



THE DAY AFTER.

O, for a crackleless Fourth of July,  
For a moment of shortness,  
When millions of boys  
Would shut off the noise  
And silence would follow to bless  
A nation which in other ways  
Is not at all dejected;  
In fact, is doing life as well  
As could have been expected.

O, for some soundless powder to burn,  
And for voiceless boys to cheer;  
To show to the world  
That our flag is unarid  
And our country still is here,  
And just as good as it ever was,  
And just as patriotic,  
Although its expression may not be  
So bangle and boomie and shot!

O, for a bangboomfizziness  
That would bring a glad release  
To muscle and lung  
And nerves unstrung,  
And cover the day with peace;  
When everybody in the land  
Might pause in contemplation  
Of that which, on the quiet, is  
The world's supremest nation!

O, for a non-explosive Fourth,  
Just one for a change of diet,  
When millions of boys,  
Instead of noise,  
Would raise a tremendous quiet,  
A Fourth like that would show the world,  
Beyond all dubitation,  
The really truly greatness of  
This country as a nation.

Afterward,  
But you can't make the spirit of the glor-  
ious Fourth  
Celebrate the nation's day  
In a style like that, to save your life,  
Because it ain't built that way.  
—New York Sun.

"Liberty" Bell.

BY A. M. HOPKINS.

It was the morning of Independ-  
ence many years ago—so many,  
indeed, that an old man can just  
remember what happened when he  
was a boy.

This is the story of a celebration that  
happened in a little Ohio village that  
was small then, and is still just a  
speck on the map.

On the edge of the town there was  
an old house hidden behind great trees,  
as if trying to avoid the public eye. It  
was, and is, the oldest house in town,  
and in it lived George Bell, or "Lib-  
erty" Bell, as some of the villagers  
called him, alone with his dog and  
Memory.

He was very old. Everything about  
the place betokened age. There was  
moss on the roof of his home, and the  
burden of years fairly made his bones  
creak. He bothered no one, and he had  
a cheerful "good morning" for every-  
body. He was a good citizen, but  
"queer," according to those who didn't  
understand him.

This Independence Day he came out  
of his house with an old musket on his  
shoulder.

The sun shone on his scanty white  
locks and face seamed with age. His  
hands trembled as he fumbled with his  
powder horn, loaded, rested the weapon  
on the fence and pulled the trigger.

There was a mighty report. The rob-  
bers took wing, and a flock of black-  
birds swept out of the great poplar  
tree by the gate and gave voice to their  
surprise at the tumult near their home.

Thirteen times that old gun boomed,  
and then a quavering voice sounded,  
"Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" and a boy who  
was peering with saucer eyes through  
the fence—puzzled, charmed, half  
frightened—asked, "Why do you do  
that, Mr. Bell, if you please?"

"Come in, Billy, lad," said the old  
man. "Come in and help an old fel-  
low celebrate. I won't hurt you. Just  
lay your little bunch of fireworks on  
the chopping block, and I'll tell you a  
true story about times way back be-  
fore your daddy was born."

Children read hearts quickly, and a  
moment later the beginning and the  
end of a century were together—yel-  
low locks against white mane, a boy  
on an old man's knee; the one earnest,  
the other eager.

"Why do I do it, my boy? Why do I  
celebrate? You want to know all  
about it.

"It is because I love my country, and  
I want everybody for miles around  
to remember that this is the day dedi-  
cated to liberty.

"Years ago there was a young man  
who had more money than was good  
for him, Billy. He was plum worth-

less. He didn't care for a soul on  
earth except himself. He was selfish.  
He wore good clothes and strutted  
about like a turkey gobbler. He was  
puffed up. He put in all his time hav-  
ing fun.

"There was a war on in his coun-  
try. The people were fighting a bad  
King who wanted to take away their  
liberty, and there were some terrible  
battles. Men went without food. They  
walked without shoes till their feet  
bled. They froze because they did not  
have clothes enough to keep them  
warm. But they wouldn't give up.  
They said that all men should be free  
and equal, Billy; that God meant that  
it should be so, and they were willing  
to die rather than go back to the old  
way of doing the things a selfish King  
wanted done.

"The idle young man didn't go to the  
war. He thought men were fools for  
fighting. He said he had all the lib-  
erty he wanted. Perhaps, Billy, if he  
had had a mother he wouldn't have  
been such a fool.

"His brothers, three of them, lad,  
went to the war, and two were killed.  
Jacob was shot down in sight of Gen-  
eral Washington, God bless him, and  
Robert came home with both legs gone.

"What do you suppose he told the  
'stay-at-home,' who cared most for the  
ruffles in his shirt and the coins that  
ingled in his pockets? The crippled  
brother said he wished he could fight  
for his country on his stumps of legs,  
because he loved it.

"And then, one day, they carried the  
father into the old home. It would  
have made you cry, boy, to have seen  
him. He was ragged, scarred, and in  
his breast there was a great wound  
that made those who saw it shudder,  
and just before he died he called his  
worthless son to him and whispered,  
'Don't be a coward! No man can ever  
pay the debt he owes to his country.  
It should be more to him than father  
or mother. Hoist your colors, my boy!  
Don't shed a tear for me. Take my old  
musket and fight for the cause.

"Billy, that young man promised. He  
got down on his knees and buried his  
face in the bedclothes, and as he cried  
the life went out of a brave, gentle  
man, and there was a smile on a dead  
face, and a cold hand rested on the  
head of one who had been a coward  
and was trying to be a man.

"He fought, Billy, and he learned to  
love the flag. He got a bullet in the  
hip at Monmouth and a bayonet wound  
at Guilford Courthouse. He found out  
what hunger meant. He spent his lit-  
tle fortune to help better men, and in  
his heart grew a great love for his  
flag, and he wondered how any man  
could ever forget his duty.

"One day it was all over.  
"The enemy marched away, and the  
sun shone on a broken but happy peo-  
ple, and the young man praised God  
because he had found himself and  
been allowed to live to know the glory  
of freedom.

"Every year after that he celebrated  
Independence Day. He took that old  
musket given to him by his father and  
fired a salute to the 13 original States  
and cheered the President of the  
United States.

"And when this man moved away to  
a far place, and kept on celebrating,  
the people called him 'Liberty' Bell.

"Why, that is you, Mr. Bell," said  
the boy.

"Yes, Billy, that is me. Now get  
your firecrackers off the horse block;  
I'll load the old musket, and we'll fire  
an extra salute to let the world know  
that the cause is as great to-day as it  
was in the beginning."

And they did. And they cheered the  
President of the United States and the  
flag, in the cracked voice of an old  
man and the piping treble of the yel-  
low-haired boy.

And it was all on Independence Day.  
—Cincinnati Post.

THE FOURTH ON THE FARM.

Arrangements Should Be Made for the  
Holiday's Observance.

Once each year the question comes  
to all of us how we are to spend the  
Fourth of July. The farmer and family  
are unlike the business man who  
can lock the door of his office or store  
and lie away on some excursion to the

mountains or some other place. In-  
stead, a holiday brings more work.  
The hired man must be excused from  
one or two milkings, or there is a  
declaration of war. To the wife comes  
the question of caring for the poultry  
for chickens must eat and drink July  
4 the same as other days.

There are too many who feel that  
they cannot get away. These include  
the men who become so absorbed in  
the pursuit of wealth that they often  
forget the object of their pursuit and  
become mere machines, grinding away  
at the duties of life, so absorbed in  
the work of the day that they forget  
the blessings and privileges we claim  
as peculiar to our nation. Not alone  
upon the farm is this to be seen, but  
instead of making our nation's birth-  
day a time of glorious memories, no-  
ble thoughts and joyous demonstration,  
our city brother hires a speaker to  
think and speak the words of patri-  
otism and he spends the day in dealing  
out his wares to his fellows at exorbitant  
prices.

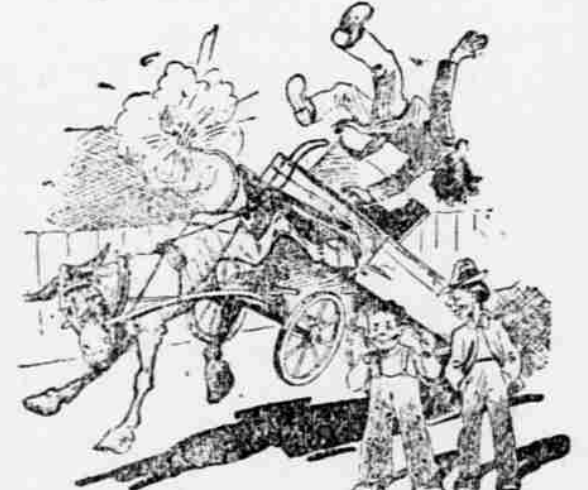
In the morning the average business  
man is too busy to think of patriotism  
and at night he is too tired. He looks  
upon this day as the opportunity to  
get back two, three or four times the  
amount donated to the celebration com-  
mittee. The clink of dimes and the  
thump of silver dollars wear out what  
little patriotism he had at the rising  
sun and by ten o'clock he is so ab-  
sorbed in the business of the hour that  
it is hard for him to live that one day  
and not adulterate his lemonade or  
cheat in making change as it is for the  
camel to pass through the needle's  
eye. Sometimes we also find farmers  
so engrossed by the prosperous crops  
and the desire for gold that they for-  
get the importance of the day and only  
remember it at all by the request of  
the boys or hired man for a day off.

How much more pleasing is it to  
have a picnic in some shady grove,  
spread a long table and all dine to-  
gether? Most any community can find  
material for a good program, being  
sure to mix in plenty of music, the  
material for which can be found in  
the neighborhood and we can celebrate  
the Fourth with as much enjoyment  
as if we had imported speakers and  
music. Of course we will want the  
Declaration of Independence read by  
the best reader in the locality. The  
minister can be orator of the day. Go  
in together and buy fireworks and  
crackers, for they will be essential to  
the small boys and we can have a  
first class celebration in the country.  
It is taken for granted that Old Glory  
will be in evidence, while bunting can  
decorate the stand, horses and bug-  
gies.—American Cultivator.

Morning of the Fourth.



Uncle Rastus comes to town early to be on hand for the celebration.



The celebration begins.

The family of a dead Japanese sol-  
dier gets as a pension about one-third  
of a pay of his rank. This would give  
the widow of a private \$1.25 a month;  
of a first lieutenant, \$6.25; of a cap-  
tain, \$8.33, and to the widow of a  
colonel, \$20 a month.

The earth's population doubles every  
two hundred and sixty years.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

**The Practical Joker.**

THE practical joker, the person who laughs at  
the discomfiture of others, who gets fun out of  
his neighbor's predicaments, who lays awake  
night planning some piece of devilry that will  
cause sorrow or at least chagrin, always has  
been with us, is now and probably always will  
be.

Last week a girl in a Scranton squire factory threw a  
squib into a stove, just to scare her companions. Result,  
six dead, as many more seriously hurt, and factory  
wrecked. It was in Pennsylvania also that a small boy  
lighted the escaping gas from the exhaust pipe of a natural  
gas line, to furnish light for a wedding serenade. Result,  
one life lost and valuable property destroyed.

These are only two of many cases taken at random  
from the news columns. Neither of the young people in-  
tended harm. The girl wanted to see her companions jump  
when the squib exploded. The boy purposed to surprise  
the serenaders by furnishing an impromptu bonfire. They  
were simply heedless. If everyone who is about to play a  
practical joke would stop to think about it, to study out  
the possible consequences, there would be fewer jokes of  
this sort perpetrated. It is ludicrous to see a man who is  
comfortably seated in a chair suddenly find himself sprawl-  
ing on the floor, through the dexterity of the practical  
joker, but the odds are that the victim's spine has been  
injured and that the effects of his fall will cling to him  
through life. Play the same trick on the practical joker,  
and he would be furious. Strange as it may seem, the  
practical joker is the most ill-natured target on earth. He  
doesn't like his own medicine.

The fault lies largely with parents. They don't teach  
their children to respect age, to respect others' rights, to be  
thoughtful and considerate. There is innocent fun that  
hurts no one and causes no damage, but it is not strenuous  
enough to suit some people. They want to break a leg  
or burn buildings. Such as these are criminal in instinct  
and should be placed under restraint. The practical joker  
ought not to be tolerated in any community.—Toledo Blade.

Eating Into the Western Forests.

THE reports of the lumber cut in the West show  
that the paper-making concerns of the country  
are turning their attention to Wisconsin and  
Minnesota as a source of supply of spruce  
timber. There are hundreds of thousands of  
acres tributary to Duluth, not reached by rail-  
way lines, which are covered by spruce tim-  
ber suitable for pulp. Unquestionably there is enough  
spruce in this country, notwithstanding the enormous quan-  
tity used by the paper mills, to maintain a pulp supply  
indefinitely, provided proper re-forestation is carried on.  
Here, however, is the rub. The customary method of the  
pulp-mill owner who is seeking a supply of spruce is to  
buy the stumpage and cut off the timber indiscriminately,  
allowing the denuded land to grow up with any species of  
wood that happens to be left. Hard woods commonly suc-  
ceed soft woods on deforested areas, and vice versa, and,  
therefore, a spruce forest once cut down is not naturally  
renewed for many years. The experience of the Eastern  
paper mills, which have cut over most of the available  
area of spruce forest, is likely to be that of the Central  
West. The systematic attempt at reforestation has been  
insignificant compared with the tremendous slaughter of  
the forests.

The West should take time by the forelock and insist,  
by legislation if necessary, upon proper methods of cutting  
and reforestation. The State has an interest in the pres-  
ervation of its forests which is paramount to the right of  
the private landholder. Here in the East what is being done  
is largely in the way of locking the stable door after the  
horse has been stolen. With the great forest areas in  
Minnesota and Wisconsin yet untouched these States

JUST WORN OUT.

Story that Wanted a Rest After a Very  
Hard Worked Life.

The worn-out story collapsed at the  
feet of the Father of Fictions.

"What's wanted?" inquired his Sa-  
tanic majesty with his usual warmth.

"Oblivion, please," gasped the  
wretched creature. "I never pretend-  
ed to be a good story, but that doesn't  
justify the way I've been treated on  
earth. You will remember me if you  
happened to see a copy of last Sun-  
day's Behind-the-Times. I was among  
the Gospel of the Stage, dressed this  
way:

"Blanche Walsh has a country home  
on Long Island and is occasionally  
bothered by tramps. One day a small,  
thin specimen of hobo honored her  
with a call. He told a hard luck  
story that would have brought tears  
to the eyes of a Japanese idol.

"And do you call yourself a  
man?" demanded Miss Walsh.

"No, ma'am, not entirely. Just now  
I'm only an outline. All I need  
is a little fillin' in."

"And he got it, too, after that ad-  
mission of his incompleteness."

"When you turned to the Literary  
Chat, there I was again:

"Irving Bachelier, the author, has a  
country home at Sound Beach, and is  
occasionally bothered by tramps. One  
day a small, thin specimen of hobo  
honored the novelist with a call. He  
told a hard luck story that would  
have brought tears to the eyes of a  
Japanese idol."

"And do you call yourself a  
man?" demanded the writer.

"No, sir, not entirely. Just now  
I'm only an outline. All I need is  
a little fillin' in."

"And he got it, too, after that ad-  
mission of his incompleteness."

The Woman's Page had me served  
in this style:

"Mrs. Roosevelt, when spending the  
summer at their simple country home  
at Oyster Bay, is occasionally bother-  
ed by tramps, etc."

"I also posed among Anecdotes of  
the War:

"Owing to the scarcity of provis-  
ions at Port Arthur, begging is dis-  
couraged; but, having eluded the vigi-  
lance of the guards, a small, thin spec-  
imen of hobo the other day accosted  
Viceroy Alexieff, etc."

"One page further on, the Tokio  
correspondent had his little say:

"Notwithstanding the splendid dis-  
cipline of the Japanese navy, a small,

should adopt a forest policy before it is too late to make it  
of any value. Denudation should be made impossible with-  
out some reforestation. The greatest benefit, however, will  
be derived from a control of the cutting in such a manner  
as to make denudation impossible, and the State can do this  
now better than later.—Boston Transcript.

Asia for the Asiatics.

WE look upon it as a war between Japan and  
Russia—not so the Chinese, the Burmese, the  
Persians or the Siamese. To them this is a  
conflict between white and yellow, between the  
forces of the West against those of the East,  
between Europe and Asia. A Japanese victory  
would send a mighty wave of independence  
and pride throughout the populations of Asia, a wave of  
self-confidence, of contempt for their European rulers  
which would bear fruits of which no one can foretell the  
exact consequences.

Furthermore, Japan would receive a great prestige, her  
influence over the Chinese Empire would become supreme,  
and no obstacle would lie in the way of the realization of  
her racial aspirations.

To any person who has even slightly followed the course  
of Japanese feeling and policy, there can be no doubt that  
these ambitions can be summed up in the phrase: "Asia  
for the Asiatics, under Japanese hegemony." For several  
years past Japan has been flooding with her agents the  
remotest parts of Asia, to rouse the sleeping patriotism of  
the people and prepare the way for liberation. Asiatic  
princes and statesmen have been flocking to Tokio; among  
them we might name besides several Chinese and Korean  
dignitaries, a deputation from Lhasa, the Siamese Prime  
Minister, the Persian grand vizier, a high priest from Af-  
ghanistan, and several Indian maharajas under British  
rule.

These men have had long conferences with the Ministers  
of the Mikado, and the object of these visits, in spite of all  
official denials, is well known to and in full sympathy with  
public opinion in Japan.—Westminster Review.

The Black Man's Burden.

HERE has been a good deal said and written  
about the "white man's burden," and not a  
little of it has been pure cant. But there is an-  
other side to the picture, and this reveals that  
the dark man also has a burden, and a most  
grievous one.

In the Congo Free State he has been robbed,  
mutilated and murdered in a wholesale way that has  
shocked civilization. In German Southwest Africa his  
property has been seized, he has been flogged, imprisoned  
and shot, his wife has been made a beast of burden and his  
children have been tortured.

In China he has been robbed of his territory until his  
integrity as a nation is threatened. In America he has been  
enslaved, whipped, burned at the stake and lynched. In  
the Philippines he has been introduced to the "water cure"  
and other "civilized" inventions.

Look where you will on the native heath of the man  
of dark skin, or in foreign countries where he has sought  
asylum, and you will find the black man and the brown  
man carrying a burden compared with which the "white  
man's burden" is a featherweight. If the dark man has  
been the white man's burden, the white man has been and  
is the dark man's curse.

And if the dark man finds his burden greater than he  
can bear, and attempts to turn on his barbarous task-  
master, it is called a "native uprising," and soldiers are sent  
to show him his proper place in the white man's scheme of  
civilization and progress.

The white man's burden is largely a myth; but the  
dark man's burden is terribly real, oppressively heavy,  
grossly cruel and unjust. In a word, it is the white man's  
selfishness and avarice.—Chicago Post.

Commerce of the United States with  
Japan, Korea, China, Hongkong and  
Asiatic Russia, 1843-1903, was as fol-  
lows: Imports into the United States  
from the countries named: In 1843,  
\$4,385,000; 1853, \$10,573,000; 1863, \$11,  
034,000; 1873, \$36,445,000; 1883, \$37,  
159,000; 1893, \$49,349,000; 1903, \$72,  
294,000.

Exports from the United States to  
the countries named: In 1843, \$2,419,  
000; 1853, \$3,736,000; 1863, \$6,355,000;  
1873, \$17,778,000; 1883, \$11,000,000;  
1893, \$11,464,000; 1903, \$49,964,000.

Next to the United States comes  
Great Britain, yet its commerce with  
the territory in question has only  
grown from \$30,000,000 in 1853 to  
\$100,000,000 in 1903—that is, doubled.

STORY MAY BE QUESTIONED.

Diner and Dined-Upon Crawled Swiftly  
to a Creek.

Near the Canautta Creek a water-  
snake met a blacksnake. The reptiles  
did not immediately clinch, but hissed  
fiercely and circled around each other,  
as if seeking for an opening.

The blacksnake pressed the argument, and  
in a few seconds succeeded in getting  
the tail of his opponent into his mouth,  
and, to preclude all possibility of es-  
cape, began to eat toward the head.

This was exactly what the water-  
snake wanted. It started on a straight  
line for the stream, and his consumer  
following him and dining upon him  
simultaneously, was, of course, obliged  
to travel a little faster in the same di-  
rection. The watersnake was a rapid  
mover and the blacksnake a quick eat-  
er, and for a short time it seemed  
doubtful whether one reptile or two  
would be visible when the stream was  
gained.

About half of the leading snake had  
been devoured, and the edge of the  
water was only a few feet away, when  
the blacksnake suddenly realized that  
a shabby trick was being played on  
him at meal time.

He hastily attempted to disgorge his  
repast, but the effort was made too  
late. Not more than five inches of  
watersnake had been yielded up when  
both reptiles plunged into the stream  
and sank at once. A hundred bubbles  
rose, and the only spectator of the con-  
test is inclined to believe that the  
blacksnake's life floated to the surface  
in one of them.—New York World.

Self-made men and eggs are too full  
of themselves to hold anything else.