

# INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1917



THE UNION OF LAKES,  
THE UNION OF LANDS,  
THE UNION OF STATES  
NONE CAN SEVER!

THE UNION OF HEARTS,  
THE UNION OF HANDS,  
AND THE FLAG OF THE  
UNION FOREVER!

## The Flag, God Bless It!

[By REAR ADMIRAL MEADE in the Independent in 1898.]

**T**HE star spangled banner of the United States of America, may God bless it forever and forever! Look at it as in the early sunlight it kisses the morning breeze with its beautiful folds, look at it and tell me if it be not the one true rallying mark for all honest hearts of whatever ancestry, creed or belief who own allegiance to this mighty republic!

Look at its beautiful colors as they gleam in the splendor of the rising sun, the white symbolic of purity and honor, the red typical of the blood which has been shed and which will continue to be freely shed in defense of the integrity and perpetuity of American institutions, and the blue, its shining silvery stars representing the great canopy of heaven, under which the soldier of the republic on the land toils on the weary march or bivouacs in the silence of the night, or the sailor on the broad expanse of the ocean keeps his weary watch and vigil, that the citizens of the republic may rest secure while "He who watches over his true Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps."

Loyalty to the colors! Loyalty to the flag of the nation! That is the creed of the American sailor and soldier and I hope and believe, the universal religion of the land.

And the nation will cease to be great should the evil day ever come when there are found dissenters to this creed.

## The Fourth of July.

O stars of Freedom's banner bright  
That clustered shine in field of blue,  
From faint, far depths of heaven's height  
Your constellated fires you drew!  
From starry ways of ages down  
You bring the light of old renown!

Greece first your dawn-bright radiance knew  
When Freedom's star rose o'er the deep,  
And Athens' glory full orb'd grew  
When Parthenon crowned the Acropolis steep.  
The fame of Greece then brightly shone  
With splendor since through ages known.

But kindled by Promethean fire  
O'er other lands rose Freedom's stars.  
Unquenched by blood, they still aspire  
Where far, beyond the old world bars  
They rose above the new world bright  
And blent as one their kindred light.

Long may these stars undimmed still shine  
In Freedom's glorious galaxy!  
Long may our land still be the shrine  
To all the world of Liberty,  
Whose statue stands at Freedom's gates  
And for the coming millions waits!  
—H. T. Sudduth in New York World.

**Our Everlasting Reliance.**  
What constitutes the bulwark of our liberty and independence? It is not our frowning battlements, our bristling sea-coasts, our army and our navy. These are not our reliance against tyranny. All of these may be turned against us without making us weaker for the struggle. Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us.—Lincoln.

A skeptic is a man who wouldn't trust the wheel of fortune until he had equipped it with a nonskid tire.—Philadelphia Record.

# JULY 4



## A JULY 4 PROPHECY. INDEPENDENCE SQUARE.

Sixty-nine Years Ago an Enthusiast Predicted Downfall of Thrones.

"The Fourth of July will be celebrated with great enthusiasm. Patriotism has received new impulses by the glories of our war with Mexico and the revolutions among the rotten and tottering thrones of Europe."

Thus sixty-nine years ago a writer in a New York periodical voiced his patriotism. It was July 4, 1848. He wrote this:  
"The Mexican war has been glorious, not so much on account of its victories and conquests as for the exhibition of patriotism and heroic valor and devotion from one end of the country to the other. It has shown the power of a popular government and taught both the monarchies and the people of other lands that thrones and aristocracies and large standing armies are not necessary to a great and powerful nation. The right of self government is shown to be connected with the power of maintaining it."

**Buttermilk For Erysipelas.**  
A communication by Arnold in the Practitioner recommends buttermilk highly as an application for erysipelas. Whatever the stage of the disease, he says, the spread of the infection is immediately checked, the pain disappears and the whole morbid process is immediately checked when buttermilk is used locally.

**World's Oldest Investment.**  
The oldest investment security on earth is the real estate mortgage. We know that money was loaned on mortgages in ancient Babylon in the time of King Hamurabi, 4,000 years ago, and that some 2,500 years ago the great Babylonian banking house of the Egibi family invested large sums in mortgages on both city and farm property, the mortgages being recorded on bricks, which have been preserved in the safety deposit vaults of those times—great earthenware jars buried in the earth—preserved until the archaeologists in our own day and age dug them up to show us when, where and how mortgages originated.

Declaration's Birthplace Associated With Nation's History.

Independence square, the most famous square in Philadelphia, at one time was known as the Statehouse gardens, the resort of fashionable city people.

As soon as the news of the battle of Lexington and Concord reached Philadelphia more than 8,000 of the citizens assembled in Independence square "to associate for the purpose of defending with arms their property, liberty and lives," and it was from here that the first state quota was mustered into service for the army of the Revolution. In May, 1776, an immense meeting was held, notwithstanding a heavy rain, to consider the authority of the people and to form a new government.

All during the civil war Independence square continued to be the meeting place of town folk to decide upon the measures necessary to be taken to defend the state, and here the people thronged to celebrate the fall of Richmond and mourn for Lincoln.

**Effect of Plant Foods.**  
Potash aids in the formation of starch in the grain, strengthens the stalk and encourages healthy growth.

Nitrogen hastens stalk and leaf growth, lengthens the season of growth and gives the plant a quick start.

Phosphoric acid helps fill the grain, improves the quality and hastens maturity.—New York Sun.

Singapore motion picture theaters have cheaper seats behind the screens for poorer class natives.

**A Quaint Introduction.**  
Clarence King, the ethnologist, once wrote from San Francisco to John Hay the following letter of introduction: "My Dear John—My friend, Horace F. Cutter, in the next geological period will go east. It would be a catastrophe if he did not know you. Lest I should not be there to expose Mr. Cutter's alias, I take this opportunity to divulge to you that the police are divided in opinion as to whether he is Socrates or Don Quixote. I know better; he is both."

## The Declaration Then and Now

[By PRESIDENT WILSON, in an address in Philadelphia.]

**H**AVE you ever read the Declaration of Independence? When you have heard it read have you attended to its sentences?

The Declaration of Independence was a document preliminary to war. It involved a vital piece of business, not a piece of rhetoric. And if you will get further down in the reading than its preliminary passages, where it quotes about the rights of men, you will see that it is a very specific body of declarations concerning the business of the day—the business of revolution, the business of 1776.

The Declaration of Independence does not mean anything to us merely in its general statements unless we can append to it a similarly specific body of particulars as to what we consider our liberty to consist of.

Liberty does not consist in mere general declarations as to the rights of man. It consists in the translation of those declarations into definite action. Therefore we ought to ask ourselves. What is there in it for us? There's nothing in it for us unless we can translate it into terms of our own condition and of our own lives.

The task which we have to address ourselves is a proof that we are worthy of the men who drew this great Declaration.

## The Day We Celebrate.

Today is the day, the glorious Fourth,  
The day of our birth as a nation;  
The day born in darkness, in danger and gloom,  
And signed with its blood's consecration;  
The day when a people rose up as a whole  
For their independence to battle;  
The day when the world heard the first faintest sounds  
Of Tyranny's coming death rattle.

'Tis the day when the spirit of Liberty stood  
And threw down the gage of defiance  
To the law that the many were thralls to the few  
And had no part in the alliance of power and riches which ruled o'er the land;  
The day kings and princes that banished  
From this free land over the ocean and brought  
Again Freedom's dream which had vanished.

'Tis the day when the grandest proclaiming was made  
Which ever this world did awaken  
To the right and the might of humanity's self,  
That fate from long years had forsaken.  
Then on this day, Liberty's birthday, resolve  
That ne'er from its birthright we'll sever,  
But stand by the nation, the freest on earth,  
And its star spangled banner forever!  
—Baltimore American.

**July 4 Dinner Favors.**  
For July 4 dinner table favors there are all kinds of popguns, some which shoot out red, white and blue confetti. In places where there is no objection confetti, graceful multicolored serpentine, may also be used. Tiny cannon tied with the national colors and small bugles similarly decorated make decorative favors. Small eagles may also be obtained.

Garden designers should forget styles and design for comfort and pleasure only. They would then avoid many very serious errors that are now quite common.

## An Episode Of Mexico

By F. A. MITCHEL

During the presidency of Diaz of the republic of Mexico I went there with a stock of goods and opened a store in the state of Durango. For a while I did very well. Mexico had long been at peace with herself, foreign capital had come in to develop the country, and it looked as though her prosperity would continue.

The first wreck of my hopes was the revolution that displaced Diaz and placed Madero at the head of the Mexican government. But this was nothing to the accession of Huerta and the turmoil during his administration and fall. The Mexican people, especially those who supported Huerta, believing that their troubles came largely from the refusal of the United States government to recognize him as president of Mexico, turned more bitter than ever against Americans.

I had made a number of friends among Mexicans and was permitted to continue my business without molestation. This was all very well so long as I remained in the location of my home and business. But I was fond of sketching, and I intended as soon as I could get out of Mexico with my capital to go north and study art. The Sierra Madre mountains are not far from my home, and I desired to take as many sketches as possible away with me of the fine landscapes there.

One evening after sketching during the day I went to a house devoted to the entertainment of strangers to pass the night. The place corresponded to the old American tavern of former days. It was not especially clean, and the persons it contained were of a low grade.  
About 10 o'clock at night I was sitting in the dining room reading a newspaper. I had gone there for the purpose, since a lamp swung over the table gave the only light that enabled me to read comfortably. I was seated directly under it, with my back to an open door, when, hearing a faint creak of a floor board in my rear, I raised my eyes from my paper. They lighted on a shadow cast on a wall before me. The shadow was not cast by the light over my head, but by one back of the object that produced it. It was not very distinct, but sufficiently so for me to distinguish it as the shadow of a man. The head covering was plainly a sombrero. The owner and shoulders came next. The left arm was lowered, and since the shadow of the right arm was simply a lump I surmised that it was raised and pointed in my direction.

It required only a fraction of a second for me to see in this shadow what is called in art a foreshortened arm. I believed also that the hand contained a weapon. That it was a pistol and not a knife was evident, since it, too, was foreshortened. Had it been a knife it would have been held in a different grip, which would have produced a shadow. I would have seen some evidence of a blade. In short, a man was standing in a passage behind me and about to shoot me. Expecting to be immediately killed, I was paralyzed. I had not even the power to duck under the table. Naturally my eyes were glued to the evidence of my danger.

Suddenly I saw an increase of the area of the shadow. On either side, just below the shoulders, a protuberance appeared momentarily, then merged into the main bulk. The right arm was lowered and hung at an angle with the body. Now I could see that it was an arm and there was a shadow of what it was plain was a pistol barrel. When we are in danger our faculties become greatly sharpened. I question if they do not become rather instinct. I reasoned out the change in this wise: Some one had come up behind the man who was about to kill me and thrown a pair of arms about him. What should I do now? I always carried a revolver on my sketching tours, but it was at my hip, under my coat. If I turned now to defend myself while my enemy's weapon was lowered I might be too late, whereas if I sat still, pretending to be ignorant of what was going on behind me, I might be saved. This consideration flashed through

my brain within a fraction of a second. I had scarcely conceded it when I saw the shadow of the arm drawn up to its former position. Evidently the man who had been interrupted was intending to proceed as before the interruption.

Then there was a commotion in the outline of the shadow. I judged it to express a struggle between two persons. The right arm shadow appeared and was grasped near the wrist by a hand.

Now was my time to act. I made four moves instantaneously—I drew my pistol, I rose, I turned, and I covered my enemy.  
A Mexican stood before me struggling with a woman, who maintained a firm grip of his right wrist. At my movement both stood still.  
"Drop that weapon," I said.

The man replied by an effort to wrench his wrist from the woman. I tried to quiet him by putting a bullet a few inches from his head, but he continued to struggle, and the woman held on. In another moment I saw his hand with the pistol in it extended on his right. I put a ball in the hand, and the pistol dropped on the floor. Darting forward, I picked it up.  
"Gringo!" hissed the man.  
I asked him why he wished to kill me, and he said that he hated gringos. This was the only reason he gave. I had been saved from being murdered by the woman who kept the house.

**Some Climate!**  
It is a natural law in California, especially in the southern part of the state, that folks grow young instead of old. Every time a rose fades in this sweet land its color finds its way into the cheeks of some visitor from the east who has come here to seek the health which only a climate like this can give.—Los Angeles Times.

**Ups and Downs.**  
"Did she really fall in love with an aviator?"  
"No. She merely took him up for a lark."  
"Oh!"  
"Then he took her up."  
"I see—in his machine."  
"The man she had been going with for two years dropped her."  
"Served her right."  
"Her spirits fell. She stated the case to the aviator. He went right up in the air, and she hasn't seen him since."—Exchange.

**A Japanese Get Rich Quick Call.**  
A broker in Tokyo, wishing to stimulate speculation among the English speaking residents, composed a great handbook at great pains and cost, printing it by some mimeographic means on a large sheet of paper reproducing handwriting, scattered it broadcast. The paper read:

"To the Wideawake Public.—One who wants to make money why not try Stock business at such rare extraordinary chance?—Even a fool, his pocket is swelling up every day. Why? Because he is daring it blindly. Awaiting your order.—More or less yours faithfully, Okino Yonesaburo."—East and West News.

**First Calculating Machine.**  
The first calculating machine was invented and constructed by Blaise Pascal, a Frenchman, in 1642, in which year he was but nineteen years of age. It was made by him with the aid of one workman and was presented to the chancellor of France. During the revolution it was found in a junk shop at Bordeaux and at present is the property of M. Bougouin of that city. All of the four simple mathematical operations can be made with it.

**Life Expectancy.**  
According to the public health service, life expectancy during infancy and childhood has increased because of the more intelligent care of babies and young children, but life expectancy after the age of forty is less now than it was thirty years ago, because those who have arrived at years of discretion do not exercise discretion for themselves and take sufficient exercise to overcome modern conditions. Many more people are engaged in sedentary occupations than formerly, which deprives them of natural assistance afforded by physical exercise in eliminating through the skin and lungs the waste products of the body.—Collier's Weekly.