

Rural Free Mail

Delivery in the West

Sixteen states and four territories comprise the field of rural free delivery in the western division. These include practically all the country west of the Missouri river. The division was organized on May 1 of the present year with five agents under charge of Special Agent W. E. Annin, with headquarters at Denver. Denver was chosen as being the most central location for a territory which included the two Dakotas and Texas, California and Nebraska, and which

graduated for 100 years previously, and of which institution his great-great-grandfather, Rev. Jonathan Edwards, D. D., was president. Mr. Annin went to Denver in 1877, on a fossil-hunting trip from his college, and came to Omaha in 1878 as a reporter on The Bee. He held successively positions on this paper until 1887, when he went to Washington as Washington correspondent of the Salt Lake Tribune and The Bee. Subsequently he became

on the envelope), the Hon. Mr. Stevens, who will now address you." Stevenson said that McCorkle was so amused that he nearly fell out of his chair, but when his turn came he was introduced as "our own Governor McCormick."

Colonel Thomas F. Lowrey of Minnesota, railway promoter and operator of national reputation, and now prominent in the management of the great Soo lines, is conspicuous and commanding in his personal presence in whatever group of men he may chance to find place. His character, training and reputation are such that his opinions command the respect alike of business men, lawyers, politicians and clergymen. He is at home with all sorts and conditions of men—good company for pirates or long-

Eventful Career of The Liberty Bell

As to the breaking of the liberty bell, there have been many disputes arising from the fact that it was twice fractured, relates the Philadelphia Times. It was ordered, in 1751, by Andrew Hamilton from the London agent of the province of Pennsylvania. It was required to weigh about 2,000 pounds, to be lettered in the following form:

"By Order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania for the State House in the City of Philadelphia, 1752.

"Proclaim Liberty Throughout All the Land Unto All the Inhabitants Thereof."

The bell arrived in Philadelphia in the latter part of August, 1752, and early in the following month it was cracked by a stroke of its clapper. It was then recast by Pass & Stow of Philadelphia and its firm name appears on it at the present time. It was again hanged in 1753, which date now appears upon it, in the Roman numerical guise of MDCCCLIII., but its reverberations were not clear and Pass & Stow recast it again, and again it was placed in the state house. When the British army was known to be approaching Philadelphia, in September, 1777, it was hurriedly taken to Trenton and thence through Bethlehem to Allentown, guarded by 200 North Carolina and Virginia soldiers and the truck that carried it forming part of a continuous train of 700 wagons that transported the heavy baggage of the continental army. After the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British invaders it was restored to its proper place in Independence hall, where it remained, with various vicissitudes of fortune and changes of position, until 1835, when it was taken to New Orleans and made part of the exhibition in that city. Since then it has been taken, under guard of honor, to Chicago, in 1893, and to Atlanta, in 1895.

The first ringing of the bell in its recast and perfected form was on August 27, 1753, when it called the assembly together for a session, during which it was resolved to continue the making of provincial money, notwithstanding the interdicting order of the lord justices of the crown. At intervals between that date and the Declaration of Independence the bell convened the assembly in sessions that by their acts marked step by step the progress of the colonists toward freedom from the mother country. On a number of occasions it was muffled and tolled to signalize public depreciation of acts inimical to the rights of the people; for instance, when the ship Royal Charlotte, bearing the stamps of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland, came up the Delaware river under the convoy of the royal man-of-war, the *Sardine*, its mournful knelling upon that occasion, summoned to the State House square several thousand citizens upon whose resolutions the stamps were transferred to the *Sardine* and forbidding a landing; again muffled, it drearily tolled on the closing of the port of Boston, and the same time the houses in the city closed their shutters, and the ships in the Delaware hung their flags at half-mast. But its voice was most vibrant and its clatter was not then muffled, when, in obedience to the scriptural admonition engraved upon its surface, it proclaimed "Liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." This event, however, did not occur on July 4, 1776, as many folks believe.

The Declaration of Independence was adopted late in the evening of that day, and on July 5 copies of it were sent by the continental congress "to all the counties of the province, and to the several assemblies, conventions and councils of safety; to the commanding officers of the continental troops and to the head of the army." The committee of safety further ordered "that the sheriff of Philadelphia read, or cause to be read, and proclaimed, at the state house, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 8th day of July, inst., at 12 o'clock, at noon of the same day, the Declaration of the Representatives of the United Colonies of America, and that he cause all the officers and constables of the said city to attend the reading thereof." In obedience to these instructions, and near the hour mentioned, the bell was tolled for the proclamation of the

Declaration of Independence. It stilled its clarion tongue for a while when a procession, consisting of the city dignitaries, moved from the Philosophical hall, on Second street, to the state house square, and gathered on and about a platform which had been erected in a treeless open space near the rear of the central entrance to the state house building. The famous document was read by John Nixon, afterward famous as both soldier and financier. At its conclusion the bell—now and forevermore the Liberty Bell—again began tolling and found a resonant chorus from every belfry in the city.

Thenceforth the famous piece of vocal bronze apprised the citizens of Philadelphia of great events besides recording the passing hours of the day. But this latter task was intrusted to a companion in 1781, when the old steeple was taken down and the bell and its frame were lowered into the sub-structure tower. From that time until 1835 it proclaimed historic anniversaries and public events of note; welcoming illustrious men to the portal of the republic; tolling the knell of departing greatness when the inexorable summons called to another life the men who had made the nation.

On July 6, 1835, John Marshall died in Philadelphia. He was one of the few actors who had survived the drama of the revolution. The bell had mournfully told the tidings of the death of Jefferson and Washington and Lee and Adams and Franklin and Robert Morris and Patrick Henry and of the French patriot, Lafayette. Of the immortal signers of the Declaration, Marshall alone remained. On July 8 the remains of the great chief justice of the nation were started on their journey to his native Virginia soil, and during the solemn obsequies that distinguished the occasion the bell slowly and mournfully breathed its woe, and, breathing, burst, as if its heart were rending with the passing away of the last of the men whose historic deeds it had proclaimed to the people. Thenceforth it was silent forever, and thenceforth it has remained dumb, and yet speaking with a thousand tongues to succeeding generations, of the men and the deeds that created the greatest republic known in the history of the world.

Discomfiture of Delegate

Buffalo Express: "Sir," said the decayed-looking individual, "are you the proprietor of this factory?"

"I am," answered the business man, shortly.

"It is well. I always like to deal directly with the head of the firm. I have to inform you that a strike has been ordered in your establishment."

"A strike!" cried the manufacturer, springing to his feet. "When? Who? What for?"

"Now and by me, because I consider your profits sufficient to warrant your spending more on these not so well off as yourself."

"But who are you, sir?" fiercely demanded the manufacturer.

"I," said the other, throwing out his chest, "am the chief organizer, president and walking delegate of the Journeyman Borrowers' union. At a meeting of the union this morning it was unanimously voted that I should call on you and strike you for the small loan of 25 cents. The money will go for intoxicants. We make no hyp—"

But the Journeyman Borrowers' union had landed on the sidewalk before he had time to finish his oration.

The Latest in Slang

Washington Post: The very latest bit of slang reached me yesterday, and as it must be wholly unintelligible to any but the initiated I can't possibly see how it will ever become popular. It was in a lunch room, and a young woman who had come in from the street, looking pale and weak, suddenly fell forward on the table beside which she sat in a faint. Two rather common-looking men sat at a table near. One of them made as if to rise and go to her assistance.

"What's the matter?" asked the man who hadn't seen the faint.

"The bunch light's gone out on that girl's paint frame," explained the other.

If you know the theater, you know that high above the stage is a bridge on which painters stand to paint scenery, on the "paint frame." Sometimes they work with a group of lights, backed by a reflector, throwing a bright light on the canvas. That's a "bunch light." It's all away up in the flies—up in what one may call the scenery brain of the stage. The bunch light had gone out on the girl's paint frame was that stage hand's way of saying that her consciousness had left her. I venture to say not one person in ten could even so much as guess at his meaning.

Deep Disgrace

Indianapolis Press: "I believe," said the police judge, who was in a garrulous mood that morning, owing to the presence of an extra number of reporters; "I believe you are entirely lost to the sense of shame."

"Please, your honor," said the frowsy specimen before him, "you got another 'ink comin'." Dis is de first time since de year of de World's fair I've got so loaded dat one copper could take me in all by hisself. I never was so 'shamed in all me days."



SPECIAL AGENT LLEWELLYN EXAMINING RURAL FREE DELIVERY ROUTE—HOME OF H. C. LYDICK, NEAR TEKA, NEB.

comprises within its limits nearly one-half of the United States.

The western division as at present constituted is divided into five districts:

1. North and South Dakota and Montana.
2. Nebraska, Colorado and Wyoming.
3. Utah, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.
4. Nevada, California, Arizona and New Mexico.
5. Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Arkansas and Texas.

Agents are detailed to each of these districts as demands are made upon the division, but no special agent is permanently located in any designated district. At present Special Agent George Olson is establishing routes in South Dakota, Special Agent C. E. Llewellyn in Nebraska, Special Agent H. J. Ormsby in Oregon, Special Agent L. A. Thompson in Colorado and Special Agents John B. Jeffery and M. De La Montanya in California. Any one of the agents is subject to call in any district where his services are needed through the accumulation of cases.

Nebraska leads the list in the number of cases pending and disposed of since May 1. Thirty-six cases have been sent in to the division and fifteen have been completed and forwarded to the Postoffice department for approval.

California comes next with twenty-five cases and twelve completed. Colorado follows with nineteen and ten completed. Six cases have been closed in Oregon, three in Utah, ten in South Dakota and five in Texas. The western division has been short-handed, but is promised additional help with the beginning of the fiscal year.

Rural Free Delivery Popular.

As is the case elsewhere, the western division finds rural free delivery the most popular branch of the service among the bread-winners. It brings the postoffice to the farmer's door, enhances the value of farms, stimulates the campaign for good roads, makes the farm home more attractive, promotes the circulation of good reading and saves many fruitless trips to town for the mail.

It bids fair to become self-sustaining through the increase in matter mailed and the expense saved in useless star routes and small postoffices discontinued. A democratic congress in 1896 appropriated, with much misgivings and against the protest of Postmaster General Wilson, \$40,000 for the service. The present congress has made available for the present fiscal year \$1,750,000 to extend its blessings to the rural communities of the United States.

First Assistant Postmaster General Perry S. Heath, for many years Washington correspondent of The Bee, may be called the father of rural free delivery, for, if he did not originate the idea, he found it shivering on the door step of the Postoffice department and adopted it as his own.

Veteran Newspaper Man.

Mr. W. E. Annin, special agent in charge of rural free delivery for the western division, who appears on the extreme left of the picture of the special agents presented to our readers, has been for twenty-one years a journalist in Nebraska, Utah and Washington. Mr. Annin graduated from Princeton college in 1877, where his people had

assistant correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger. He was president, in 1896, of the famous Gridiron club, restricted to forty Washington correspondents, and left journalism a year ago to engage in the extension of rural free delivery. He is a member of the University club, New York, lately of the Army and Navy club of Washington and has a phenomenally large acquaintance with public men throughout the United States.

Short Stories Well Told

Ex-Secretary J. Sterling Morton tells this story of Mr. A. E. Stevenson, candidate for vice president with Bryan and former vice president with Cleveland:

Stevenson is a charming companion, a good story-teller and enjoys a joke on himself as well as on anybody. Toward the close of the Cleveland administration we were all at a cabinet dinner at the house of Postmaster General Wilson and the conversation fell upon the incredible number of intelligent citizens who cared so little about politics that they did not know who held this or that office or what their duties might be. Stevenson looked over to President Cleveland and said: "I was out speaking in the recent campaign—who for is not necessary to state in this presence—and in West Virginia I made a tour with Governor McCorkle. Arriving at a place where we were to speak we were shown upon a platform, the band ceased to play and the chairman of the meeting, who was represented to be a straightforward, honest, well-to-do, intelligent democrat, got up, drew an envelope from his pocket, adjusted his spectacles and said:

"Fellow citizens, I have the honor to introduce to you the vice president of the United States (and he studied some writing

shoremans; he was never known to lose his temper; he has the confidence of capitalists everywhere. But Jove nods, good Homer sometimes dozes and even a paragon like Tom Lowrey has played in hard luck. He has "gone broke" more than once, but has always "bobbed up serenely" again like a rubber ball. J. Pierpont Morgan tells of him that one day when a loan of some millions, for which Lowrey was responsible, was to fall due at noon the Minnesotan sent in his card about 11 o'clock. "Show him in," was the order of the great financier. Lowrey was as serene and bland and as much at ease with all the world as if a certified check for numerous millions were reposing in his vest pocket.

"I have called promptly this morning, Mr. Morgan," he said, "in order to pay my respects. I can't pay anything else."

But his paper was renewed in short order.

It was an open car. A man of years and sedateness sat next to a young man who was consulting a pocket dictionary, relates the Washington Star. By and by, and without any premonitory symptoms, the sedate man said:

"It's in there, I was looking over one of them books yesterday and I picked out the very words."

"What do you refer to?" asked the young man.

"To what a woman up my way called me when I asked her to marry me."

"And what was it?"

"A concave cataleptic semi-annual old idiot. At first I didn't exactly know whether she meant to say yes or turn me down, but after looking in the dictionary I made up my mind that she was not for me. Mighty handy, these dictionaries are, when you get stuck on a hard word, eh?"



SPECIAL AGENTS OF THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT IN WESTERN DIVISION OF FREE RURAL MAIL DELIVERY.