

TELLING THEM THE STORY



Photograph by Frank Fournier, Staff Photographer.

Each star is grown a tallman,
And holds a blessing and a hope;
Where freedom stirs the heart of man
Life casts its fairest horoscope.

ALL SHARE IN GLORY

Lesser Known Signers of the Im-
mortal Declaration.

SHOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN

Their Courage and Faith Deserves
Recognition Along With Those
Whose Names Are Now House-
hold Words in the Nation.

THE fifty-six men who signed the Declaration of Independence, but a scant dozen attained immortality—Thomas Jefferson, John Hancock, Richard Henry Lee, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin and a few others. But what about Josiah Bartlett, Thomas McKean, Charles Carroll, Robert Morris, George Taylor, Edward Rutledge, John Hart, Francis Lewis, Button Gwinnett and a score of others?

Fifty of those fifty-six men were present during the discussion and adoption of the Declaration, and, as delegates to the continental congress, were essential factors in its ultimate ratification. The other six, elected members of congress later, nevertheless took part in the general movement by signifying themselves in favor of it, and were allowed to sign. Thomas Jefferson, as the author of the Declaration, attained a lasting fame, as did John Hancock, president of the continental congress.

All Bravely Did Their Share.

But of the men who stand outside of that ring of immortality much can be said. If Jefferson, Hancock and Lee were generals, the others were at the same time essential to the Declaration. They, as much as the others, affixed their names to what was at that time an extremely dangerous document. They, as well as the others, burned their bridges behind them and took their stand firmly upon their conviction. It required the signatures of recognized delegates from each of the 13 states to make the Declaration of Independence complete.

If the veil of 138 years could be lifted and those days lived over again, it would be interesting to see with what emotions those men among men took the stand for independence. It would be inspiring to hear the tone in which each gave his answer when called upon to vote for or against the ratification of that which was to give this country its freedom. But it would have been even more dramatic to have hovered near the desk on which the Declaration lay and watched each man as he came forward and affixed his signature, a lasting testimonial to the world, and Great Britain, especially, of the courage and faith in the new country these men were creating.

The precise hour of the day of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence is not determinable from records. It is known, however, that congress entered upon direct consideration of the question on the first of July, 1776, by voting to resolve itself into a committee of the whole to consider the resolution introduced by Richard Henry Lee, and to refer the draft of the Declaration to this committee. It was Richard Henry Lee's resolution that ran: "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states."

Adopting the Resolution.

Benjamin Harrison of Virginia was chosen chairman of the committee. After a discussion lasting the entire day the resolution was adopted. The committee then resumed its standing as a congress, and President Hancock received Mr. Harrison's report. It was then voted to postpone action on the resolution until the following day. This course of procedure was carried out, and so the second of July is the

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Here it is, the "Fourth" again!
Bates alive, how time does spin!
Don't seem like it's sixty year
Since I first begun to hear
All the loud, tarnation noise
We stirred up when we was boys,
All of us a-wishin' powder,
Was lots cheaper and lots louder!

Recollect with what delight
Used to be up half the night
Helpin' fire the anvil or
Makin' other sounds of war?
Used to wish the earth was drilled
Out inside and powder-filled,
And that I could somehow just
Touch her off and hear her bust!

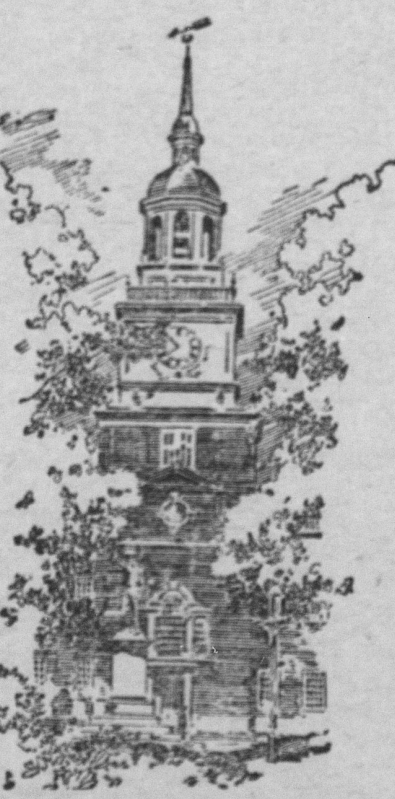
Weren't no cannon-crackers then,
Kind o' wish there had a-been—
Then they would 'a' sounded sweet;
Now they lift me off my feet.
I've begun to think that noise
Was invented just for boys.
Fourth o' July don't seem to me
'T all like what it used to be.

Just as patriotic, still
Somehow I don't catch the thrill
Of the loud, tumultuous joy
Like I used to when a boy.
Nothin' doin' then but I
Had a finger in the pie;
But that finger, as you see,
Got blowed off eventually.

—Nixon Waterman in Sunday Magazine.



I sometimes wonder whether we prize as we ought the great boon of independence under our flag. Once in a while I hear women assert with emphasis that whoever else may be free they certainly are not so, and that they never will be so until they have the ballot. This special problem of voting or not voting does not concern you and me when we look at our position and compare it with that of the women of other lands. For many reasons thoughtful women are coming round to the belief that they ought to have the ballot. Others, however, equally thoughtful, take an opposite view, and until a majority can agree that they desire to have a share in nominating and electing those who carry on our government everything will remain very much as it is at present. Surely we have little of which to complain at this hour. The independence which is the special boast and pride of Americans and which moves us all to demonstration when the Fourth of July returns is as precious to women as to men, blesses their home lives and conveys to them a great many privileges. Ask the ordinary child who is the most important person in the family



Independence Hall.

and the answer is usually "Why mother, of course." Ask an American husband to name the power behind the throne in his home, and he replies without hesitation: "My wife." When Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency he said to the group around him: "There is a little woman at home, who will be glad to hear this." It is the little woman at home who sends the husband forth day by day to his fields of endeavor; it is she for whom he toils, and it is she whose ideals insensibly become his. The little woman at home molds her boys and girls into whatever shape she pleases. Why not? God and mother have the children first before any other influence can touch their lives. If our women are absorbed in trivialities, if they care little about honor, duty or conscience, if they are vain and consider dress and luxury as more important than education and piety, if they scorn simplicity and put the emphasis of conduct on show, they cannot help dragging down the men. Few men have higher standards than the women nearest them, mothers, wives, sisters and daughters. If our country is to degenerate, if we are to love it less and think more of amassing wealth than of standing together as our forefathers did, for virtue and freedom, the blame must be laid at the door of our women. Women should be patriotic. Napoleon condensed a great truth into a single word when he said in reply to the question: "What does France most need?" He said, tersely, "Mothers."

We are on the eve of another Independence day. In my early girlhood, the Fourth of July was hailed with enthusiasm by old and young. Children walked in procession behind soldiers, and hands of music to the town hall or a grove, or some other designated place, and here everybody sang patriotic songs and everybody listened while a judge, a minister, or it might be the governor of the state, read the Declaration of Independence. The orator of the day, in flowery sentences, reminded us of our history, of our pledges to the world and of our grand opportunities. He did not forget to tell us of the growing splendor of our galaxy of states, of our rivers, our mountain ranges, our mines rich in coal or copper or silver, of our great fields from which the granaries of the wide earth could be supplied, and of the bravery of the men who fought under Washington. One and all we revered John Hancock and the other signers of the Declaration, and the thought of that gallant group of gentlemen who took their fate in their hands when they met in Philadelphia in 1776, made every young heart beat faster. The little girls wore white dresses with sashes and shoulder knots of red and blue ribbon, and the boys wore white trousers and blue jackets with gilt buttons, and had silk badges and rosettes of red, white and blue pinned on their breasts. There were salutes, there was a good deal of noise, there was the crackling of torpedoes, and, too, there was the snapping of firecrackers, but nobody minded the clamor. Everybody in these days tries to get away from the noise, and it is very much the fashion to deplore it and declare it crude, barbaric and foolish thus to celebrate the glorious Fourth. When I was a girl we did not mind being in the very heart of the noise, and I can remember well that the old people of that day enjoyed it all as merrily as their juniors did.

We may be patriotic without indulging in dangerous explosives and without investing in casualties that so often have marred our celebration of Independence day.

What I deprecate is an obvious indifference on the part of too many women to pride in their country and love of the flag. There are so many other attractions, there is so much else to be done, and life is so interestingly complex that we do not take the trouble to instill into the children an adoration for the soil and a strong determination always to stand firmly for their banner of stars. Sir Walter Scott wrote thrillingly:

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land?

Should we visit Europe today we would find the Highlander and the lowlander intensely devoted to the mountains and glens and rushing streams of Scotland; we would find the Englishman proud of his moors and fens and cliffs, so that let him go where he may he always looks back to England and thinks of it as home with a capital letter. We would find the peasant of France, of Hungary and Bohemia proud of their long descent, and everywhere around the globe we should discover the same impulse on the part of man in love to the land of his birth. We, for our part, have become at once so cosmopolitan and so prosperous that we are less spontaneous and less enthusiastic than other nations are in caring about our hallowed anniversaries.

Here is a field of legitimate endeavor which women may cultivate in their bringing up of children and in their influence upon men in general. Fourth of July exercises in the public schools, the recitation of poems and ballads which have a national significance, music at home, and most of all, some knowledge of what our country stands for, will aid the children as they take their first steps toward future citizenship. We need not say "our country, right or wrong," but we may well say our country and the right. We are not perfect, we have much to learn, we are still a young nation, but we are growing and going forward, and the world itself is knocking at our door. A great work of assimilation is progressing under our flag. Our independence bought with a great price is a heritage which, I repeat, we should prize as our most precious possession.

POOR RESULT.



The Envious One—Humph! If I'd had a whole dollar to spend I'd a' blowed myself up worse'n that!

Sane Fourth Desired.

By slow degrees we are getting away from the belligerent spirit engendered during our independence struggle. For more than a century we were accustomed to burn tons and tons of gunpowder on every glorious anniversary of that day when we declared ourselves free and independent of King George and his tyrannical rule and at every repetition of our furious joy we blew off fingers, hands, noses and ears with a patriotic disregard of consequences. We have not entirely reformed our Fourth, but we are reforming it.

HAD THE PICTURE'S MEANING

Spectators at Least Formed Some Idea
What Famous Painting Represented.

Two men stood before a painting in a store the other day gazing wonderingly at a picture of an equestrian statue of General Lafayette. The famous Frenchman was represented on a prancing steed. Over his arm he carried a robe. At his feet stood an allegorical figure of Victory extending a sword toward him as a mark of homage. "I wonder what that picture means?" said one of the men. "I don't know," replied the other. "I was just trying to make out what season of the year it was when a woman could go around with so little clothing while a man was dressed up in a heavy suit like that." "Oh, I see what it is now," cried the first one. "You see the soldier stole the woman's cloak and when he took it from her he dropped his sword and now the woman is trying to trade him back the sword for her clothes."

For Rose Bugs.

It is a good plan to remember this about roses and rose bugs; that water at a heat of 122 degrees will kill the rose bugs without in any way hurting the roses.

Of Course.

Hez—How is Farmer Cawntessel getting along planting his wheat?
Silas—Oh, just now sowing.

The Way of Progress.

A dog barking at a passing automobile is generally supposed to be as telling a symbol of futile objection to the march of progress as could well be imagined. In almost the same category, however, belongs the strike of the stevedores in New Orleans against the introduction of the electric truck to transport freight between vessels and warehouses. The wonder is that this improvement has been so long delayed instead of only now appearing—and then as a source of a new labor difficulty. One cannot have much sympathy for opposition in this particular instance. The motor vehicle in all of its forms has come to stay, and the rest of the world has been rather rapidly adjusting itself to the new condition.—Engineering Record.

The Favorite Bait.

"Oh, do let me see that page!" said Mrs. Twobble to Mr. Twobble, who was reading the morning newspaper. "The Mammoth department store has a new sale advertised."

"Umph!" snorted Mr. Twobble, as he handed the paper to his wife. "Anything reduced besides jardineres?"

Retrogression.

"I only ask you to care for me a little."

"I do. Every day I care for you less and less."

A small boy never wants to use the hose on the front sidewalk until he sees a lot of people passing.

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