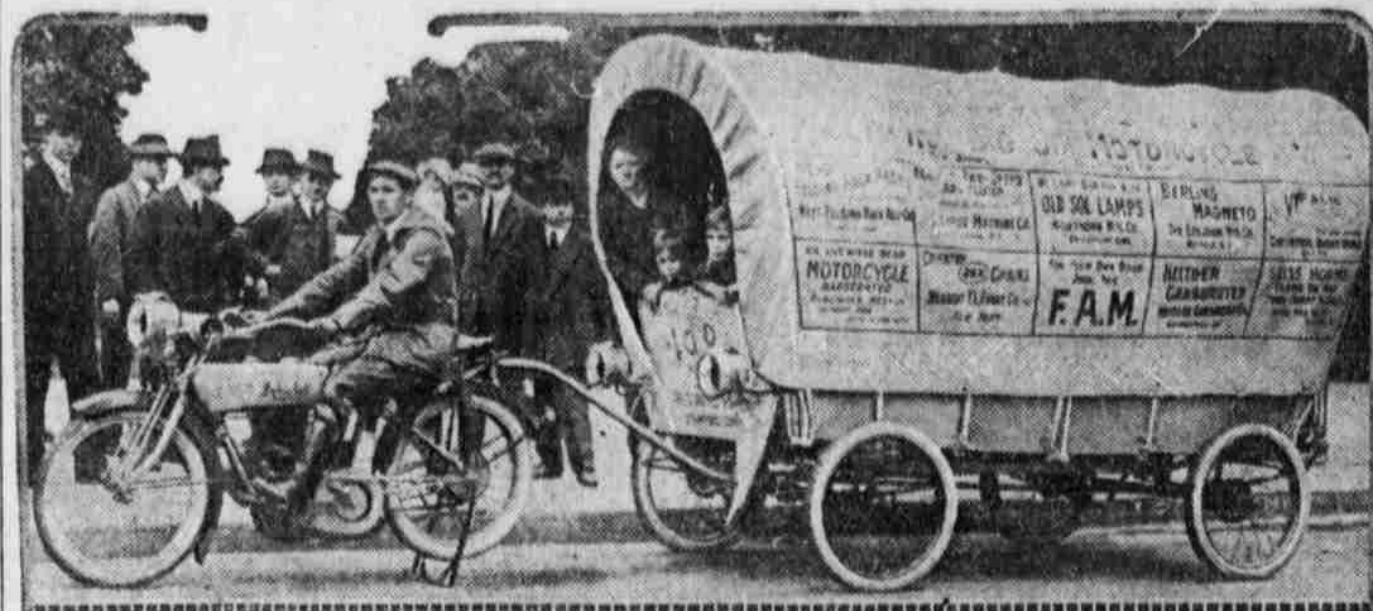
Occupying a third corner of Lafayette square, and a fitting companion piece to the statues of Lafayette and Rochambeau, is a splendid memorial to the Prussian, General Baron von Steuben—"Father of the American Army," he has been called.

He, Lafayette and Washington formed an inseparable trio during the dark days of the struggle for independence, but Von Steuben's mastery in military detail and organization molded the American troops into a powerful and victorious army.

He has been held up as the guiding spirit of the military of the Revolution, the master at strategy and tactics who came second only to Washington as commander of the Continental forces. At Yorktown, when Washington was temporarily absent, Von Steuben received the offer of surrender from Cornwallis.

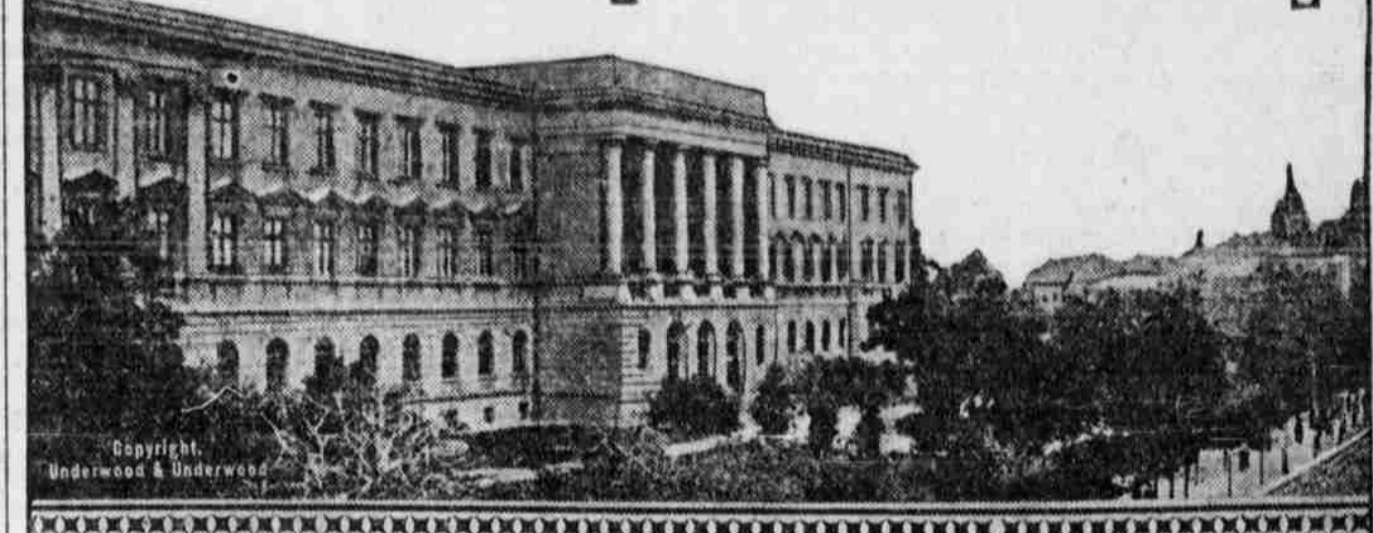
Unlike most other foreigners who gave their services to America in the Revolution, Von Steuben elected to remain in the nation he helped to found. He died here in 1794, and lies at rest in Utica, N. Y.

## FINDS NOVEL USE FOR HIS MOTORCYCLE



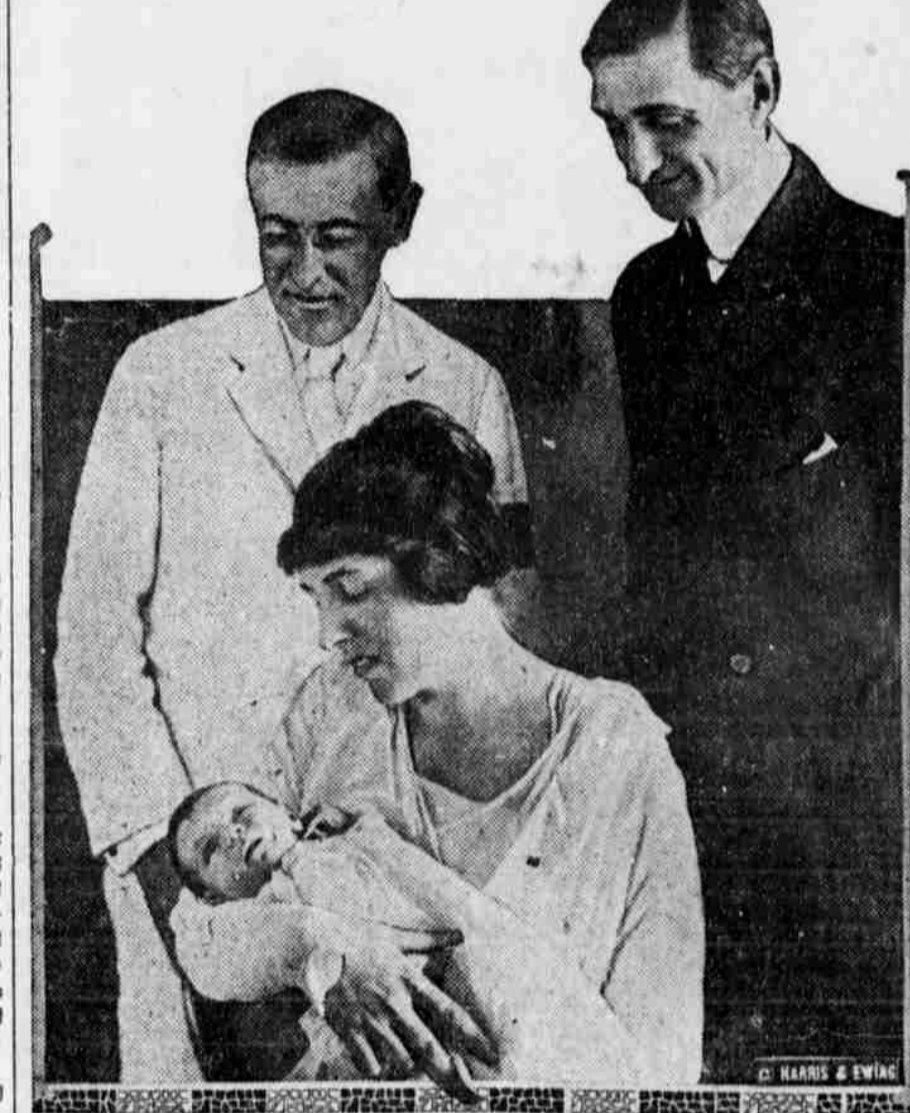
F. A. Cole of Stamford, Conn., is an enthusiastic motorcyclist. Ingenious New Englander that he is, he has discovered a new use to which his cycle may be put. For instance, when he decided to make an overland trip with his family to the San Francisco exposition, he planned a prairie schooner to be drawn by his motorcycle. The result is shown in the picture.

## LEMBERG FALLS BEFORE AUSTRO-GERMAN ASSAULT



Sapielcha street, one of the main thoroughfares of Lemberg, where the Russians made their last stand in Galicia. On the left is the diet, or house of parliament, and in the background is the cathedral. The Kaiser personally directed the German assault which resulted in the rout of the Russian army.

## THE NEWEST WHITE HOUSE BABY



Little Miss Ellen Wilson McAdoo, aged about two months, has just submitted to the camera, and this is her first picture, in company with her mother, who was Miss Eleanor Wilson, her father, Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, and her grandfather, the president of the United States.

## FROM WORM TO GOWN



A new exhibit showing the silk industry—literally from the worm to the finished gown—is one of the attractions at the National museum in Washington. The picture shows Miss Helen Stuart of the curator's office holding one of the frames in which the silkworms have fastened themselves and are engaged in weaving the filmy threads of silk in preparation for their metamorphoses later into silk moths.

## INCENDIARY BOMBS



The picture shows a man holding two of the incendiary bombs which are being used in aerial raids on the enemy's country.

## Let Tots Pick Own Books.

Librarians in charge of children's departments were advised to go slow in their enthusiasm to render service by Mrs. Edna Lyman Scott of Seattle at a meeting of the section on library work with children of the American Library association at Berkeley.

She said the librarian was likely to overdo her work in selecting books for children, says the Oakland Tribune. Let the children select their own books so they may develop their brains and find inspiration in the discovery of books they like, Mrs. Scott advised.

## GONE TO FIND DONALD B. M'MILLAN



This is Capt. H. C. Pickens, commander of the auxiliary schooner George B. Cluett which sailed recently for Etah, Greenland, with the purpose of finding and bringing home Donald McMillan and his party of arctic explorers.



"There's a Rock Out There Where the Indians Used to Build Fires."

could look across the tree tops to the old Indian stone. With dismay she watched her young soldiers scampering up the hillside, and suddenly she heard a whoop of delight from Peter Dolan, the first to reach the Indian stone.

"I'm a silly, sentimental, foolish thing," said Elizabeth, wiping a few drops from her eyes, "and I just deserve every bit of this."

Putting feeling and sentiment aside, Elizabeth hurried on and overtook the boys. Then, standing on the very spot where she and Robert had stood together, she began to give instructions to her small army.

By the time this work was done the boys had lost whatever reserve they had at first felt because of unaccustomed linen collars and unnecessarily smooth hair and shining boots. Peanuts, chewing gum, candy, marbles