

# The first "Fourth" in Teawyk.

By Francis Sterne Palmer.

I was, strictly speaking, the second "Fourth," but, as only a few people knew, on the first "Fourth," that anything had happened worthy of celebration, this Fourth of July, 1777, was really the first—as we look upon the day.

Old Claus Pynroot was the founder of a farming village on the banks of the Hudson River, near Poughkeepsie, in New York. He was also the chief man living there, and was called the Patron. All the land round about was his and made him very rich; he was said to have lent large sums of money to the Continental Congress.

He had begun to plan the village in the spring of 1774, not long after there had come exciting news from Boston. This news was of a band of Indians, who, not knowing much of the proper making of tea, had tried one evening to steep some of it in the cold water of Boston Harbor. Old Claus, being an ardent patriot (as many of the Dutch were, in spite of the stories told of their easy-going ways), was greatly pleased. When it came to choosing a name for the new village he settled on "Teawyk." "The Tea," he declared, "keeps one in mind of America's struggle for fair play, while the 'wyk' is Dutch. And there can be no better combination than American and Dutch!"

One of the first people to get in Teawyk on the morning of July 4th, 1777, was Hans Pynroot, the orphan grandson of the Patron. Before the sun had risen he was up and dressed; he had important plans for the day. Only stopping to get a bite of something to eat, he went outdoors and along the village street till he came to the home of his friend, Ephraim Kiddler. There he stopped and threw

and talked with the wounded man, who said he was Karl Schlen, a sergeant of Hessian grenadiers. The prisoners were taken into the house to have something to eat, and Hans went with them. He promised to meet the other boys after breakfast and go for the powder and arrange about the sham battle. It was now so late that the battle could not come off before afternoon.

At first Fritz was too hungry to find time for words, but after a few minutes he talked with Hans, who had taken a seat beside him at the table.

"I'm tired of being a soldier here in America where I don't care who wins," "Leave the army and settle in Teawyk, and be Americans," said Hans.

"That's impossible. We are soldiers—my father and I—and we won't desert. If we could pay our colonel he might discharge us; but we have no money."

"How much would you need?"

"Much more than we have; one saves nothing from the pay, it's so small. Yet, after all, we would not need so very much; for father's wound is so bad that I do not think he could ever be a soldier again, and I am only a drummer. I believe the colonel would discharge us if he was paid twenty-five dollars—that's about four pounds, English money."

"Are you sure your father and mother would like to settle here in America?"

"Quite sure," answered Fritz.

Soon afterward Hans met Ephraim Kiddler and the other—as he had promised. He told them of his talk with Fritz Schlon.

"I spoke to grandfather and told him I would like to raise that money, and that I know you boys would help. You know what trouble he has with the farm work, now that so many men are going off to join the army. Well, he said there is a lot of hay out in the fields, and he's afraid it will be damaged by rain; and he offered if we boys will go to work and put that hay into stacks, to pay us three pounds. Of course, that's more than he would give if he didn't know what we were going to do with the money."

# Women's Realm

**Jaunty White Coats.**  
Jaunty little coats of white serge and of white Panama, made in refter, sack or close-fitting form and strictly tailored, are valuable additions to the girl's wardrobe, and a tailored linen coat of the same description is a desirable thing with this morning frock.

The fashionable tailored coat has a coat sleeve of only moderate fullness and with no extreme features, but the dressy wraps show large picturesque draped sleeves, in most instances varying but little from last season, or, as is the case with a majority of the full length wraps, falling in with the body fullness so as to be hardly separable from the body of the coat.—Newark Advertiser.

**Fountain Pens to Fore.**  
Fountain pens will be much worn this year—not the cheap grades which did much to kill the popularity of these scribes last season, but an expensive and wholly charming quality called fountain pen. It is difficult to distinguish this much-talked-of fountain pen from the old fountain, except in the matter of design and a certain patois quality. There is no sign in the new styles of the old conventional scroll patterns, always associated with this material. These have been superseded by tiny checks and pin line stripes, the latter scarcely more than their own width apart, so that the general appearance is that of a solid color.

All the best couturiers are making up their fountain pens and radiums very simply and softly. The skirts on the dressy gowns are in many attractive instances laid in tiny stitched tucks, while at the hem the favorite ornamentation is waved Valenciennes frills set on with narrow strappings of the silk. In delicate colorings, several of these radium frocks are serviceable additions to the summer trousseau.—Indianapolis News.

**Lingerie Waists.**  
A waist "pattern"—that is, the material in its proper sections, is a very simple matter, though those who know nothing of the dressmaking may be at a loss to portion out the linen. The following very elementary suggestions will make it possible for a novice to prepare the pattern for the dressmaker. The waist requires three yards of linen one yard wide. Cut twenty-nine inches for the front, twenty-two for the back breadths (one width makes the two backs), twenty-two inches for each sleeve. This leaves a piece from which can be cut a three-inch strip for the collar and two pieces nine by eleven and one-half inches for the deep cuffs. Care should be taken not to set the design on the front too high up; one does not realize how much goes into the shoulder or how deep the neck must be cut out; an ample allowance must be made. On a hand-embroidered waist the tucking should be done by hand. A combination of machine tucks and hand embroidery is never happy. Hemstitched tucks are pretty, as in our examples of the coarser linen waist, and the one with the peacock design.—Harper's Weekly.

**English Wedding Vels.**  
The English have much sentiment about wedding vels, and that worn by Lady Shrewsbury, who at thirty-six was a grandmother, was also worn by her three daughters, Muriel Lady Helmsley, Lady Gwendolen Little and Lady Londonderry, and by two granddaughters, Mrs. Gervase Beckett and Lady Helen Satoriale. The latter bride also had in her wedding bouquet a bit of myrtle grown from a slip that in 1875 had formed a part of Lady Londonderry's bridal bouquet, and which was planted immediately afterward. Lady Lou-Helen was married in 1902, or twenty-seven years from the date of the planting of the original sprig. The Jerseys have an exquisite lace veil worn by the celebrated Sarah Lady Jersey in 1804, and this, just 100 years later, in 1904, adorned Lady Dunsany, daughter of the present Lord and Lady Jersey. The Hon. Mrs. Benjamin Balfour wore a wedding veil that had also been worn by her grandmother, Lady Northwick, and her mother, Lady Edward Churchill. Miss Olive Van der Meulen, now Mrs. Thorold, wore at her wedding a lace veil formerly the property of former Queen Isabella of Spain.—New York Times.

**The American Girl.**  
Marte Corelli has made another attack upon the vulgarity of wealth and society in a series of essays just printed, which she calls "Free Thoughts." She also has a "Free Thoughts" on the American woman. Miss Corelli does not altogether admire the American woman, but she holds that they are popular in England because they make themselves popular. Miss Corelli says:

"As to the American girl, she is all there." She can take the measure of a man in about ten minutes, and classify him as though he were a botanical specimen. She realizes all his limitations, his fads—and she has the uncommonly good sense not to expect much of him. She would not "take any" on the lily maid of Astolat, the Fair Elaine, who spent her time in polishing the shield of Lancelot, and who finally died of love for that most immortal, but fascinating knight of the round table. No, she would not polish a shield, you bet. She would make Lancelot polish it himself for all he was worth, and polish her own dear little boots and shoes for her into the bargain. That is one of the secrets—masterfulness—or, let us say, queenliness, which sounds better. The lord of creation can do nothing in the way of ordering her about, because, as the lady of creation, she expects to order him about—and she does."—London Correspondence Globe-Democrat.

**Well Dressed Woman.**  
Pockets being as inaccessible as ever, every well dressed woman carries a hand bag—a reticule, or, as it is here called, a ridicule. These useful little articles are to be had in all kinds of materials, from gold and silver to

leather or silk. Some quaint hand bags are made in cut steel or jet, and in various brocades, the pattern being darned into the material with gold or silver thread, and set with stones. The reticule has a long ancestry, being descended from the little net carried by Roman ladies and called reticulum.

Mittens are to be much worn this year, and now that long sleeves have been ousted by long gloves, mittens will be acceptable. To many, and more especially to the possessors of pretty hands and costly rings, the mitten will be welcome, indeed. Few realize what a delicate and difficult task is the construction of the mitten, the fit of a mitten being so important, far more important even than the fit of a glove. Mittens will be made of the finest lace, the costliest specimens being chosen. Imitations in every shape or form will be rigorously tabooed.

In jewelry the most unlikely stones are now used in conjunction. It is quite usual to see a sapphire framed in rubies or even a combination in rubies and emeralds. In fact, stones of every possible color are now blended, and it is not an uncommon sight to see as many as four or five different stones in a single setting—and with charming results.

**Children Should Have Loose Clothes.**  
Children should never wear tight shoes, bands, collars, garters or gloves. Tight clothing injures any part of the body, but most especially the chest. It prevents the proper expansion of the lungs and, while there are millions of air cells in our lungs, we need the use of every one of them to keep the blood pure. Pressure on muscles cripples or prevents their action and unused muscles grow weak and atrophy, so that the act of respiration, which is carried on by the chest muscles, grows more and more shallow. Tight clothing may cause compression of the soft, bony chest wall of the child, thus mechanically preventing the air from entering the lungs. The larger our lungs and the more we breathe, other things being equal, the longer we will live and the more power and vigor we will have. When we remember how the breathing affects the whole life it is easy to understand how constriction of the chest always brings ill health. Constriction of the chest also interferes with the action of the stomach, heart and liver. A baby's waistband may be so tight that it cannot retain sufficient food on its stomach, and the mother wonders why it grows thinner and thinner.

Tight clothes interfere with the circulation of the blood, and equilibrium of the circulation is necessary to the proper development of the child. With reference to the equilibrium of the circulation, the distribution of the clothing on the body is very important. As a usual thing the parts of the body—the extremities—needing the most protection, receive the least, and the parts containing the vital organs, where the circulation is always active, are too heavily clothed. Babies especially are often found clothed in this manner. By using the one-piece garment, the body can be more evenly clothed. The child's head should be protected from cold in winter and from the hot sun in summer, but children take cold easily if the head is kept too warm.—Boston Traveller.

**FASHIONS OF THE DAY**

Serge seems to be the favorite material for tailor suits.

Pink and blue combinations are reminiscent of Watteau.

Soft, supple cloth is in great favor for reception dresses.

Shaded roses and shaded straw—everything shaded, except feathers, is good.

Short coats are being worn by all the smartest women, as a relief from the long jacket.

Brussels collar and cuff sets are competing with Irish crochet—they're about the same price.

Chemisettes are very popular with almost every sort of dress. The prettiest are made of embroidered muslins.

There is quite a decided fancy at present for the princess gown, both for afternoon gowns and for some of the loveliest of the evening gowns.

Hats are all more or less tip-tilted, and are perched on the head with an effect at coquetry that the flat hats of last summer could never achieve.

For theatre wear, lace bodices and coats, and even dresses, are wonderfully popular. Irish point, combined with sheer embroidery and with Valenciennes lace, is made up over silk of the softest, palest shades.

A new shade of green is being received enthusiastically by the Parisiennes—called almond green. It is seen in a number of tints, from a very pale one to a deep, rich shade, which comes out beautifully in cloth.

Collar and cuff sets get more fascinating—and deeper—every day. Blind and open embroidery, heavy and light laces, all play important parts in their making, and bits of exquisite Japanese drawn work are introduced in some of the prettiest.

The Judgment of the Lords.  
There is no end to the stories of Lord Young. A decision of the venerable Judge had found its way on appeal to the House of Lords, and was there upheld. A fellow-bencher of the Middle Temple remarked to Lord Young: "I see that judgment of yours" (naming the case) "has been affirmed by the House of Lords." "It may be right, for that," dryly replied the judge, in his broadest Dorset.—Westminster Gazette.

The French Government employs 17,148 people in its state tobacco factories.

# NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—The fancy blouses and waists in demand and each new one is certain to find a place. Illustrated below is



an exceedingly attractive model, which is adapted both to the costume and to the odd waist and which is susceptible of variations, which make it practically two in one. As illustrated it is made high at the neck, with long sleeves, but it can be made with slightly open square neck and elbow sleeves, as shown in the small view, so becoming adapted to evening wear. All the pretty soft muslins of the season that shire with such success are appropriate, the design being suited to silk, to light weight wool, to net and to lace, but in the case of the illustration it is made of fancy louisine, trimmed with

**Thin Braids.**  
Fine, thin braids are a marked characteristic of the season. The braids are made of horsehair or straw. Sometimes the two are combined. For the benefit of women with last year's hats of Tuscan braid, which can be re-waxed, let it be said that that braid makes up some of the handsomest new models. Fine chip and Milan braid are also much used, and coarse satin straws.

**Making Skirts.**  
Several hints regarding the making of skirts were announced by a competent authority at a recent dressmakers' convention. This authority gives the following advice: "Make your skirt of anything, no matter what. Cut it off so that it clears the street, but don't make it too short. Now trim it with ruffles to make it look dressy. You will have a handsome skirt no matter what your material may be, taffeta, foulard, Japanese silk, voile or canvas."

**Shirt Waist Called "Buster Brown."**  
The blouse that can be worn either over or under the skirt makes one of the latest decrees of fashion and is

## A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



tucking of plain silk and banding of lace edged with narrower bands of silk and held by ornamental buttons.

The waist is made over a smoothly fitted foundation, which serves to keep the shirings in place and itself consists of fronts and back. The lining is closed at the centre front, the waist pleated at the left, the closing being effectually concealed by the fullness. The lines of the back are peculiarly desirable, the tucks being stitched with corded silk, from shoulder to waist line, so giving tapering lines to the figure, while the front is soft and full, blousing becomingly over the wide belt.

The sleeves are among the very latest and are shirred lengthwise at the centre, from the shoulders to the upper edges of the cuffs, and are cut off at that point and finished with the frills when made short.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one, three and one-half yards twenty-two, and three and one-half yards twenty-three.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one, four and one-half yards twenty-seven or three and one-eighth yards forty four inches wide, with seven-eighth yard eighteen inches wide, to trim as illustrated.

**The Shoes.**  
About the only part of the costume that does not have to match is the shoes. Colored kid is not yet fashionable, although the colored pat is an old story. The new models in shoes are rather odd, and women with extra high insteps will find some difficulty in being suited. The vamps of the new shoes seem to be extraordinarily long. Extension soles are seen on many walking shoes, and the swing sole, which came in a year ago, is on hand again, very much exaggerated.

**The Sailor Hat.**  
The fashionable sailor has a flat brim and a wide crown. In some models the ribbon which encircles the crown catches up with the brim on

seven or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.



Built in 1713. The rampant lion and unicorn of England still adorn the gable overhead.

some pebbles up at a bedroom window.

"Dress and come down," he said, when Ephraim came to the window. "Last night grandfather gave me a whole pound, twenty silver shillings, to spend to-day; and I want to go over to Poughkeepsie to buy some powder; I've thought of something to do. You know it's just a year ago since the Independence was declared; and grandfather says that to-day we ought to show our joy."

In a few minutes Ephraim was ready and had joined Hans. "We can take the path through the woods to Poughkeepsie," he said; "that way it's only four miles."

As they went on through the village they picked up some other boys; there were Anthony Hammler and Caleb Holt, and several more. In a little while they left the road, and turned into the woods, following an old path. Hans unfolded his plans.

"I think it would be a good idea to have a sham battle," he said. "I've seen the soldiers do that in New York. We'll have a fight between the Americans and the English. We'll get what muskets we can in the village, and load them with the powder we going for now—I've got plenty of money to buy it with. In the battle I'll be General Washington."

Just then the boys were startled by a loud noise that resounded through the woods. It was not far away.

They moved stealthily nearer, and this is what they saw: a boy boating a drum was sitting on the branch of an evergreen about eight feet from the ground; at the foot of the tree was an old bear with two cubs. As a rule bears with cubs are quick-tempered toward intruders; but this one seemed so amazed at the sound of the drum that she hesitated about climbing the evergreen. The boy was evidently greatly frightened, and pounded on the drum with desperate vigor; he was dressed in the uniform of a Hessian grenadier.

While the American boys crouched there, peering through the bushes, one of them snatched a twig under his foot. The old bear turned and saw them; fearing mischief to the cubs, she gave a peculiar whine, and to the boys' re-

moment. "Because my father is back there in the woods at a little camp we made. Four days ago he and I and other soldiers were sent up the river in boats to forage. When we landed there was a skirmish, and my father was shot in the foot. It was in the woods, and while I was bandaging his wound, the other soldiers went off and left us. Since then we've been hiding. All we've had to eat is a rabbit he shot; and now he's weak for want of food, as well as wounded."

"Here's a bun that I had in my pocket; take it and eat it," said Anthony, who was a fat boy with a constant dread of being hungry.

The others felt the same sympathy which Anthony had expressed in such a practical way. Hans voiced the general feeling when he said, "Take us to where you left your father. We'll help him back to Teawyk, where he'll be properly cared for."

Fritz saw that this was the only thing for him to do. "Very well," he said; "we surrender to you as prisoners of war."

They turned and went back some distance on the path; then Fritz led them into the thick woods. Suddenly a man started up from the bushes in front of them. He held a gun in his hands, and called out to the boys to surrender or he would shoot. His uniform and stern looks and threatening words made him seem a formidable person to the boys, and they halted, not knowing what to say. Fritz came to the rescue.

"Wait, father," he said. "I've already surrendered—for both of us."

The Hessian dropped the stock of his musket to the ground. "Well, Fritz is in command, now that I'm on the sick list; and if he has surrendered, why, we're prisoners—that's all. Here are our arms," and he offered the gun to Hans. When he moved they saw that he limped badly, and that one foot was done up in a rough bandage.

The boys held a consultation, and it was decided to return at once to Teawyk. The grenadier put one hand on Fritz's shoulder and one on Ephraim's, and so got along pretty well as they walked back to the village. Going to the Pynroot house, they found the old Patron at breakfast. He came out

Washington's account rendered to Congress of his expenses as Commander-in-Chief was about \$74,480. He declined to receive any compensation for his services.

Anthony and some of the others could not help looking sorry when they heard that the sham battle was given up. But that did not last long, and they soon hurried off to get as many recruits as possible to help in the new scheme.

By ten o'clock twenty boys were at work in the hayfield. It seemed more like play than work, for they had made themselves into a company of soldiers for the day, with Hans Pynroot as captain, and with two lieutenants. They marched against the windrows of hay as if they were ranks of hostile troops, and captured them and tossed them upon the stacks as if each stack was a prison. In the meantime, Fritz—who did not look strong enough to take a more active part—was perched on top of a haystack, pounding on his drum to encourage these soldiers that were striving for his and his father's liberty.

The mothers and sisters of the boys came and looked on, and at noon, that there might be no delay, they brought baskets of lunch and cold drinks for the workers. Some of the men, who had intended to take a holiday, got so interested that they turned in and helped, and really a great deal of work was done. Claus Pynroot, the old Patron, who was there looking on, wearing his best gold-laced cocked hat in honor of the day, declared that he was contributing nothing, since more than three pounds' worth of work was being done. Altogether it was an occasion long to be remembered in Teawyk.

The next day Carl Schlon was given the four pounds with which to buy his and Fritz's discharge, and his wound having been carefully dressed by the village surgeon, he was sent down the Hudson River in a sailboat to New York. A few days later he returned, his mission accomplished. With him was a smiling woman, who wept with joy as she saw Fritz come running to the bank to meet her.—The Independent.