

Dorothy's Independence Day

DOROTHY was rather fond of asserting that she was a new woman. Like most who make that claim, she was much given to vain repetition. She need not have been. Not even the sourest, sharpest tempered spinster of them all could have accused her of being an old woman.

Dorothy's "newness," to use the word in its technical sense, troubled Jack sorely. Jack was not at all a new man, if the new type is to be the prototype of the new woman. Not that Jack was exactly venerable either. It would probably be some years before he was bald or toothless.

Jack could not understand Dorothy's sudden aggressive independence. He did not see why any reasonable girl should prefer to wait on herself and soft her dainty fingers when there was a great, lazy fellow around who asked nothing better of fate than to be allowed to wait on her all the days of his life. Time was, and not so very long ago either, when Dorothy had shown a most delightful readiness to accept his services. Of late, however, a change had come over the spirit of her dream. The dream now, and to Jack it seemed a nightmare, was of independence.

Just before Dorothy and her family had left town for the summer, when Jack had come to say "goodby" and something more—to offer her a heart that was absurdly heavy at the prospect of four long, weary months without her—she had been so full of this spirit of independence—the spirit of '76 she liked to call it that he had gone away with the something more, saying, "I'll be back in a week, and I'll be glad to see you." Dorothy had no use for her own heart, looking upon it as quite an unnecessary encumbrance, and would certainly not want his.

That was in the end of May. Now it was the 1st of July. Jack had written to Dorothy once or twice, had had one

some fireworks worth seeing, and who announced her intention in the meanwhile of celebrating Independence day by attending a meeting of new women in the loft of a neighboring barn, where certain modern Patrick Henrys in petticoats were to be gathered together to assure each other that falling to secure liberty, they were ready to welcome death.

Poor Jack! He was blind, indeed. He did not see that this "senseless" as he was mentally calling it was nine-tenths of it put on to tease him. Driven to desperation, he even offered himself as her escort to this meeting. She was quite able to take care of herself. She would go alone.

And she went. And she found it all intensely stupid, almost as stupid as Jack had been in taking her at her word when she declined his escort. She found that instead of listening to the ringing cries of liberty or death she was hearing only the speaking of the fiddles over at the club, where the fireworks over, dancing had begun. She caught herself wondering which of the girls Jack was dancing with. Was it that dreadful Katharine Blake, who had tried so hard to get up a flirtation with him last year? Or pretty Florrie Blackwell, for she was pretty in an inanimate, wax doll fashion? Or that fascinating little Mabel Mortimer, who seemed to captivate every man she met?

Then she was called upon to read the paper that she had prepared that afternoon when she would so much rather have gone sailing with Jack. It was a commonplace little paper, but because she was in bitter mood she read it with a bitterness that won her audience. That was the right spirit, said the next speaker. Men should be made to consider well the voice of their complaint. They should be no more able to close their ears to it than to the nightly reverberations of the thunder that now seemed to shake the very earth. The storm which had threatened all day had broken now.

Little of this was heard. The terrible voice of the storm—without-drowned the voice of the mere woman within. If it had been heard it is doubtful whether it would have been heeded, for these new women were after all very like the old women—they were terribly frightened. Finally there came a flash that seemed to burn into their very souls and averted them to clouds, followed by a clap that made them think that the globe itself was splitting, a smell of smoke, of burning wood, of sulphur. In another minute they knew that the barn was on fire.

A wild rush for the ladders and crooked stairs followed. Fortunately Dorothy's new womanhood did not desert her at a pinch. She kept enough of her wits about her to know that she must not join in the stampede. She must keep perfectly still until Jack came for her. She knew it would be Jack that would come for her. She had not long to wait, though afterward she would have told you it was an eternity, before she heard Jack's voice shouting, "Dorothy! Dorothy! Where are you? Don't be frightened! It's Jack. I'm coming to you!"

As she answered his call she remembered that he had never before called her "Dorothy," never before had taken it for granted that she thought of him as "Jack." And she knew that so long as they both should live it would always be "Dorothy" and "Jack" between them in future.

Later on, when she stood with him watching the village fire company putting out the flames, she realized that Independence day was over. But she did not regret it. She had been too close to death to clamor for liberty. Chicago News.



THEY KNEW IT WOULD BE JACK THAT WOULD COME FOR HER.

or two letters in reply, very unsatisfactory letters, all of them full of "the cause." There seemed to be a whole colony of "new women" where Dorothy was spending the summer. They held meetings, made speeches, "read copy" to each other, Jack said for Jack was a newspaper man—a "journalist." Dorothy called it. Dorothy's letters to Jack had been unpleasantly suggestive of "copy" prepared for some paper devoted to the interests of the coming woman. The only one that had been at all satisfactory was the last, urging him to accept her mother's invitation to come out and spend the Fourth with them. And Jack, remembering how he had first met her a year ago, when spending the Fourth with one of her warm weather neighbors, hoping that she, too, remembered, accepted with joy.

Poor, misguided Jack! He had expected the same sort of day they had had last year—a morning spent in watching his fingers and burning holes in his trousers while setting off fire-crackers with her small brothers and sisters; an afternoon of blissful idleness on the lake; an evening of the conventional summer resort sort—fireworks early in the evening, dancing later on, broad verandas, moonlight gardens—all that sort of thing.

That was what he expected. This is what happened.

He found a very superior Dorothy, who considered the firing of crackers an infantile pastime, fit only for weak intellects; who made sarcastic comments about people who were "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," who, when the children had him fast in their toils, went off with an unpleasantly strong minded looking book under her arm, "anywhere out of hearing of this detestable racket;" who in the afternoon did not care to venture on the lake, for there was a storm coming up, and, moreover, she had a "paper" to prepare; who in the evening, when he mildly suggested strolling over to watch the fireworks, advised him to wait until woman achieves her independence, and then there will be

HELPED BY LAFAYETTE.

Pretextuous Recognition of Fourth begun in 1825.

The beginning of the big Fourth of July celebrations probably took place with the fiftieth anniversary, which fell on Monday in 1825. At New York the reception to General Lafayette gave intense interest to the occasion. An immense procession, a grand review, receptions, races, regattas, banquets, followed each other without intervals. Castle Garden being the scene of the evening display of fireworks.

In the forties and fifties came a period of great processions, larger reviews and more splendid displays of fireworks.

Whenever one finds a group of Americans on the "glorious Fourth," at home or abroad, on land or sea, they are always unsatisfied unless the explosive and demonstrative spirit of the Fourth of July is asserted in no uncertain manner and their patriotism is satisfied.

Patriotic Preparations.

Here is money, my boy, to go down to the store.

Some bunches of crackers to buy and crackers and pinwheels and maybe balloons.

For tomorrow's the Fourth of July and the crackers will bang with a beautiful noise.

And the crackers will burst overhead and fall in a glorious fountain of fire. Or stars of blue yellow and red.

You can get some torpedoes to add to the din.

And perhaps a toy pistol as well. With plenty of cartridges, blanks to be used.

The smoke and the racket to swell and do not forget on your way to stop in at the drug store and get a supply of arnica, court plaster, ointments and lint. For tomorrow's the Fourth of July.

—Lippincott's

Presidents Died July 4.

Three former presidents of the United States died on the Fourth of July—Thomas Jefferson and John Adams in 1826 and James Monroe in 1831. The treaty of peace with Mexico was signed July 4, 1848.

UNCLE SAM'S BIRTHDAY



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By WALTON WILLIAMS

WHEN Uncle Samuel had reached His eighty-seventh year He had about the biggest fight That Time has witnessed in his flight Upon this rolling sphere.

BUT now that fifty birthdays have Been added to the score Your Uncle Sam is of a mind That is more peacefully inclined, And he would fight no more.

AND yet if other lands get gay— A course they might regret— They would awaken to the truth That Uncle Sam is still a youth With some fights in him yet.

Our National Anthem— Sing It

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What that prows cleaves hell dat
the la-la-la gleaming?
Who shraw stri psan bri stah
aggo the perilous night
O'er the la-la-la-las were so gal-
lanties dea-ming.
And the rick-kay's red (silence,
save for a few tenors) bur-
sting in air
La-la through the high t-hat
sur fa gwah still there.

Oh, say, does the at stah-spang-
le ba-a-ner-er ye-et wa-say
O'er the la-an of the freeze, an
the he-sh maf thuh bray?

On that shore la-la-laj la-la-
la-la-la
La-la-doo-dull-die-day, deede-
day-dee-die-doo-dull?
La-la-la-la-la la-la-la-la-laf
La-la-la (etc. for three lines;
then all together),
Tix thuh stah-bang-le-spanner,
sh, law-way may-ay-yik-it
wa-say
Oh, the la-an doff the freeze,
in the he-sh maf thuh bray.

(Remaining stanzas by the band,
with spasms from the patriots.)
—Rupert Hughes in Life.

Papa-Willie, You May Begin Firing When Ready



—Rebus in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Skyrocket Still Holds Supremacy Among Fireworks

THE skyrocket, with its possibilities of flight, color and variegated display, still holds its position of primacy as the most beautiful of all fireworks. The firing composition extends around a hollow, conical bore for three-quarters of its length. When fired the bore fills with heated gas, which, forcing its way down through the narrow central orifice, urges the rocket up through the air. Above the firing composition is a plaster of paris plug, through which a fuse communicates with the head, which contains the stars, sparks, serpents, crackers or gold and silver rain to be scattered by bursting fire as soon as the rocket has reached its highest point.

These beautiful effects, which experts call the "garbure," are largely trade secrets, always kept inviolate by the firms possessing them. In successful experiments with garbure for rockets and shells the pyrotechnist finds his richest rewards, while failures are often attended by unforeseen destruction of property or life.

Some of the later devices in rockets are of surpassing beauty in grace of motion, brilliancy of fire and variety of color. The new "golden cloud" rocket, for example, presents to the eye, at the highest point of its fiery flight, a huge and gorgeous cloud mass, blazing brilliantly for some moments and dropping streams of fire rain far below. How such an expansive and continued display can follow upon the flight of so small a projectile is a secret save to a few of the higher guild of pyrotechnists. The larger rockets of this type are sold for \$2 each—fairly fill the upper air with fire of dazzling brilliancy.

Even more impressive and wonderful is the "mammoth balloon rocket," which makes the largest aerial display yet achieved by pyrotechnic skill. At a height of 600 feet this rocket releases simultaneously seven balloons with variegated signal stars attached. These float in the air for some time, burning with changing colors of intense brilliancy. With these the patriotic citizen can burn up his money quickly. They are sold for \$12 each.

Another high novelty is the "diamond chain" rocket, which rises to a great height and then projects a series of fiery chains with diamond shaped links, which change swiftly in color as they slowly descend and finally disappear in the distance amid a shower of colored stars and golden rain.

COLONEL MARTIN'S BANQUET

First One to Commemorate the Fourth of July.

The first banquet to commemorate the Declaration of Independence took place at Colonel Martin's boistery in Boston on July 4, 1790. The following was the toast list.

First—"The grand congress of the United States."

Second—"General Washington and the American army."

Third—"His most Christian majesty the king of France."

Fourth—"His most Catholic majesty the king of Spain."

Fifth—"The strength and unity of the triple alliance."

Sixth—"The council of the Massachusetts state."

Seventh—"The new levies for the war in 1780."

Eighth—"General Lincoln and the officers and soldiers in captivity."

Ninth—"The Marquis Lafayette."

Tenth—"May the officers of the Boston regiment be spirited, may they be supported in making the regiment of the town respectable."

Eleventh—"To the memory of General Montgomery and all the officers and soldiers who have fallen in the glorious cause of liberty."

Twelfth—"May Americans never forget that virtue, valor and science (wisdom) are the bulwarks of their high beneficence."

Thirteenth—"May the anniversary of American Independence be celebrated till time shall be no more."

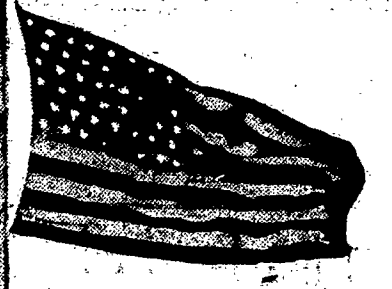
THE FIRST CELEBRATION.

Joy and Festivity in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, 1777.

Of the event in Philadelphia, where the Fourth had been born the previous year, a contemporary writes in the Pennsylvania Packet of July 8, 1777: "Last Friday, being the first anniversary of the independence of the United States of America, was celebrated in this city with joy and festivity. About noon all the armed ships and galleys in the river were drawn up before the city, dressed in the gayest manner, with the colors of the United States and streamers displayed, and at 1 o'clock, the yards being properly manned, they began the day by a discharge of thirteen guns from each ship and one from each of the thirteen galleys in honor of the thirteen United States.

"In the afternoon an elegant dinner was prepared for the congress then in session here, to which all distinguished citizens and strangers of eminence were invited. . . . The Hessian bands of music, captured at Trenton on the 26th of December last by General Washington, attended and heightened the festivity with some fine performances suited to the occasion, while a corps of British deserters, being drawn up before the door, filled up the intervals with fets de joie."

Run Up Old Glory



A Fourth of July Poem by W. D. Nesbit

Run up Old Glory!
Let it blaze
In red and white against the sky
And tell the story of the days
When hearts were stout and hopes were high—
Forget the daily fights of greed,
Forget the struggles, the dismay
Of facing cruelty and need
Run up Old Glory for the day!

Run up Old Glory!
Think of all
The old flag means to you and me,
Of how the blast of freedom's call
Shook out its folds from sea to sea,
Red with the blood that it has cost,
White with the souls of them that died—
Today by laughing breezes tossed
It whispers of a nation's pride.

Run up Old Glory!
Fling it forth
And thrill anew the country call
That thrills east, west and south and north
And has its word for one and all
Run up Old Glory—fling it far
Across the blue of heaven's dome
And feel that every stripe and star
Is warder of your hearth and home.

STORY OF INDEPENDENCE DAY

Steps Which Led Up to Adoption of the Immortal Declaration.

In May, 1776, Virginia adopted these famous instructions to her delegates in congress "to propose to that respectable body to declare the united colonies—free and—Independent states." Thus encouraged, John Adams of Massachusetts the next day urged successfully the adoption of a resolution recommending all the colonies to form for themselves independent governments. In the preamble which he wrote it was declared that the American people could no longer conscientiously take oath to support any government deriving its authority from the crown.

On the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee submitted a motion embodying the Virginia instructions. The motion was seconded, as a descendant of Patrick Henry writes, "by glorious old John Adams, and Massachusetts stood side by side with Virginia." Then, on the 1st of July, congress taking up the resolution respecting independence once more, "all eyes were turned on me," says John Adams. Rising, he led off in a speech of surpassing eloquence and "a power of thought and expression which," said Jefferson, "moved the members from their seats."

He was "the colossus of that congress," as Jefferson again testifies, the "Atlas of Independence," as Richard Stockton declares. "He compelled conviction, and at last, on the 2d of July, the flame in his own soul fused into a single molten current the aspirations of a people, and amid the glow of noble, daring, fervent speech the resolutions of independence were unanimously adopted." It was then that John Adams, in a letter to Abigail, burst forth in prophetic strains of the way the glad event would be celebrated. So it has been celebrated, but the date of the adoption of the celebrator, July 4, is the one the people recognize as the culminating moment of the great event.

The Old Fashioned Fourth.

The tangling throstle we beat the birds to
And ranced the roosters on "the day" to
greet the morning light.
The cannon, loaded week before, was
ready to salute.
Our "captain" touched her off and shouted,
"Hi, there, fellers, scoot!"
But we, who scorned discretion, stood
around the piece of serap.
Each hoping, if the captain fell, to fill the
glorious gap.

Nay, not a whit more cheerfully the fa-
thers faced the powder
Nor could their blunderbusses raise a
racket any louder.
And what more reckless hero ever drew a
sword from sheath
Than he who fired his crackers while he
held them in his teeth?
And, since nobody dared to "take a
stump," I've often prayed
A blessing on the boy who cried, "Let's
go to the per-rader!"

And then we heard the orator (though
much against our will),
Who said, "The blood our fathers bled,
thank God, is bleeding still!"
He bled so long we greatly feared he nev-
er would run dry.
And some one read "the grand old words"
—we vainly wondered why—
But, heaven be praised, a monster gun
was there to make a noise!
And a gallant file and drum corps under-
stood the needs of boys.

All day the crimson lemonade gushed gay-
ly forth at us
Till sunlight enamel lined each boy's esoph-
agus.
All day, as long as all our wealth could
syndicate the price,
We chilled our ardent stomachs with cas-
sary colored-ice.
How could that coal tar dye compel the
flavor of a dream?
How could that starch of corn produce so
heavenly a cream?

I wonder why "the day is never cele-
brated now."
They try to celebrate it, but they plainly
don't know how.
And would I do it in the way we used to
do it?
Of course I—well, no; come to think I
don't believe I would!
You see, I'm just a humane man and seek
a boy's endurance.
Nor do I want the company to pay my
life insurance.
—Edmund Vance Cooke in Poet.