

The Day

Experience has taught you in advance that picnics are a delusion and a snare; so you know what to expect.

If elections were held on July 5 the party that would promise to raise the tariff on firecrackers 100 per cent would get those of the wholesalers and retailers of noise.

It is generally admitted that the Chinese might have been in better business than they were when inventing the firecracker.

Tell the little children about how you had only 5 cents to spend on the Fourth of July when you were a boy. They have never heard about it before.

Cheer up. The amanac-makers declare that it comes only once a year.

Save some of the thumbs; there will be another Fourth next July.

Some foky gentlemen go up in balloons on the Fourth to escape the noise.

To see some old men holding their ears and to listen to the rumblings of their grouch, one would think they never were boys.

Almost any reasoning being if he had his choice would rather be an automobile than a horse on the Fourth of July.

Still, it is worth such a fuss over a little thing like licking the British?

When the law bumps up against the firecracker the law usually retreats from the scene with a few burned fingers and a bum eye.

Yes, Doras, you are a good guesser. This is the Fourth of July—Modest, shy,

Timid, shrinking, quiet, unassuming, etc., July 4th.

The day we celebrate Early and late And in the middle; also around the edges.

With hammers, tongs and sledges, Anvils, steam whistles, boiler factories and

A grand Collision between a ton of noise And a wagonload of sound.

The boys Sit around the house all day And play With their thumbs, oh, yes!

That's a poor joke. Great smoke! It's really funny.

You can't get them near the houses except for money. They start in bright And early a week before and keep it up until midnight.

Next day The doctor holds sway.

The old men set the pace when they were boys.

The year of the big noise. And you can't stop the hubbub With a club Or a standing army.

What's the use Of a glorious Fourth if you can't turn noise loose? If it's to be A quilling match or a pink tea

Let the boys know in advance of the show That they must shoot No cracker, too! No horn— And they will not go to the trouble of being born.

The doctor is a busy man. His harvest time is here; And he will make enough this week To last him for a year.

American.

O, Mother of a mighty race, Yet lovely in thy youthful grace! The elder dames, thy haughty peers Admire and hate thy blooming years; With words of shame and scorn they name thee, And taunt of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread That lights thy morning hills with red; Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet Within thy woods are not more fleet; Thy hopeful eye Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail, those haughty ones, While virtue dwells with thee and thou; They do not know how loved thou art, How many a fond and fearless maid Would rise to throw

Its life upon thee and the foe. They know not in their hate and pride, What virtues with thy children bide— How true, how good, thy graceful maids Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;

What generous men Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen. What cordial welcomes greet the guest By thy lone rivers of the west; How faith is kept and truth revered, And men are loved, and God is feared,

In woodland homes And where the ocean border foams. There's freedom at thy gates, and rest For earth's down-trodden and opprest, A shelter for the hunted head, For the starved laborer toll and bread.

Power, at thy bounds Stays, and calls back his baffled hounds. O, fair young Mother! on thy brow Shall sit a nobler grace than now, Deep in the brightness of thy skies, The throbbing years in glory rise.

And, as they fleet, Drop strength and riches at thy feet. Thine eye with every coming hour, Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower; And when thy sisters, elder born, Would brand thy name with words of scorn,

Before thine eye Upon their lips the taunt shall die. —William Cullen Bryant.

AMERICA'S RED-LETTER DAY

FOURTH OF JULY IN THE ANNALS OF OUR HISTORY

We all know the history of that pivotal Fourth of July from which all others have become conspicuous. We know how conflicting interests and emotions had contended. How Hancock and Samuel Adams, who had burned the bridges behind them, and been proclaimed traitors by Great Britain, urged on their cautious brethren.

How sagacious Franklin, long-headed John Adams and fiery-hearted Richard Henry Lee, together worked and planned, coaxing, persuading and arguing with their conservative colleagues, day after day, until they partook of their dare-all, endure-all spirit.

How that patriotic Congress eventually put aside every interest, every consideration, save that of liberty and love of the right. How, with bold John Hancock in the chair, the undying fifty-six, on July 4, 1776, signed the Declaration of Independence. We know that the deadly seven years' struggle that followed, that carried that Declaration at the sword's point, and made the world accept it as true.

The liberty of America was born on that July day at the state house in Philadelphia. That date shines aloft a blazing star against a darkened firmament. Let the small boy shout, whistles blow, bells ring, and cannon roar! Never too loudly can the good story be told. At Saratoga and Stony Point, Yorktown and Valley Forge, our fathers won the right for their children's children to the last generation to burn powder and make uproarious din upon this national day of days.

John Adams, the second president, first prophesied that the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence would become a festival day. Boston has the honor of holding the first real Fourth of July celebration. The war was over. The United States were free and independent and Boston proposed in 1783 to celebrate the event in great style. So there were marchings and parades and fluttering of flags, and shooting of muskets and cannon. The Declaration of Independence was read aloud, and Dr. John Warren, Professor of Anatomy in Harvard college, made a strongly patriotic speech. The custom, so beautiful and appropriate, was adopted everywhere throughout the land, and the plan of these celebrations has always been closely modeled after the pattern first set.

Exactly ten years after, July 4, 1793, John Quincy Adams was the orator of the day at Boston. He had not yet reached his twenty-sixth year, but his father was Massachusetts' most prominent son, and his son was counted as in a sense his representative. That day John Quincy Adams showed that he was something more than merely the son of his father. His address is yet considered a masterpiece, and from that day he was a power in the land, and eventually became president.

The morning of the Jubilee Fourth, July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, found four of the signers yet alive. The sunset found but two. On that day there passed away the immortal spirits of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, each of whom had been president of the nation he had helped to make.

The morning of July 4, 1826, found both the old comrades sick unto death. Jefferson sank first, with the words: "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country." Meanwhile in his mansion, John Adams lay gasping his life away. Ninety-one years had not dimmed his intellect or weakened his courageous spirit. He heard the noise of the day's celebration, and asked what day it was. After he had been told, he lay for a while lost in thought, his mind reverting to those stirring times fifty

years before in the state house in Philadelphia. The touch of death was on him then, and he realized it. "Jefferson yet lives!" he ejaculated, and then a little later, a sentiment suggested by the day crossed his lips. "Independence forever!" he said, and never spoke again.

Exactly five years after the deaths of Adams and Jefferson, James Monroe died, the third president to die upon Independence Day. He was one of the most American of American presidents. His death, on July the 4th, emphasized anew the fatality that has pursued so many of our chief magistrates upon this day.

In 1795 Washington selected a plot of ground within the city of Washington as a suitable spot whereupon to erect a monument to the American Revolution. This was never acted upon, but thirty-four years after his death, it was decided instead to erect there a monument to Washington himself. Slowly funds were collected, and on July 4th, 1848, the cornerstone was laid with imposing civic, military and Masonic honors. The monument was built so slowly, however, that not until December, 1884, was the last stone fitted into place, and the beautiful Washington obelisk, the tallest structure in the New World, completed.

Two years after the cornerstone was laid, the unfinished shaft had reached the height of more than 150 feet. Zachary Taylor, the beloved old "Rough and Ready" of the Mexican war, had been president sixteen months. On the national holiday, July 4, 1850, he visited the uncompleted monument, in which he took great interest. Once on the grounds, he laid aside the dignity of his high office and stretched himself under the grateful shade of the partly completed shaft. A peculiar lassitude seemed to come over him, and he lay there a long time. Suddenly paroxysms of internal pain came on. He had been struck with death on Independence day, and that within the shadow of the first president's monument. Again the old fatality to a president upon the Fourth of July. He was carried back to the White House, where he lingered five days and died.

The civil war that devastated our land, 1861-5, had progressed none too favorably for the Union cause up to the middle of 1863. Grant was doggedly besieging Vicksburg, which controlled all the lower Mississippi. As stubbornly the Confederates resisted. Lee had determined to carry the war into the North, and had invaded Pennsylvania with a great army. The fate of the nation swung in the balance. North and South, the people tremulously awaited the issues of each day. July 1st found Vicksburg still holding out, after six weeks of terrific cannonading. The same first day of the same month brought the clash between the invading army of Lee, and the defending expulsive army of the Federals at Gettysburg. It was American against American and July 1st passed into July 2nd, and that into the third of July, and yet the dreadful battle raged. Sixty thousand men on those three days were taken prisoners, wounded or killed. Lee was forced back. In the turning battle of the war fortune had favored the Union forces.

The dawn of the Fourth found the heart of our people torn with contending emotions. The mother mourned like Rachel over her son, stark upon the field of Gettysburg; the father rejoiced over a crucial battle won; the South sank, appalled at the blow to her pride, her hope, her ambition; the North was buoyant and elated. Then over the wires at night flashed the news that Vicksburg had surrendered that day, and the Mississippi was open to our gunboats. Great and wild, long and loud, was the rejoicing of the one part of the nation. Sorrowful and filled with despair was the rest of the nation. God grant that never again may Independence Day find one portion of our people rejoicing over the discomfiture of another portion, "for we are brethren."

The "sad Fourth" was in July, 1881. Two days before President Garfield had been shot by Guiteau, the assassin, and for the fifth time in our history the shadow of death hung over an American President upon Independence Day. The country Fourth of July picnics were abandoned, the celebrations in the great cities were suspended. Here and there a flag waved mournfully, as though anticipating its early hanging at half-mast. It was a quiet Fourth, a sad Fourth, a hard Fourth. All hearts were touched. From that awful day, July 2, until the dread day in September, when the last summons came to the poor, worn, suffering President, there was never a waking hour but that the thoughts of our people were with their stricken chief, fighting heroically for life.

The Spanish-American war was on hand in 1898. On the third of that July the Spanish admiral, Cervera made a desperate attempt to escape from Santiago harbor. It quickly ended in a victory for the Americans. A victory so complete that it annihilated the entire fleet, and the whole body of Spaniards became prisoners of war. Virtually the war was ended then and there. It took a few hours for the news to get where it could be cabled but all over the Union July 4th, 1898 the wires sang busily. The Spaniards were not our flesh and blood, as were the southern soldiers that day thirty five years before, when the Fourth of July wires flashed the news of victory. There was no bitter to the joy, no pang to the victory.

What the future has in store for this red-letter day of time we know not. But come what will, by great deeds done, by battles won, by days of national joy and national sorrow shared together, Fourth of July will ever be a sacred day to all true Americans.

Fourth of July.

Maine, from her farthest border, gives the first exulting shout; And from New Hampshire's granite heights the echoing peals ring out; The words of fame from Vermont prolong the thundering call, And Massachusetts answers, "Bunker Hill!"—a watchword for us all.

Rhode Island shakes her sea-wet locks, acclaiming with the free, And stand Connecticut breaks forth in joyous harmony. The giant joy of proud New York, loud as an earthquake's roar, Is heard from Hudson's crowded banks to Erie's crowded shore.

Still on the booming valley rolls o'er plains and flowery glades To where the Mississippi's flood the turbid gulf invades; There, borne from many a mighty stream upon her mightier tide, Come down the swelling, long huzzas from all that valley wide.

And wood-crowned Alleghany's call, from all her summits high, Reverberates among the rocks that pierce the sunset sky; While on the shores and through the swales around the west inland seas, The Stars and Stripes, midst freeman's songs, are flashing to the breeze.

The woodsman, from the mother, takes his boy upon his knee, And tells him how their fathers fought and bled for liberty; The lonely hunter sits him down the forest spring beside, To think upon his country's worth, and feel his country's pride;

While many a foreign accent, which our God can understand, Is blessing Him for home and bread in this free, fertile land. Yes, when upon the eastern coast we sink to happy rest, The day of Independence rolls still onward to the west.

Till dies on the Pacific shore the shout of jubilee, That woke the morning with its voice along the Atlantic Sea.

O God, look down upon the land which Thou hast loved so well, And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell; Nor, while the grass grows on the hill and streams flow through the vale, Many they forget their fathers' faith, or in their covenant fail; Keep, God, the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath the sun— "Our country, our whole country, and our country every one."

—George W. Bethune.

THE MINERS' FOURTH IN THE DAYS OF GOLD

The old miner filled his pipe and settled back in his chair. "It was way back in '53," he said, "I was down in Lower California an' I was a-diggin' for gold. I was kinder down on my luck, but my pard, Jack Burke, and a better feller never drew breaks, cheered me up considerable whenever I got the dumps, as every mornin' I'd say, 'G'ol ding it! I've got ter strike it to-day.'"

"But lots o' days came and went, and I never seemed any better off. "The pesky Injuns was gittin' troublesome, too, an' news came that a couple of ranches had been raided and burned.

"This didn't trouble us much, because we had our rifles and two o' the speediest horses in California. "One night we was settin' around the fire after a corkin' hot day, for it was the 4th of July.

"I was a-thinkin' of home and had almost made up my mind to start for the east next day. "Jack was singin' a gloomy old hymn tune just 'cause he knew it aggravated me, and I was just goin' to chuck something at him when I seen a sight that made me turn cold.

"Clear and sharp agin the sky stood the figger of an 'Injun! Only a second he stood there, but I knew that there was more of 'em among the rocks and boulders. Jack an' me made a dash to where our horses was staked out, expectin' every minute to be fired on from behind.

"When we were off on a gallop to Wilkin's ranch we heard the critters' points comin' full pet behind us. "Our horses were fresh, but the Indian ponies were very swift and almost tireless.

"An arrow or two whistled over our heads, but they seemed to be waitin' till they got closer before they all fired. "I looked at Jack. His lips were closed tight, but there was a gleam in his eyes that made me think he was sorter enjoyin' it.

"Suddenly—oh, it was a bad moment—my horse stumbled in a hole and fell, snapping a foreleg. I raised my rifle and would have blown the leader of the Indians to kingdom come if Jack hadn't slipped the bridle rein of his horse into my hand an' said: "Don't lose no time. I'll take keer o' these varmints."

"I hated ter do it, but I didn't want to waste no words, so jumped on his horse and tore off. "I tried not to think of Jack, but a big lump came in my throat as I imagined him lyin' on the yaller sand white-faced and still.

"Around the bend in the road I saw Watson's ranch. "I roused the house in less'n it takes to tell it, and all the men were soon on the way to Jack's rescue, me leadin', tellin' the tale between sobs, for I was all give out.

"On we went. I was afeard to go 'round the bend, afeard to see—I didn't know what. "As we turned I saw him. The young villyun was standin' by a tree as calm as yer place, with his arm bound up in a handkerchief. "Where's the Injun?" says I. "Gone," says he. "When they seen how near they was to the ranch the beggars scooted. But they winged me 'fore they went."

"Ah," said the old miner, smiling at the recollection as he filled his pipe again, "that was the hottest Fourth of July I ever had."

The Flag.

A flag swung high on a rampart bold, And the soldiers saw it blow; And the sun went down and the stars came out, And over the field died the battle shout, While the sentries paced to and fro.

A bell tolled loud in the middy air, And a flag fluttered over the trees, And the people gazed with proud demean On the flag that flaunted the starry thirteen.

High in the midsummer breeze, The stars have grown since that far-off day, And the stripes are true and bright, And over the country they sweep afar— Gallant each stripe and gallant each star— Shining by day and by night.

A single bell tolled in the long ago To rally the brave little band, Where chimed now peal in the stiffening air, And shouts ring joyously over the seas, And flags wave over the land.



VALLEY FORGE TO BE PRESERVED

If the shades of the great departed ever revisit the scenes of their earthly struggles, then the bleak heights of Valley Forge must have witnessed a joyful gathering of illustrious ghosts lately, for at last it seems assured that the historic camp ground, to the extent of 1,000 acres, is to be preserved forever as a national park.

It is intended to restore the sacred spot to the condition it was in at the time of the heroic self-sacrifice of the revolutionary army. The entrenchments are to be cleared of the century and a quarter accumulation of rubbish that almost obliterates their lines.

When the committee in charge of arrangements has thus secured the historic ground for the people, each state whose sons suffered and died at Valley Forge for the independence of the nation will be invited to mark the particular spot where its own regiment of patriots camped in the dreadful, winter succeeding Washington's repulse by Howe at Germantown.

To the tourists who toil up the hill to the intrenchments of Valley Forge, after a visit to the quaint little house in which Washington made his headquarters, the most astonishing thing about the encampment is that a century and a quarter of effort by the elements has failed to make any impression on the solid earthworks.

The rifle pits are filled with dead leaves, trees have grown on the hills that were once cleared of timber in order to give the sharpshooters a view of the points in danger of attack, and some of the advanced posts are distinguishable only because of the signs describing them; but the lines of the trenches are plainly discernible.

Fort Huntington, with its fringe of tall trees, stands grim as ever in the foreground as one looks down from an angle of the entrenchments, and it requires very little imagination to see the mouths of the cannon pointing out of the embrasures and the gleam of the sentry's bayonet as he parades behind the wall. From this same angle the valley stretches in peaceful beauty, two or three old-fashioned houses are the only structures in sight, and the white column erected by the Daughters of the Revolution to the dead who lie buried all around is the most conspicuous mark on the pastoral landscape.

Except for the presence of the railroad at the foot of the hills on which are the entrenchments, and the telegraph poles lining the white stretches of highway, Valley Forge seems just as it is pictured in the stirring days of the revolution.

The roadway up which the tourists toil, every other person armed with a camera, is a roughly made path that has probably received very little attention since the time of the camp. Trees that have fallen or been cut down since Washington wintered at Valley Forge are strewn around the ground; the stones that were brought to the lines to strengthen the defences remain just as they were placed by patriot hands.

Take a map of Valley Forge encampment made in Washington's time, and every point can be traced, every fort located and the position of each headquarters defined. In fact, the work of restoring Valley Forge to its original condition will not be so difficult as may seem at first sight, so perfectly preserved are all the lines of the encampment.

Should it be decided, as seems likely, to rebuild the huts in rows, just as they stood during the winter of suffering, it will not be hard to arrange the camp in the form assumed when the colonial troops settled down to await the coming of spring. If the various states represented in Washington's army at Valley Forge unite to rebuild the camp, each state undertaking to restore that portion in which its own soldiers lived, there will be no trouble in pointing out the exact spot in which were quartered the particular shrewd and shivering patriots who claimed that state as their birthplace.

It is an open question in which particular shape the camp will be restored. Some would like to see it an exact reproduction of the original encampment. These are questions that can be threshed out in the future. The fact that Valley Forge is to be religiously guarded from vandal hands and remain forever the property of the nation is sufficient cause for congratulation at present.



Enchanted web! A picture in the air, Drifted to us from out the distant blue, From the shadowy ancestors through whose brave care We live in magic of a dream come true— With covenant's blue, as if were glass— In dewy flower-heart, the stars that passed, O blood-stained blossom that can never blight!

The Declaration, like a sacred rite, Is in each star and stripe declaratory. The Constitution thou shalt long recite, Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

O symphony in red, white, blue!—fanfare of trumpet, roll of drum, forever new Reverberations of the Bell, that beat its tones of liberty the wide world through! In battle dreaded like a cyclone blast! Symbol of land and people unsurpassed Thy brilliant day shall never have a shadow!

On foreign shore no pomp so grand a sight No face so friendly, naught consolatory Like glimpse of Jory's spar with thee befit! Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

Thou art the one flag, an embodied prayer, One highest and most perfect to review; Without one, nothing; it is lineal, square, Has properties of all the numbers, too— Cube, solid, square, root, root of root, best classed It for His essence the Creator cast. For purity are the six stripes of white, This number circular and endless quite— Six times, well knows the scholar wan and hoary, His compass, spanning circle, can alight!

Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory." Boldly thy seven lines of scarlet flare; As when o'er old centurian it blew, (Red is the trumpet's tone, it means to dare) God favored seven when creation grew; The seven planets, seven hues contrast; The seven metals, seven days; not last, The seven tones of marvelous delight That lend the listening soul their wings for flight!

But why complete the happy category That gives thy thirteen stripes their charm and might? Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

In thy dear colors honored everywhere, The great and mystic ternion we view; Faith, Hope, and Charity are numbered there, And these nails the crucifixion knew. Three are offended when one has trespassed, God, and one's neighbor and one's self— Christ's deity, and soul, and manhood's height; The Father, Son, and Ghost may here unite!

With texts like these, divinely monitory, What wonder that thou conquerest in the flight, Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

ENVOL. O blessed Flag! sign of our precious Past, Triumphant Present and our Future "as it was." Beyond starred blue and bars of sunset bright, Lead us to realms of Equal Right! Float on, in every lovely alleyway, Kin to the eagle and the wind and light, Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."



A Millionaire's Celebration. The spirit of the Fourth is no respecter of persons. It seizes hold of the millionaire as well as the ragamuffin whose only means of celebration lies in snatching up defective explosives discarded by his more fortunate brothers and endeavoring to make them "go off."

His intense anticipatory excitement and pleasure, but it is no keener than the zest with which Charles M. Schwab, man of millions, prepares for and celebrates the nation's natal day.

Mr. Schwab always endeavors to spend the day in the town of his boyhood, Loretto, Pa., where his father and mother live. No matter where he is, or what the business, he usually manages to turn up at his magnificent country home on the hill overlooking the town a day or two before the Fourth; and with him come box after box of all manner of fireworks.

Some of the pyrotechnics he uses to make glad the hearts of his little friends—the children of former playmates. The fireworks which Mr. Schwab reserves for himself are set off on the night of the Fourth, when he gathers at his house his friends and relatives for miles around. The display lasts until well into the night. It is dazzling and gorgeous in the extreme, and it causes many an honest former friend to ejaculate from the depth of his wonderment and awe:

"Well, I swan, but Charlie's a hummer!"

Origin of Our Banner. It has often been asked what suggested the design for our star-spangled banner. There are many traditions afloat concerning the origin of the design, but the one in which there is undoubtedly the most truth is that which credits the design to Washington.

The general found in the coat-of-arms of his own family a hint from which he drew the design for the flag. The coat-of-arms of the Washington family has two red bars on a white ground, and three gilt stars above the top bar. The American flag, once decided upon, was rushed through in a hurry, for the army was badly in need of a standard.