

THE BELL THAT RANG IN LIBERTY



Beneath the banner of the free We gather to our nation's breast The pilgrim and the refugee By cruel destiny oppressed.

Jonathan Crabshaw's Glorious Fourth

By S.E. Kiser

O, SIR," said Jonathan Crabshaw, "I ain't got any money to waste in any such way. If the rest of the people of this town want to make fools of themselves, that's their business. Let 'em go ahead and do it, but you needn't expect me to put a cent in this fund you're raisin'."

"But don't you see," said Thomas Spurgeon, "that we can't afford to let Greenville get ahead of Paddington in this matter? Since the old-fashioned way of celebrating the Fourth has been done away with every town that amounts to anything has a general display which is for the benefit of everybody. By stopping the sale of dangerous explosives and all that sort of thing we can have a day of comfort and safety; but we owe something to the youngsters, so we propose to have a fine exhibition of fireworks in the evening. It will be in charge of men who know how to handle such things, and you can readily see that it will be much bigger and more thrilling than it would be if everybody celebrated in his own way. Besides, there will be no chance for the boys to lose their fingers or have their eyes put out. The people of Greenville have been boasting that they beat our town in everything, and we want to show them for once that they can't do it. Don't you feel that you can afford to contribute a couple of dollars?"

"No, I wouldn't contribute a couple of cents for any such foolishness. I tell you it's all poppycock. It's nothin' more nor less than burnin' money up. What's the use teachin' the kids that they're to expect something every time we prevent 'em from actin' like a lot of crazy young savages. I'm glad the shootin' has been stopped. I wish they'd stop everything—fireworks and all. Them's my sentiments, and that's all I've got to say."

It was on the following day that Jonathan Crabshaw's wife received a letter from their son in the city. "Jonathan," she said when he came in from the garden, "William's wife's got to go to the hospital."

"That's just like them city women," he grumbled. "They're always goin' to hospitals. If William had married a girl from the country he'd be a blamed sight better off than he is. Why is he writin' to us about her goin' to the hospital, anyhow? I s'pose he's hard up and wants money, eh?"

"I'm afraid your heart's hardened, ma," Mrs. Crabshaw replied. "What's the use feelin' so bitter? William's the only child we've got, and if his wife ain't our kind that's no reason why we should treat him as if he was our worst enemy. I s'pose he thought it would be different when he married her. Now she's got the appendicitis and there's no knowin' what may happen. He wants to send little Henry

housework and get along upon the barest necessities. He had driven his son away from home and then blamed him for not returning, humble and penitent. Most of his time was spent in his garden. It was the only thing he seemed to care for.

Having given his wife orders to write that they had no place for their grandchild, the old man took it for granted that the matter was settled and walked out of the house.

It was on the second of July that Jonathan Crabshaw, who was busy in his garden, heard the hinges of the gate squeaking. He looked up and saw a little boy who had just stepped inside. No little boy had ever entered there before. Jonathan Crabshaw's garden was forbidden territory. Even his wife was afraid to go into it.

The little boy stood for awhile, looking at the "hard" old man who was half leaning upon his hoe.

"Well," the old man asked, "what do you want here?"

"I want to come in and help you," the little boy replied.

"Get out!"

"Are you my grandpa?"

"Your grandpa? What do you mean?"

"I'm Henry. Grandma told me you was out here all alone."

Jonathan Crabshaw dropped his hoe and began rubbing the dirt from his hands.

"How did you get here?" he asked.

"I came all by myself on the train," the little boy said. "My papa put me in the car and grandma was waiting for me when I got here. My mamma is very sick."

There was a big apple tree in one corner of the garden, near the gate. Under it was a seat which Jonathan Crabshaw had made for himself. He went to it and sat down.

"Come here," he said.

The little boy went to him and leaned upon his knee.

The old man had a "hard" look, but in spite of that the little boy bore a strong resemblance to him.

"So your name's Henry, is it?"

"Yes. And your name's grandpa, isn't it?"

The "hard" look seemed to fade out of Jonathan Crabshaw's face.

"Well," he said with something that was almost a smile, "that ain't exactly my name, but you can call me it."

"Are You My Grandpa?"

You've got another grandpa, though, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I don't think I like him as well as I like you."

"Why not?"

"He hasn't any nice garden like this, and he never sat under a nice big tree like this alone with me. Why doesn't grandma come out here with us?"

"I—I don't know. Maybe we will have her come out here with us some time."

"Grandpa, do you know what?"

"No. What?"

"Day after tomorrow's the Fourth of July."

"Good gracious! Is it?"

"Yes. You have the Fourth of July here, don't you?"

"Of course we do."

"And fireworks?"

"Fireworks? Um, yes, we have fireworks here, too."

"Goody! We'll have some, won't we?"

"Certainly. And your name's Henry?"

"But that's only part of it."

"Oh! What's the rest of it?"

"My name is Jonathan Henry Crabshaw."

A rough old hand was laid gently upon the little boy's head.

"How would you like it if I called you Jonathan instead of Henry?"

"I'd like it. That's what papa always calls me when I do anything that makes him glad."

Jonathan Crabshaw's contribution to the celebration fund made it possible for Paddington to "put it all over" Greenville in the matter of Fourth of July fireworks. When the old man and his wife and their little boy got home after witnessing the splendid display Mr. Crabshaw said:

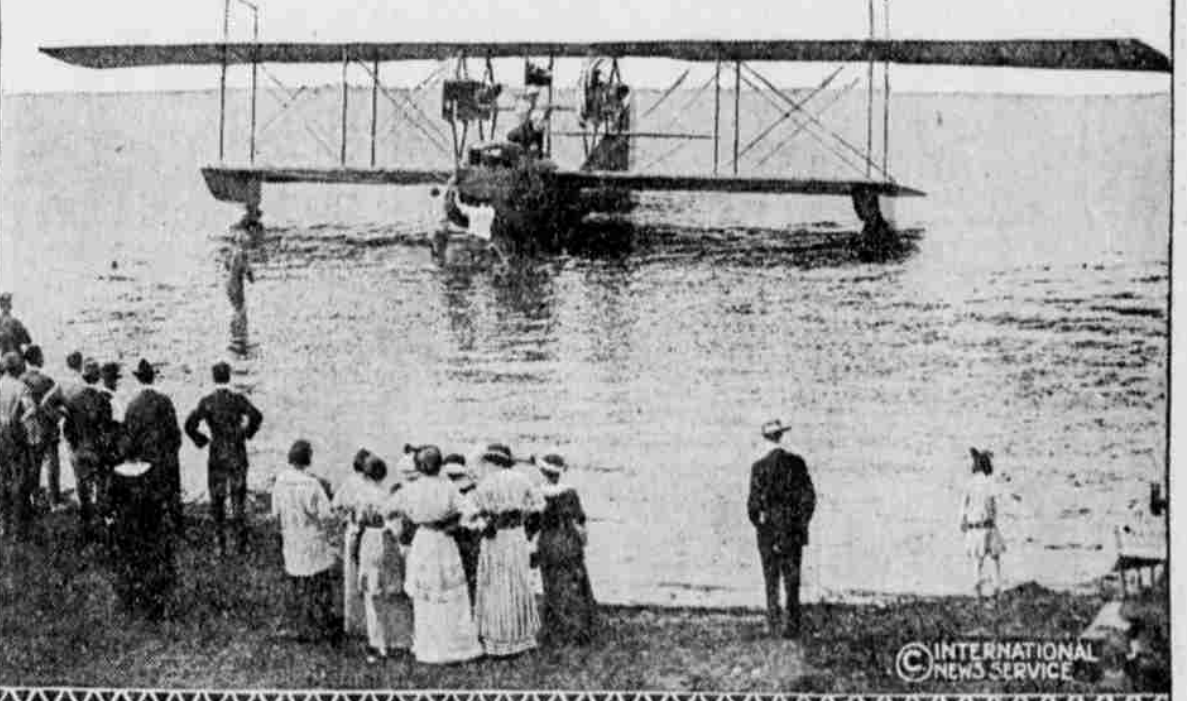
"Mother, I never really knew before what the Fourth of July was for. Ain't it been a glorious day all around?"

ROOSEVELT-WILLARD WEDDING PARTY AT MADRID



The first photograph of the Roosevelt-Willard wedding party, showing the bride, the groom, the groom's father and the bridesmaids who attended the beautiful Belle Willard, daughter of the United States ambassador to Spain, at her wedding to Kermit Roosevelt, son of Col. Theodore Roosevelt. The groom is at the right, with arms behind him. The bride is seated at the right. Colonel Roosevelt is standing almost directly behind her.

FLYING BOAT AMERICA STANDS TESTS WELL



The Wanamaker-Curtiss hydroaeroplane America, built for the transatlantic flight and here shown immediately after its launching at Hammondsport, N. Y., is being given severe tests and is proving most satisfactory to Lieutenant Porte, its pilot.

FIGURES IN STAMFORD TRAGEDY



Mrs. Helen M. Angle, the beautiful widow of Stamford, Conn., and Waldo R. Ballou, her elderly admirer, who was found lifeless, with his skull crushed, on the sidewalk in front of the woman's apartments. Mrs. Angle said Ballou was calling on her and was intoxicated; that he fell down the stairs and she, in a panic, dragged his body out to the street.

MRS. WILLIAM B. LEEDS



Mrs. William B. Leeds' Grosvenor Square town house is being put in readiness for the most lavish entertainments which London has witnessed. The widow of the millionaire tin-plate king has forsaken America in order to bring up her son as an English gentleman.

MRS. GEORGE T. MARYE



Mrs. Marye is the wife of the new ambassador to Russia.

BOY'S POOR FOURTH

For Various Reasons Bobby Didn't Enjoy Day That Is Meant to Be Enjoyed.

Declaration of Independence and Tea Played a Part Last Year, But This Year Youngster Has Determined to Make Another Declaration.

JULY 3, 11:20 p. m.—Long past bedtime, and I'm awful sleepy. Asked Aunt Jane long ago if I couldn't go to bed, so as to be up early on the Fourth, but Uncle Habakkuk he just raised his eyebrows, and Aunt Jane she said: "Pretty soon, Bobby; keep awake a while longer, dearie; then you can sleep right through until breakfast time, and the unseemly sounds which erroneously are linked with the birth of our Independence"—this is a regular Aunt Jane talk, this—"will not disturb your rest." Hope they give me some crackers tomorrow. They will, I guess—not. What did pop send me up here for, anyway?

July 4, 8:20 a. m.—Darn it! Slept right through till breakfast time, just as Aunt Jane said I would. Looked out the window and saw Uncle Habakkuk. He was calling a boy down for bring off a cap pistol just outside the gate. I can see myself getting crackers out of him!

8:35 a. m.—What's this coming? Aunt Jane just knocked on my door and said it was high time we were celebrating. Maybe they've got some fireworks for me, after all; a few packs of those unseemly sounds which are those-what-d'yer-call-it linked with the birth of our independence would come in mighty handy now. Told Aunt Jane I'd be down in a second.

8:45 a. m.—Well, we've been celebrating all right. We'd begin the day, Aunt Jane said, with patriotic songs, and we went in the parlor and Aunt Jane sat down at the melodeon—pop says he remembers that melodeon when he was a boy. Aunt Jane sang "America," she and Uncle Habakkuk chimed in "The Star Spangled Banner," and then they made me sing that crazy song in our school book, how can I serve—my country—? Is it by taking—sword in—h—hand? I could see a crowd gathering outside the fence, and somebody threw a lighted cannon cracker on the porch. Oh, it blew six branches off the hon-orable cracker and made an awful unseemly sound.

9:15 a. m.—Breakfast. After it was over, Uncle Habakkuk kept me half an hour at the table while he talked about William Pitt's part in parliament's repeal of the hated stamp act. 10 a. m.—Out on the front lawn. Uncle Habakkuk read the Declaration of Independence to Aunt Jane and me, and Aunt Jane told me how once, when she was a girl, she went to Faneuil Hall, Philadelphia, and saw the very man that Benjamin Hancock wrote with when he wrote the words: "The infernal! The Union must be preserved!"

10:30 a. m.—Some boys down the street set off four packs of giant crackers in an old tin washbowl. Uncle Habakkuk saw me looking at them, so he said: "Bobby, come in the house with me, I've something I want to show you."

1,605,443 1/2 fingers blown off by celebrations, 863,401 eyes blackened, 3,300,062 eardrums ruined, and do you think, Bobby, in the face of these eloquent facts, it is wise to encourage boys in such—er—pernicious folly? No, sir; I—I guess not, sir. Sensible lad! I thought you would agree with me!

12:30 p. m.—Lunch; somehow I hadn't much of an appetite. When Aunt Jane said I should take a nap immediately after eating, I had legs.

4:25 p. m.—Well, I've had my nap. Once, when I was awful sick, they gave me something or other to make me sleep. Wish I had some here. I'd take a pound of it. Say, but this is a glorious Fourth.

5:30 p. m.—What do you s'pose I found when I got downstairs again? Three sticks of punk and a box of safety matches. Aunt Jane said she'd talked it over with Uncle Habakkuk, and she didn't think that a boy, brought up as I had been, should be deprived entirely of the amusements he had been used to—this is more of Aunt Jane kind of talk—so Uncle Habakkuk got the punk and the matches. Yes, and I've been sitting on the porch lighting matches with punk and punk with matches for over an hour. Maybe tonight, if I behave myself real well, and don't make unseemly sounds, Uncle Habakkuk 'll let me throw his cigar stump in the gutter and play it's a cannon cracker or a roman candle.

6:15 p. m.—Aunt Jane says we won't have tea tonight—only a bite on the porch—out of respect for the patriots who refused to drink it at the time of the Boston tea caddy.

7:05 p. m.—Asked Uncle Habakkuk and Aunt Jane if I couldn't go to the town park and see the rockets. They said no; I might be hit by a stick. Ain't it the limit?

8 p. m.—Well, we've had our bite, and we've been singing, "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," in the parlor. Felt like cheering. I did.

8:50 p. m.—Aunt Jane read the Declaration of Independence. Her eyesight's bad and there was something matter with the lamp, so it took her 'most an hour to read it. Uncle Habakkuk's asleep in the shiny black armchair, making unseemly sounds with his nose. I can hear a whole lot of unseemly sounds down at the town park—bully ones.

9:15 p. m.—In bed. I sneaked there by myself. Uncle's asleep yet. So's aunt. The parlor lamp went out ten minutes ago. Next time pop wants me to come up here for the Fourth, I'll read a Declaration of Independence and beat Benjamin Hancock's declaration all to toothpicks!—Puck.

SAFE, SANE AND NOISELESS.



Oh, see the girl the flag unfurl! The band plays "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Look out! that bomb will jar things some. No? Shucks! It's only filled with candy.



"No, I Wouldn't Contribute a Couple of Cents for Any Such Foolishness."

down here to stay with us for a week or two.

"Oh, that's what he wants, is it? It's a wonder he feels like trustin' him with us. Here he is, nearly ten years old, and we ain't never seen him. And they named him after her pa, too, when, by rights, he ought to be named after me. Write back and tell 'em to keep him there. I don't want no boy around here—specially no city boy."

Mrs. Crabshaw looked at her husband for a long time. He was generally considered a "hard" man. Everybody knew that he had plenty of money, but no one ever saw him spend any of it. His wife, who was growing feeble, was compelled to do her own

A WARNING.

On the Fourth, Little Tom and his chum started out to make everything hum; He gave to the cap Of the cartridge a rap And now he is minus a thumb.

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ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN

Radcliffe college has a female fire department. New York is to have 50 automobile inspectors.

Miss Eva Reichardt is the only woman official in Arkansas. The average woman lives two years longer than the average man.

THE ORANGE

It's good. It has a past. It came from Asia. Portugal first took it up. Then it spread to other countries. In some parts of Italy it is called after Portugal.

Late Signers of Declaration.

The six men who were not members of congress at the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, but were elected later and agreed to sign were Benjamin Rush, George Taylor, James Wilson, George Clymer and Matthew Lyon. Of the original 50 members, however, there were five who did not sign on the 2nd of August, George Mifflin, Richard Henry Lee, Elbridge Gerry, Oliver Wolcott and Thomas Mifflin. There were two other men,

