

A-FINDING! THE FOURTH OF JULY

Three elfins who lived in a fairylake nook,
Once read of our Fourth of July in a book,
And promptly their own quiet woodlands forsook,
To share in the fun and the noise.

By the light of the moon they crept out on the sly
And merrily sang on their way,
Asking politely of each passerby
How far they must go to meet Fourth of July.

Till they came to the dawn of the day,
What a different song these three elfins sang
As they limped their way homeward that night!
They had heard how the bells in the steeples go "Clang!"
Torpedoes and crackers go "Rattety-bang!"
And the rockets go up out of sight.

For one little elfin by chance got astride
Of a giant torpedo nearby;
On a huge cannon cracker the next took a ride;
Number three to the tail of a rocket was tied,
And all three were blown up there, sky high.

On the way coming down each elfin declared
He had seen quite enough of the sky,
And promised himself, if he lived to be spared
To ever reach home, and the damage repaired,
He would stay there on Fourth of July.

Yet this was not all, for they met on the road
Three cripples in pitiful plight,
They also had been there to see things explode—
A tallish young squirrel, a three-legged toad
And a crow with tall feathers turned white.

A very wise owl who was scowling close by
As the woebegone party drew near
Remarked, while winking and blinking one eye:
"Didn't I tell you so, that the Fourth of July
Is the fooly fool day of the year?"

But an eagle swooped down from a towering pine
And said, with his talons uncupied,
"The day is all right, this country is mine;
'Tis sad to be crippled, but sadder to whine;
The Fourth of July leads the world.

"And now, my young friends, allow me to state
That the flag you saw borne on the breeze
Is the flag of the free, and we celebrate
The Fourth of July, while the crackers debate,
With just as much fun as we please.

"Be careful, old owl, lest my temper you stir;
This country cost more than one eye,
And is worth all it cost, though oxen may demur.
We invite everything in horns, feathers or fur
To share in our Fourth of July!"



The FIRST FOURTH

It required a long time to prepare for the celebration of the first Fourth of July; it demanded nerve, courage, aerolism; the man who huzzared for liberty then was in danger of putting his head in a noose, and he who fired a gun in honor of the occasion was shot without trial if caught.

Nowadays, people who wake up on the morning of the Fourth of July, amid the booming of cannon, the noise of trumpets, crackle of guns and snapping of fire crackers, and a general pandemonium of free and generous noise, seldom think of the years of anxiety, suffering and bloodshed through which the Colonial Americans passed before reaching the great day when they could shout for freedom.

There had been long resistance to tyranny, oppression and injustice. The Lexington shot that was "heard around the world" had been fired. Harry Lee had proclaimed independence, Patrick Henry had demanded "liberty or death," but the time was not quite ripe for that day of all days in American history, the Fourth of July, 1776.

On that day, fifty-six determined patriots assembled in the state house at Philadelphia. They had a purpose in assembling, and that purpose was of grave import to the whole world. Thirteen colonies, with their three millions of people knew what the purpose was; they had sanctioned it, approved it, and what the fifty-six men were about to do they were to do on behalf of those three millions of people who had fought, suffered, bled and starved that it might be done. Everybody knew what was going to happen, even the small boy who now makes as much noise as he can, was there with the crowds assembled to hear the tocsin of liberty.

A member of this great Congress of the people arose, and stopping a moment, looked at the grave faces before him, then he began to read from a paper he held in his hand:



Johnnie O'Grady, one 4th of July, a great Rocket to shoot in the sky. It went off with a whizz and went off so quick that Johnnie forgot to let go of the stick!

events," reading on along down the list of grievances until he reached the consummating words that created a new nation:

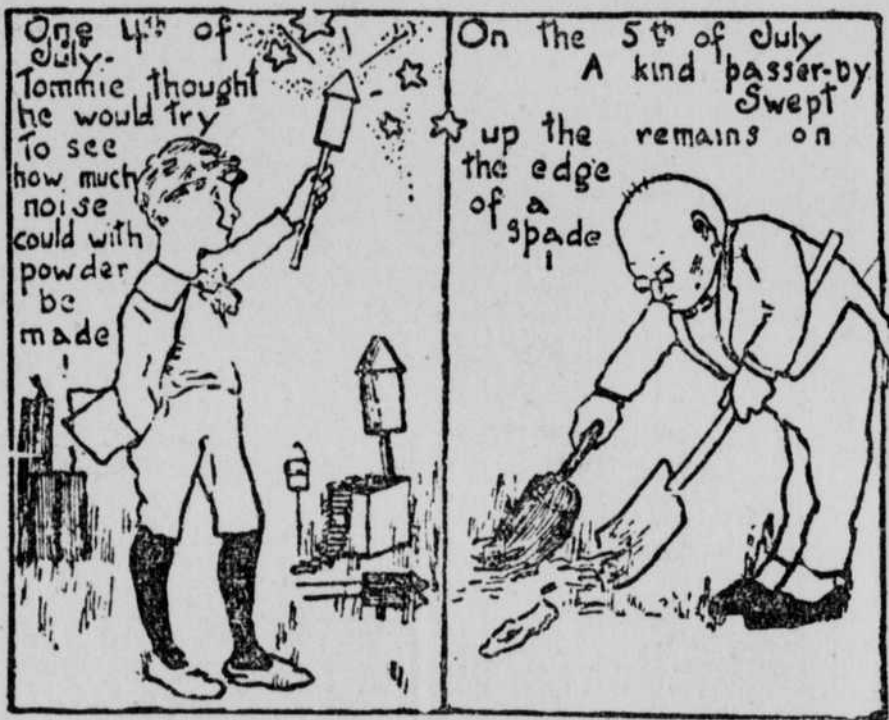
"We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United States are, and of right ought to be free and independent—" here came an interruption in the person of a small boy who was blowing a fuse to keep it burning—he had a small cannon ready loaded to be the first to celebrate the very first Fourth of July—he rushed to the old bellman, waiting with the rope in his hand to ring out liberty on liberty bell. "Ring! Ring! Ring!" he shouted, and the old bellman threw his whole weight

great-grandfather's old flintlock musket on my shoulder, and my pockets full of powder and shot, firecrackers, and torpedoes.

I have always been in the very thickest of the fight, and when night came on and lack of ammunition forced a cessation of hostilities, I have retired to my well-earned rest with joyful, pleasurable sensations, feeling that the enemy were routed—horse, foot and dragons.

True, I have suffered much; I have lost a thumb, my scap has been torn off in several places, my eyebrows are not what they should be, my face is badly freckled with powder marks, and a portion of my ear is on the battlefield. But what of that? Am I not a patriot, a citizen of this great nation that can whip all creation? Pooh! I guess yes.

But I am growing old now, and although I still feel enthusiastic as much



One 4th of July, Tommie thought he would try to see how much noise could with powder be made

On the 5th of July, A kind passer-by swept up the remains on the edge of a spade

upon the rope and the tongue of that liberty bell spoke to the crowd, and said, "We are free, the life of a new and great nation has begun. Rejoice and be glad." And the people shouted "Huzza! We are free!" Then they embraced one another, and shouted themselves hoarse, and when they could shout no more they fired guns, touched off gun powder, and waved flags, but the tongue of liberty bell kept on ringing, for two long hours the old bellman pulled with all his strength, and when asked why he did not stop, he answered, "I can't, I don't want to. I could keep on ringing liberty to the world forever." Then the fifty-six men arose and shouted, and huzzared and embraced, the deed was done, the nation was born, and the first Fourth of July was inaugurated. We have been keeping it up ever since, and as we grow larger and stronger, we make more noise, which is very natural and quite proper.

REFLECTIONS

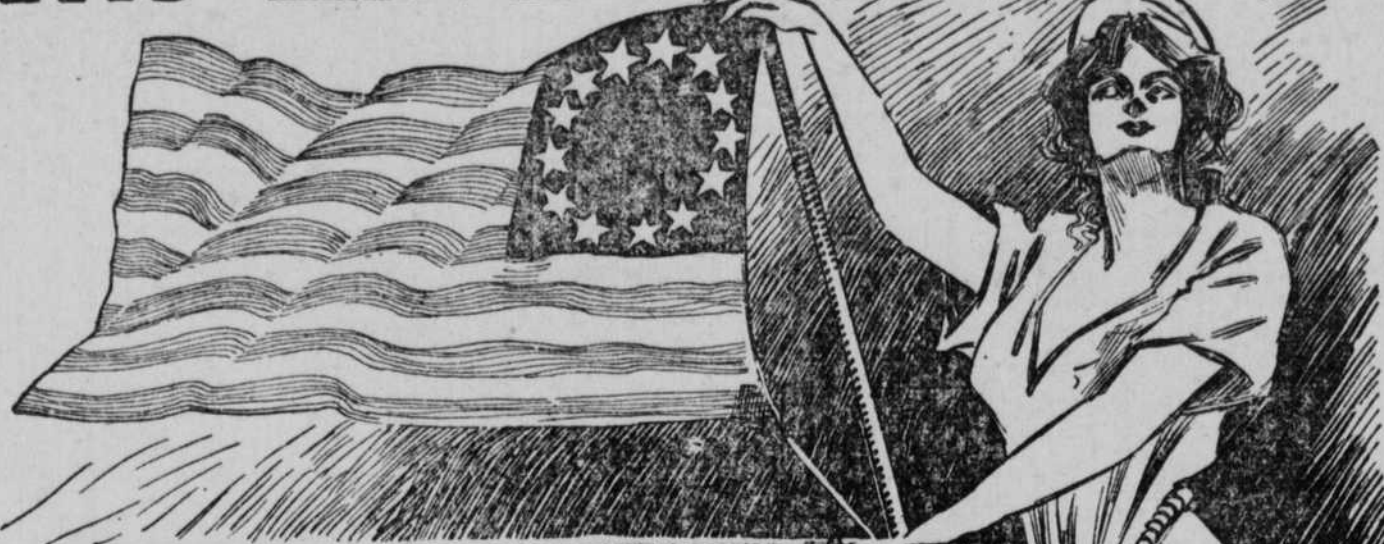
By a Disabled Veteran.

For over forty years I have been a member of the great army of patriots who fought over again the great fight for liberty on every recurring Fourth of July. Ever since I was able to strike a match, or touch off powder, I have gallantly turned out with the rest of the revolutionary army, with grandfather's saber by my side, my

THE SPIRIT OF '76

The passing of one hundred and twenty-seven years has not dimmed the patriotic spirit of '76, "when men put ropes around their neck that we might have a free and independent nation." Men of patriotic souls and impulses rise to the surface of the dead money-making level and inspire our youth with new energy to do or to die. Shall the object for which this nation was founded be lost sight of in time, or be even momentarily forgotten? No, there are sentinels watching our course and they always bring us back again to true liberty.

The LIVING FLAG



Treading the plaza's pavement gray,
Throning the busy mart,
Children forming the living flag
Capture the city's heart,
Gay are their lines in red and white,
Starred is their squad in blue,
Bright in the depths of their youthful eyes
Patriot hearts shine through.

Greetings glad to our living flag,
Music of martial drum,
Blaring of bugles waere down the street
Joyful the children come;
Red is the rose of youth's fair spring,
White is its record page,
Blue is the sky where rests no cloud
Borrowed from doubting age.

Cheers for the flag, the living flag,
Flag that our children form,
Marching on o'er the highway now,
Bright as our nation's motto;
Red for the warrior's valiant heart,
White for the soul of youth,
Blue for the hope of our country's weal,
Strong as the love of truth.

Hail, all hail, Old Glory's folds,
Sign of our victories great,
Battles at sea and wars on land,
Waged to uphold the state,
Red for the blood of a martyr's host,
White for a soul's pure flight;
Blue for the hope and fidelity
Nurtured and slain for the right.

Bright be thy course, our living flag,
Regally marching by,
Hearts and minds our allegiance pledge,
Loyal to live or die,
Red be thy path, as the rose of joy,
Never to fade or cease,
White as the lily, as heartsease blue
Blossom thy way of peace.

We are the flag, my children,
Living in hopes and fears,
Ours is its rainbow covenant,
Washed in a shower of tears;
Red is our martyr heart-blood,
White is our hero soul,
Blue is our sky where starry hosts
Patriot names enroll.

The Declaration of Independence

You have all read the Declaration of Independence, I suppose. It is printed on fine type in the back of the Child's History, and at the top of the names signed at the end to show how they wrote them is John Hancock's big and bold, the way a person would write if he were doing it with a burnt match. Papa used to gather us together in the parlor after breakfast every Fourth of July and read us parts of it and explain the long words, so that we would understand what the Fourth of July was really for—that it wasn't just to burn holes in your clothes, and frighten horses, and leave stubs of fire crackers on the sidewalk that don't get swept off for days. When we children came to have our own revolution against the governess that time mamma and papa went away to be gone two days, we knew just how to go about it; and we wrote a Declaration of Independence, copying it after the real true one, and then we all signed our names at the bottom with big flourishes, the way John Hancock and the others did.

We thought with all our preparation success was sure, just as the patriots of '76 were successful as the reward of their daring, but alas!

Our governess's name was Georgiana—Georgiana Saunders—which made it all the more appropriate, because the name of the King about whom the original Declaration was written was George, as you probably know.

When we got the Declaration done, it was something like this—some of the language we took from the book and some we made up ourselves:

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for something to be done about it, and we can't stand it any longer. The history of our present governess is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world.

1. She makes us brush our teeth twice a day, which is unnecessary as well as wasteful.
 2. She won't let us lay books face downwards, and so you lose the place and are a long time finding it when you come back.
 3. She objects if you make a fork in your mashed potatoes.
 4. She won't let us breathe on the window and write with our fingers days when it rains.
 5. We can't have butter and sugar on our rice, only milk and sugar.
 6. She notices, and makes us go back to look where we've made finger marks on the white paint.
 7. We have to make our own beds, and then, if there is a wrinkle, or it isn't done right, we have to do it all over again.
 8. She's just awful, every way you can think of.
- We, therefore, do solemnly publish and declare that we are and by right ought to be free and independent, and that our mother and our father went away this morning and will not be

back until to-morrow evening, and that she is not our mother and our father, never has been and never will be, and that we mean to do as we please, and that we have full right to levy war and also to do all other acts and things. And to this we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

(Signed)
Arthur L. Bainbridge (that's me),
Marjorie Bainbridge,
Hester B. Bainbridge,
Charles W. Bainbridge,
Gregory Bainbridge, his x mark.

And we brought in Rex—he's a mixture of an English mastiff and a Siberian bloodhound—and we inked his paw, and made him step on the paper just below Gregory's name. And then we drew a circle around it and wrote "Rex, his mark." Then Mqida, the collie dog, had to come in, too, and pretty soon there was a mark about the size of a hot-house violet, just below where Rex had printed a big black carnation-shaped thing with his lordly paw. Spotty, the cat, was the best of all; she upset the ink bottle on the nursery carpet, and got all her four paws in the ink, and then ran right across the paper, so her name was in several places. Charley (who wrote it) was sort of mad at first—said it spoiled the looks of the paper, and it would have to be written all over, but we told him it showed how interested and enthusiastic Spotty was.

Then Marjorie got her sealing wax, and took a piece of red silk ribbon and made a kind of bow out of it with long streaming ends; and we put a seal down in the lower left hand corner. And when it was all finished it was a work of art. Then the question was, What should we do with it?

"Let's put it at her plate at breakfast," suggested Hester.

"Better send it through the mail," said Marjorie. "She won't dare to say anything to the postman."

"Pin it on her door," said Charley. "No," I said, "that won't do. The original Declaration was read out loud—I know, 'cause I asked papa. They read it out loud, and then they rang a big bell till it cracked."

"Well, who's going to be the one to read it?" asked Charley.

"We'll draw lots," I said.

And we did with little pieces of string; and the lot fell to me. It always happens that way—the one who plans a thing not only has to do all the thinking, but he has to go and carry out his own idea while the other people stand and look on, or maybe even make fun of him.

"You'll all have to go with me, anyway," I said. "I'll read it outside her door at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning, and when I get through you must all raise a mighty shout, like the people did outside the palace of the King at the time of the French Revolution, and you must yell, 'Down with the tyrant-ess! Off with her head!' and things like that, and Gregory is to have the servants' dinner bell and ring like mad; and then all the rest of the day we're going to do just as we please, and if she calls we won't come, no matter how loud she hollers."

The rest all thought it was a bully idea, but Charley said:

"Hain't we better do it after breakfast? Because it's griddle-cakes to-

morrow morning, and we mightn't get any."

So we decided to start in being revolutionists after breakfast instead of before. After breakfast, while we're supposed to be upstairs making our beds, Miss Saunders sits in the library for about half an hour, reading the morning papers, and that would be a good chance to read the declaration to her.

All through breakfast the next morning we were awfully gium and nervous. Before we got to the griddle cakes, I forgot and left my spoon in my chocolate, and my arm went against it quite accidentally, and the whole cup got spilled on Hester, just as she was stooping to pick up a piece of toast, and went all over the back of the gumpe of her dress. And Miss Saunders swallowed whatever she put in her mouth in a great hurry, and took off her eyeglasses and pushed her chair back from the table a little and just looked at us. And then she said, in that awfully quiet voice that is twice as mad as when a person lets out a yell:

"Arthur, how often have I told you never to leave your spoon in your cup? This is the second time within a week that this has occurred; you may go up in your room and remain there until I come."

I didn't know what to do, because if I went upstairs then it would knock our plan of reading the Declaration in the head. And while I was rolling up my napkin as slowly as I could, trying to think what I should do, her voice broke in:

"Come, Arthur, I am waiting."

Then I put my napkin down and stood up in my chair. Her eyes nearly bulged out of her head at that, because of all the forbidden things in the house, standing on any of the chairs but the ones in the kitchen and the playroom is about the forbiddenest.

"Why, you—you bad little boy, you!" she gasped. "Arthur, I don't understand."

But I just pulled the Declaration of Independence out of my pocket and began to read. I read all the things that she would not let us do, and was just getting to the place where it said we meant to do as we pleased till mamma and papa came home. I hadn't been looking at her, because it was as much as I could do to make out Charles' writing. And, besides, some of the things, when you came to read them out loud to the person they were intended for, sounded pretty dreadful—particularly where it said, "She's just awful every way you can think of," my cheeks felt kind of hot when I got to those places, and I let my voice down and hurried over them as fast as I could. She must have come behind while I was trying to make out some of the hard words, which I don't think—and the others all agreed with me afterwards—was quite a fair advantage to take. And she used to be on the basket-ball team when she was in college, and she was awfully strong. It is no disgrace to be overpowered by such a strong person, and carried upstairs, and locked in your room—and then to be told through the keyhole that you are to stay there until you are sorry. I suppose that is the way George the Third would have treated John Hancock if he could.