The Oldest Public Building.

If we seek the oldest civic building in the United States we shall find ourselves in the quaint old adobe palace of the governors in Santa Fe, N. M. This long, low structure in the second oldest city of the United States has been the seat of government under the Spanish, Mexican and American regimes for nearly 300 years. It now contains the museum of the New Mexico Historical society, of which L. Bradford Prince, a native New Yorker and former governor of New Mexico, is president. Governor Prince considers this "the most historic building in the United States."

Making Linguists.

The practice of exchanging children by parents living in French and German Switzerland, in order to enable their boys and girls to learn another language, is spreading greatly in Italy. Recently an exchange agency to further this object was founded in Zurich. A Swiss child has the opportunity of picking up three languages—French, German and Italian—at practically no cost to the parents. In about six months a child is able to converse freely, and is then sent to school to learn the grammar and literature of the newly acquired language.

The average politician isn't a grammarian; he can't even decline an office.

A candied opinion is generally better than a candid one.

I prefer an ice woman to a wooden one. The former may thaw out, but the latter is hopeless.

Nearly Froze His Model.

Charles Schreyvogel, the "painter of the Western frontier," works even in cold weather on his roof in New York. Recently he had a soldier for a model. The trooper was told to assume a recumbent posture, as if wounded. It was bitterly cold, but the painter became so absorbed in his work that he did not experience any discomfort. The soldier, accustomed to obedience, lay perfectly still. When Mr. Schreyvogel had finished he found this really model model so benumbed that he had to half carry, half drag him down to the studio and revive him with an alcohol bath (both external and internal) before the poor fellow could stand on his legs again.

"Light Housekeeping" En Route.

Ezra Kendall tells of a man who was riding on a train and pretended to become ill after eating a sandwich. The man opened his grip and took out a hot water bag. "He got a sympathetic porter," Mr. Kendall continues, "to fill the water bag with boiling water and then he opened up his lunch basket, took out a piece of fried steak and warmed it on the water bag. You talk about your light housekeeping! Then after he had warmed the steak he cut it all up with a pair of scissors and fed it to himself with a pair of sugar tongs because he would not take a chance with a fork going around a curve. But his finish was the limit. After he had eaten the steak he unscrewed the stopper of the water bag and poured himself out a cup of hot coffee. He had the grounds in the bag all the time."

Three elfins who lived in a fairylike 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 "Rattlety-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 tailless young squirrel, a three-legged toad
And a crow with tail 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 uncurled,
"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 owls 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; heroism; the man who huzzaed 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.

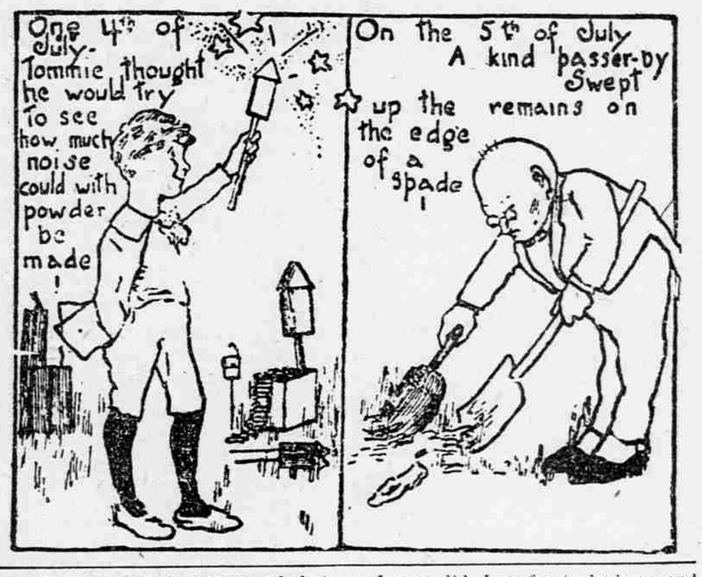
There had been long resistance to tyranny, oppression and injustice. The Lexington shot that was "heard around the world" had been fired. Harry Lee had proclaimed independence, Patrick Henry had demanded "liberty or death," but the time was not quite ripe for that day of all days in American history,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

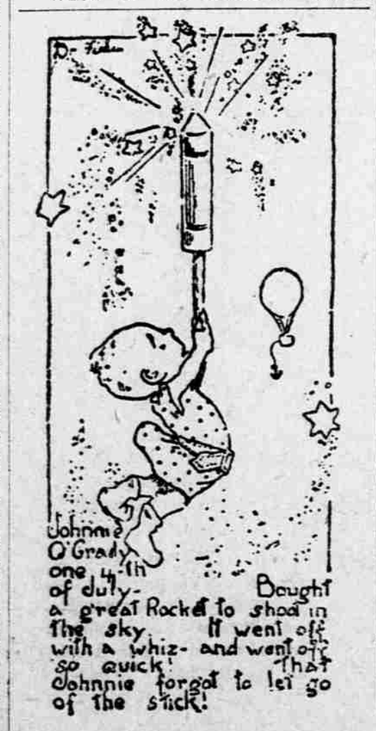
On that day, fifty-six determined patriots assembled in the state house at Philadelphia. They had a purpose in assembling, and that purpose was of grave import to the whole world. Thirteen colonies, with their three millions of people knew what the purpose was; they had sanctioned it, approved it, and 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:

"When in the course of human 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 cut liberty on liberty bell. "Ring! Ring! Ring!" he shouted, and the old bellman threw his whole weight 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 answereu, "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 huzzaed 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 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 dragoons.

True, I have suffered much; I have lost a thumb, my scalp 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 as I ever did, I prefer to look on and hurrah, instead of falling in with the procession. Besides, I deserve a pension if any soldier who fought in the cause of liberty ever did. Why not pension all our Fourth of July soldiers? A grand idea, indeed. With a pension in view, the whole country would be in the agony of battle from daylight to dark and several hours after on every Fourth of July. I think I will try to make this a political issue in the next campaign for town mashal. It will win, for every man, woman and child will go in on it—for the sake of the pension. You think they won't, eh? Well, you will see. Hurrah for the Fourth of July! Hurrah for pensions to everyone that can hold a firecracker!

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 centiped doesn't mind a little thing like having one foot in the grave.

Any man with moth-eaten ideas naturally wants to air his opinions.

Monument to Arthur.

The dedication of a monument to be erected at the birthplace of President Chester Alan Arthur, in Fairfield, Vt., by the state of Vermont, will occur some day during the month of July, the precise day not having been fixed. The speakers will be Robert T. Lincoln of Chicago, ex-Senator William E. Chandler of New Hampshire, his secretary of the navy, and others. The arrangements are in the hands of ex-Governor W. W. Stickney.

Present tragedy makes fine future comedy.

The woman who dislikes men never gives an entirely satisfactory reason therefor.

Dealing with Artist Whistler.

James McNeill Whistler's portrait of Carlyle is owned by the corporation of Glasgow. Shortly after it was finished a committee from the corporation visited Mr. Whistler, intending to purchase the wonderful painting. They wanted to know about the price, which the artist had announced as 1,000 guineas. "Didn't you know the price before you came here?" asked Whistler, blandly. "Oh, yes, we knew, but—." "Then let's talk about something else, interrupted Whistler. The canny Scots bought the picture and—trust them—got a bargain.

Slavery drinks mead, and freedom water.

Governor for Woman Suffrage.

Governor Garvin of Rhode Island has put himself on record as a believer in woman suffrage. In a recent address before the Rhode Island Suffrage association he said: "I think woman suffrage will be adopted in Rhode Island and in other New England states. It has been tried in other states, and has worked well, and sooner or later it will prevail throughout the union."

Genius and Long Hair.

Israel Zangwill says: "There are three reasons why men of genius have long hair. One is that they forget it is growing. The second is that they like it. The third is that it comes cheaper. They wear it long for the same reason that they wear their hats long. Owing to this peculiarity of genius you may get quite a reputation for lack of 25 cents."

A Job for a Swearing Man.

There is a well known story of Disraeli when he was the prime minister of England: "What can we do with Rosslyn?" Disraeli asked one of his colleagues, and the other suggested that he should be appointed master of the bloodhounds, as his father had been before him. "No," said Disraeli, "he swears too much for that. We will make him a high commissioner to the Church of Scotland." And high commissioner he was made.

A loan shark sticketh far closer than any brother that ever came down the pike.

Any man who picks another man's pocket is almost mean enough to write an anonymous letter.