

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM



POLLIKINS Dear: So you want to know how I spent the glorious Fourth? Was I sane and sedate, composing myself in a manner befitting a brand-new college graduate, or did I run off and romp with Brother Tom's kiddies, as usual, forgetting all my recently acquired dignity? Alas, my dear! I must confess that my Fourth was far from sane, and that instead of recovering my sanity I've—But there, my studies in prose style should teach me better than to jump at the conclusion of my story like that! I'll begin at the beginning.

It was Independence day. The sun was shining in newly awakened splendor, when the casual observer might have discerned a solitary female form gracefully scaling the stone wall between the luxuriant back garden of the Hendersons and the ditto ditto of the Bartletts—Tom and his family are staying with her mother, you know, next door.

This feat accomplished, our heroine (that's me!) proceeded up the Bartlett lawn, collecting dewdrops on her trailing cheesecloth draperies and, incidentally, getting her new white shoes deplorably damp. Her slender form was draped also in a large American flag, and her raven curls were surmounted by a fillet of silver stars. This Goddess of Liberty effect was the result of a promise to "dress up" for the two adoring and adorable nephews, Bert and Bob. Arrived beneath the window of the room usually occupied by the nephews, the Goddess of Liberty proceeds to the time-honored ceremony of saluting them; this she does by setting off ten packs of small firecrackers, followed by a "sock dolager" of a big one. No joyful exclamations follow. Aunt Peggy is frankly puzzled; clearly, the boys are oversleeping, and she bursts into song, rendering the "Star-spangled Banner" with dramatic effect, marred only by a breathless squeak



Gracefully Scaling the Stone Wall.

on the final "Land of the free." Still no Bob and Bert. Our heroine shies a bit of turf at the window, with a command, "Wake up, lazybones!" and as the window sash begins to creak responsibly she begins to carol "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!" at the top of her very healthy lungs, for Aunt Peggy has no foolish dignity when it's a question of amusing the kiddies. At last the window opens wide and, looking up, she sees—

Polly, what do you think? Instead of two little white nighties and two tousled curly heads, there was a man! A strange young man, my dear; blonde, blue-eyed, immaculate in a beautiful duck suit and gazing at me with what seemed to be mild horror, mixed with amusement, as though I were an escaped lunatic. I felt like one, I assure you, all the more so because he was awfully good-looking and well groomed and correct; and I

couldn't imagine who he could be. However, it seemed to be up to me to do something, so I drew myself to my commanding height of five feet four inches and begged his pardon for disturbing him, explaining that my little nephews usually occupied that room, and that they were expecting me over to celebrate the Fourth with them—but it all sounded like perfect nonsense. Just then, to my mingled relief and annoyance, Tom appeared at the window, too, with a fiendish grin, as he sized up the situation and my costume.

"Been serenading you, has she, Archie?" he asked affably, while I boiled with helpless rage. "You mustn't mind it, old man; it's the day we celebrate, you know, and our patriotism still runs so high that even the girls seek out peaceable English visitors and taunt them with our independence. Quite the usual thing." Then, as "Archie" and I preserved a helpless silence, Tom sobered down and introduced us in proper style, and as soon as I heard the name I remembered that Archie Vane was Tom's chum in London, when he was over there setting up some machinery. He had just landed and Tom, running across him in New York the night before, had insisted on his coming home with him to spend the Fourth—all natural enough when Tom explained it. So there I'd been bearding the British lion in his den with militant American noises on the anniversary of a day ignored by all good Englishmen; and here was the British lion looking at me with his ingenuous blue eyes as if he was trying to decide whether I'd bite or not.

"I warn you," Tom added, in his tactful little way, "that Peggy is a rabidly patriotic person, so I wouldn't advise you to start any discussions on international issues. This Columbia getup is quite in character, so beware!" Alice and the boys came out on the porch just then and wanted me to stay to breakfast; but of course I declined with dignity and went home—via the front gate, however, instead of the garden wall. When I turned to latch it that Englishman was still looking at me in a dazed sort of way.

The plot thickens. After breakfast my beloved kiddies rushed over to beg me to go with them on the usual family picnic to the pine grove, and I hadn't the heart to disappoint them. I wore my most sensible clothes, and I tried hard to be haughty and distant to Mr. Vane; but he kept developing such nice qualities that somehow I couldn't keep it up, especially as he ignored my crazy performance of the morning so successfully. He was a



Tom Appeared at the Window, Too.

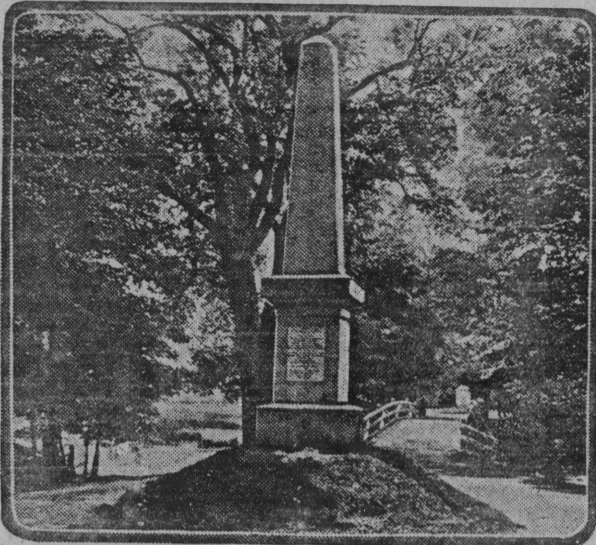
positive genius when it came to chasing cows, fixing hammocks, unpacking luncheon and all the regular picnic stunts. The boys adored him, and he was simply angelic to the old folks; and by the time we went home I couldn't scare up a resentful feeling.

Yes, Polly, I know; you needn't remind me of all the hateful things I've said about Englishmen and the times I've vowed I couldn't, and wouldn't care for one, not if he asked me on his bended knees. Yes, and I've demonstrated often that no one but an American man was a fit companion for an American girl. I've said heaps of perfectly ferocious things, and I suppose I meant every one of them. But that was before Archie—Polly, dear, do you know, he says it was all over with him from the first moment he saw me—and in that circus-parade rig! Isn't it absurd—and lovely! And, just think, it's only a week since we met, though we both agree that it seems like years. And you should see my ring—a quaint, old, old one, that belonged to his great-great-grandmother! And his people live in a lovely old Elizabethan house, in a regular Cranford town; and his mother's a dear little old-fashioned soul with side curls, and idolizes him. Please don't remind me of anything I ever said about effete tradition, will you, Polly? I'm not going to England yet awhile, though, for Archie's here indefinitely, to learn American business methods, in Tom's line of work. I really have a little spark of American pride, I guess, for I am glad he's only a younger son, with no title within reach, though I don't suppose I'd mind that, or anything else. Because, Polly dear, I'm not shouting the battle cry of freedom nowadays. Somehow it gets all mixed up with "Rule Britannia." Do come up with me soon and discuss the new Anglo-Saxon alliance with your bewildered but blissful PEGGY.

Patriotism.
"My father was wounded in the Spanish-American war and my grandfather lost an arm at Gettysburg."
"How did you get that scar on your chin?"
"Trying to tie a bunch of firecrackers to the tail of a bulldog."

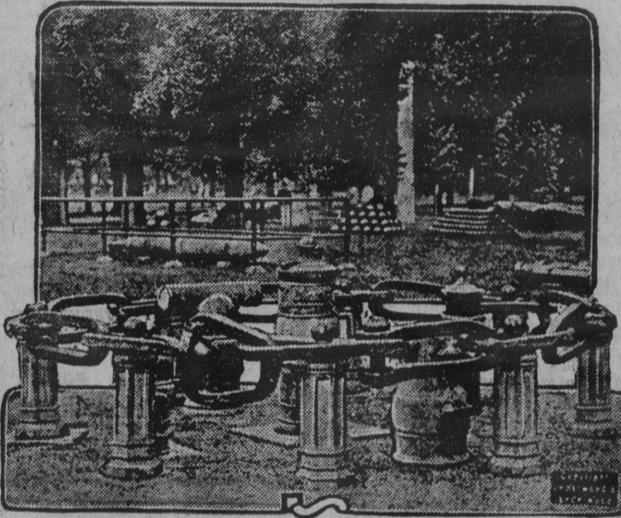
MEMORIALS OF THE REVOLUTION

Pictures of Places and Incidents That Figured in the Battle for American Freedom.



Monument, Bridge and Minute Man, Concord, Massachusetts.

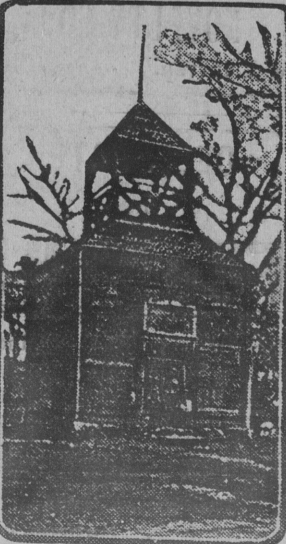
Here on the 19th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression. On the opposite bank stood the American militia. Here stood the invading army; and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the war of that revolution which gave independence to these United States.



Among the treasures preserved at Trophy Point, West Point, is a part of the massive iron chain which was thrown across the Hudson from the Point to Constitution Island in 1777 to prevent the British fleet from passing up the river and joining Burgoyne's army.



General John Burgoyne in August, 1777, found his communications with Canada cut off by the Americans, and on September 19 was worsted by General Gates at Stillwater. On October 7 he fought the battle of Saratoga and was decisively defeated, and ten days later surrendered to Gates with between 5,000 and 6,000 men.



Old Belfry, Lexington, Mass.



Parker Memorial Fountain, Lexington.

HIS RECORD WAS ALL RIGHT

Black Spots Wiped Out by His Firm Belief in a Noiseless Fourth.

"Before I consent to let you have my daughter," said the grim old gentleman, "there are some questions I would like to ask you. Are you quick-tempered?"
"Well, yes, to tell the truth, I'm afraid I am."
"Hm. Ever swear?"
"Sometimes, when I become very angry, I do."
"Smoke?"
"Yes, but I have never noticed that it injured me."
"Every drink intoxicating liquors?"
"I occasionally take a drink, but I'm not a slave to the habit, I assure you."
"Have you ever been in jail?"
"Once. I took some funds to which I had no right, but I did not do it deliberately, I assure you. It was the result of a misunderstanding."
"Yes. It generally is. How about your family? What kind of ancestors did you have?"
"Do you think it is fair to hold a man responsible for what his ancestors did?"
"Answer my question."
"Well, I can't say that my ancestors amounted to a great deal. My grandfather was—was—in short, he was hanged."
"You've never held a job anywhere very long, have you?"
"I can't say that I have."
"What was the highest salary you ever earned?"
"Nineteen dollars a week."
"Ever jump a board bill?"
"I wouldn't exactly call it that. I owe a lady for several months' board that I had three or four years ago, but I fully intend to pay her some day."
"Have you ever rocked a boat?"
"No, sir, never."
"Have you ever set off a firecracker under your grandmother's chair or been hurt while trying to make a racket on the Fourth of July?"
"No, sir. I believe in a noiseless Fourth."
"All right. You may have her. I'm glad to get you into our family."

MERIAM'S CORNER, CONCORD



Meriam's Corner, Concord, Mass., gained lasting fame in the early days of the Revolution because, according to the inscription on a tablet erected there, "the British troops retreating from the old North bridge were here attacked in flank by the men of Concord and neighboring towns and driven under a hot fire to Charlestown."

MUSIC FOR FOURTH OF JULY

"Yankee Doodle" Oldest of Our National Songs—Origins of the Other Three.

By the direction of congress regarding what are known as our four national songs. According to the report the oldest of these songs is "Yankee Doodle." It was sung 150 years ago and next to "Dixie" still is the most popular of our national melodies. There are 16 different theories as to how the song originated, but the most reliable information seems to point to the fact that the song was written by a British officer, brought to this country and first played by British bands, thereafter being appropriated by the colonists. The first printed version of the song is found in Walsh's collection of dance music, published in the year 1750. The most substantial song is "America," written by Rev. Samuel F. Smith, at Andover, Mass., in February, 1813, but this song was set to the music of "God Save the King." The "Star Spangled Banner," which was written by Francis Scott Key, while witnessing the bombardment of Fort M'Henry from a British man of war on which he was held prisoner, has in recent years been adopted as the national anthem and is now played on all patriotic occasions. By order of the government it is received in both army and navy circles with bared head.

A Pertinent Question.
"My people have lived in this country for five generations."
"And did you inherit from them your disinclination to pay taxes?"

Read it Again.
Read the Declaration of Independence through again. There may be some essential parts of it that you have forgotten.

The most fervent prayer may be made in silence and the most patriotic citizen may make little noise.

4TH OF JULY TRAGEDY

W. F. MARINER.



July First.



July Second.



July Third.



July Fourth.



July Fifth.



July Sixth.