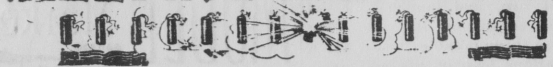


KEEPING THE FOURTH



It is curious, is it not?" said Eleanor, rolling up the long orange colored strip of her Afghan for the church fair, which was finished, and preparing to begin upon the blue—"it is curious how people have gotten out of the way of keeping the Fourth. They seem to look upon it as rather a bore in these days, and everybody who can tries to fly from the city and hide in some remote country place where there is not so much as the sound of a firecracker to be heard. People coddle themselves in these days, even in their patriotism." "Yes," answered Jean McDermot, to whom Eleanor had spoken, "times change and people change with them. When I was a child, the Fourth of July was the greatest day in the whole year. We looked forward to it as if it were Thanksgiving or Christmas, and for weeks beforehand all our plans and arrangements were made keeping the Fourth in view. Often we had family parties on that day, and its coming gave a sort of impulse to the whole town. Early in the morning of the Fourth we children would wake up to see the town brilliantly decorated with flags, gay scarfs of bunting twined around the pillars of public buildings, and evergreens forming archways across the streets. At dawn there would be the thunder of cannon from the forts outside of town—for you know my old home was not inland, but on the coast, and we had a fort quite near us, and another out on an island near the harbor. We were familiar in those days with soldiers and martial music the year round, but the Fourth of July brought a special air of jubilee with its coming. There were first the soft muffled thunder of the distant guns, and then nearer the steeples seemed fairly to rock in the exultant sound of the booming guns; and as for explosives of all kinds which children could manage, there was simply no end to the things and the fun."

"People didn't seem to mind noise so much then," said Eleanor. "Noise uses up our vitality now. There is so much more of it all the time, I suppose." "No, they didn't mind it then. They hadn't the way of giving up to their nerves so much. I often think that we make more fuss about nerves than is necessary. Grandmother was a very old lady, but she used to be up on the Fourth as soon as the youngest child in the house, and she took as much interest as any of us did in the celebration. You see it wasn't all noise. By 10 o'clock in the morning processions would be forming all over town. The militia assembled in their armories and came out on parade. The veterans walked with them, and a good many citizens formed into line and marched along behind the drums. The children followed on behind—all the different Sunday-schools with their banners—the little girls beautifully dressed in white with wide sashes of red and blue, and the boys in blue jackets with brass buttons and white trousers—all with little flags pinned on for badges. It was simply a splendid sight to see, and it was something to remember all one's life to have marched in that grand procession. The music would go ahead. I never hear such music in any other place or day. It was the most inspiring thing, and some of the tunes come back to me now. Sometimes when I sit with my sewing or my knitting I can hear those strains again."

"Did you have the Declaration of Independence read?" "Always. That was one of the most important parts of the ceremonial. The children of my day were as familiar with that document as the children of the present are with the daily papers. Somehow it was more important to us then than now, because it was not so many years since the country was born into freedom, and I used to look at the bold signature of John Hancock and fancy what courage it took for him to write it down there at the top, and as we looked at the other names and remembered—for we were constantly told—that those men took their lives in their hands

when they signed the Declaration, they seemed to me the most impressive worthies in the world. We realized what fame meant then, and what glory was. We were educated into good citizenship, and taught to love our country."

"Well," said her friend, "one good thing has happened now, and that is that our young people are learning that wealth and money-making are not the only things in life. They are finding out that it is something to have a country and that great men are willing to die for it. That is one of the good things that comes out of that evil thing—war. It must have been very tiresome, though, to hear the Declaration read so often. Dreadfully tedious!"

"No, it never seemed so to us. I think we had more patience than people have now, because we used to sit in church and listen to long sermons which we did not in the least understand, yet we did not complain. It was part of our life, and the result was that even when we did not quite comprehend we learned self-control, and were happy in being part of an assembly, all of whom were interested. Gradually the grand words and phrases sank into our memories and became part of our experience. After the Declaration had been read we would all arise and sing the 'Star-

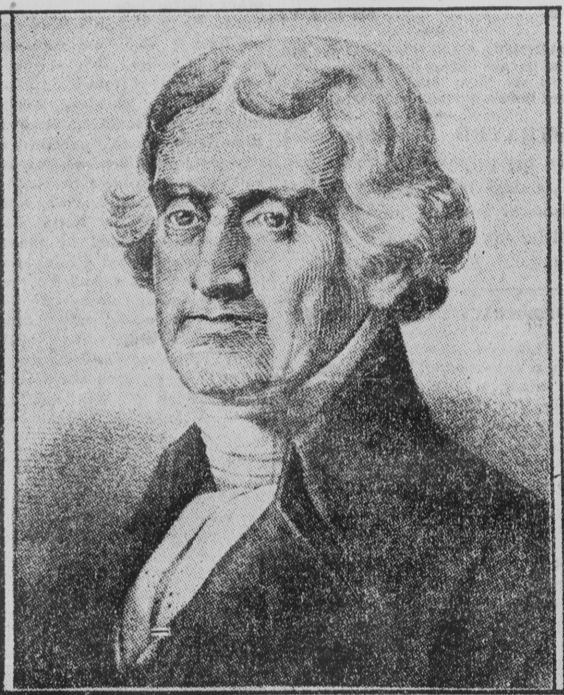
speech, a free press, freedom to worship God—these were the watchwords of our young lives."

The two ladies were silent for a time, absorbed in reminiscences. There came a knock at the door. To Miss Jean's "Come in" there entered a young girl in a bicycle costume—her cheeks were glowing; her eyes were bright; her whole manner was alert and eager, as if she were the wont of our girls.

"I've left my wheel outside, Aunt Jean," she said. "I've had a splendid spin. I just ran in to tell you that we are going to have an old-fashioned Fourth of July this year in town; that none of the young people are going away, and that everybody is to help along. I knew you would be pleased, because you have never felt that we were living up to our privileges when we fled from the small boy and his ubiquitous torpedo and cracker. There are to be magnificent fireworks in the evening. The town council has voted a generous sum for them, though I think that the money should have gone to our soldiers in camp, or should in some way be used to help the war along. It doesn't seem right to burn up a lot of money when there is so much use for it in more practical directions."

"There is something in that," said Aunt Eleanor, musing for a while; "and yet an old-fashioned Fourth of July must have fireworks in the evening. That's one of the principal features."

"Now, what I want to know from you, Aunt Jean," said the girl, "is what have we as an ideal Fourth of July dinner. We girls have planned to give a treat to the people at the Soldiers'



THOMAS JEFFERSON, Who Wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Spangled Banner" or "Hail, Columbia," or perhaps the rollicking strain of "Yankee Doodle" would be sung with a will, and then the orator of the day would come forward. It might be the Governor, or some great statesman, or a favorite clergyman. Whoever he was he would speak with an eloquent voice, and our hearts would thrill as we listened to him. He would talk about our country, and what we owed it; he would dwell upon the great extent of our territory, our mineral wealth, our rivers, our harbors, the broad acres we had, which God had given us to be an asylum for all the world. Very likely some child would rise, and with kindling eyes and vibrating voice repeat Mrs. Hemans' poem:

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods beneath a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

"Whatever else we neglected, the children of my day were taught the history of their own country, and as a result learned to love it and cherish its traditions, and the annual keeping of the Fourth had no small share in making us loyal and true, giving us the feeling that we must stand for our native land, and love her and cherish her beyond every other. We grew up with the knowledge that God meant that this country, the home of the free, should be a pattern for all free peoples, and should open its arms to take in the oppressed of all the globe. Free-

lamb and green peas, tomato salad, and you must finish off with cherry pie. If you like, ice cream may follow the cherry pie, and last of all, of Home, and we thought we would have the same bill of fare for them that grandpa used to have when he invited his old comrades and neighbors in to help him keep the Fourth."

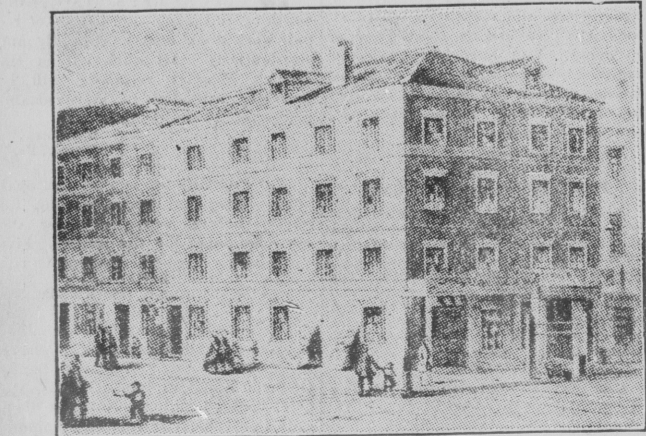
"You must have cream of asparagus soup," said Aunt Eleanor, "after that you may have bluefish, then spring course, you will serve coffee. The Fourth of July dinner is not a very elaborate repast, but it is not one to be despised, either. Just a nice dinner."

"Jennie," said Aunt Jean, "how are you girls going to manage, with so many of the boys away, as they are, this year?" "That's one reason," said Jennie, "why we are doing our best to keep everything cheerful and gay. There is hardly a house in town from which one or two of the young men have not gone to the war, and our hearts are heavy enough without thinking of what they must endure in camp, of privation and hardship, and of what may happen to them in battle; but we feel that they are giving themselves for their country, and it would be very mean and cowardly for us to sit down and cry and not care about the flag for which they are willing to brave so much. It is just now the fashion to be patriotic, and we want to do all we can to encourage that spirit. I confess that I could spare some of the fusillade which the small boy will keep up through the day, but I shall say nothing to spoil their pleasure."

"How are the little Elderkin boys to have any Fourth?" said Miss Jean. "Their mother has been taken to the hospital; their father is at the war; and that old Hannah, who takes care of them, is a perfect dragon. I think I will invite them to spend the day here, and you and I, Eleanor, can provide them with all the ammunition they want."

"Aunt Jean," said Jennie, "you are a perfect angel; but you would better think twice before you have those wild little Elderkins ranging over your flower-beds and kindling bonfires on your grass-plot. I am afraid you will be sorry if you let them come."

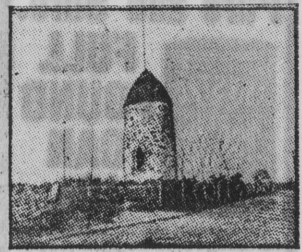
"No doubt," said Miss Jean, "they will need a little supervision, but Peter Bennet takes care of my garden, and I'm very certain he will not allow any savage rushing across the flower-beds. I would like for once to make somebody happy on the Fourth, as happy as I used to be when I was a girl."—Harper's Bazar.



HOUSE IN WHICH JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

REVOLUTIONARY POWDER HOUSE.

The oldest historic building in the vicinity of Cambridge is the old Powder House (on the road leading from Arlington to Winter Hill), built in 1703. General Gage sent an expedition to seize the powder stored here, belonging to the British, on the morning of September 1, 1774. This was almost the first hostile act of the British. The exasperating intelligence spread, and several thousand men assembled on Cambridge Common the next day. This was the first occasion on which



THE OLD POWDER HOUSE.

the provincials came together armed, to oppose the King's forces. It was at this time that Lieutenant-General Oliver was compelled to resign (it was his house referred to in the foregoing which was used as a hospital after the Battle of Bunker Hill). The Revolution had now begun, and accident alone prevented the opening battle and bloodshed of the war being at Cambridge instead of Lexington.

Before it was used as a powder house this old building was used as a grist mill, and it ground for many an old farmstead of Middlesex and Essex. From homes sixty miles away the farmers' sons came to mill with their corn. Being built of solid masonry, the old mill is good for another century yet.

An Old-Fashioned Fourth of July.
These new-fangled notions are giving the boys
A queer kind of Fourth—one without any noise;
With speeches and picnics no patience
Have I, by—
And I pine for an old-fashioned Fourth of July.

Then we rose with the dawn, and the cannon came first—
We packed it with powder till ready to burst—
And my! how the glass in the windows
Did fly—
When it startled the echoes on Fourth of July.

We hitched up old Dobbin, and all tumbled in
The roony old wagon—the fat and the thin—
Even grandma was there, and as chipper
And spry
As any young maiden the Fourth of July.
We went to the barbecue—who cared for showers
When the feast was a-flutter with banners
And flowers;
And if down came the rain in the midst of it,
It was part of an old-fashioned Fourth of July.

The rockets and pin-wheels and fire-crackers,
Too,
At evening all joined in the hullabaloo,
And Washington rode on his horse in the sky
A figure in flame on the Fourth of July.

The band marching out in their uniforms
Struck up by the light of the bonfires to play
"The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Sweet
By and By."
And so ended a glorious Fourth of July.
—Miana Irving, in Woman's Home Companion.

Freedom.
Here in the forest now,
As on that old July
When first our fathers took the vow,
The blunder, stained with carn and eky,
Shouts from a blowing bough
In green aerial freedom, wild and hi—
And now, as then, the bobolink,
Ogan, again, a new Leontidas,
Of the swaying maple, swings,
Loosing his song out, link by golden link;
While over the wood his proclamation
Sings:
A darning boast that would unkingdom
kings!
Even so the wild birds sang on bough and
wall
That day the Bell of Independence Hall
Thundered upon the world the Word of
Man.
The word, God uttered when the world be-
gan—
That day when Liberty began to be,
And mighty hopes were out on land and
sea.
But Freedom calls her conscripts now as
then:
It is an endless battle to be free.
As old days lessen from the skies
New dangers rise;
Down the centuries eternally,
Again, again, will rise Thermopylae—
Again, again, a new Leontidas,
Must hold for God the imperiled Pass.
As the long ages run
New Lexington will rise on Lexington;
And many a valorous Warren fall
Upon the imperiled wall.

Man is the consort of an end less quest,
A long divine adventure without rest—
A holy war, a battle yet unwon
When he shall climb beyond the burnt-out
sun.
Each hard-earned freedom withers to a
sord:
Freedom forever is beyond—beyond!
—Edwin Markham.

Fourth of July.
Voices are happy, and faces are bright,
Summer has brought us a day of delight.
Bunting and flags aloft, wave in the air,
Old hearts grow young again, leaving their
care.
Little folks . . . apply, gladly cry,
"A wittily jolly,
The Fourth of July!"
All sorts of fireworks, purchased to see,
Just what a merry old Fourth it can be.
Rockets and crackers are purchased with
care.
All sorts of fireworks have to be there,
Endless varieties, ready laid by,
Just to be used, you know,
Fourth of July!

Mother, too, has a hand laying away,
Things that will surely be needed that day.
Ointment and bandages, plaster and
strings.
Not very pretty for holiday things,
Yet they will be useful, all by and by,
Ointment and bandages—
Fourth of July!
—Mary Brent Whiteside.

The Flag She Made.
Ripple her out, my darlin', where the winds
blow wild and free,
For the flag you made for the regiment is
the dearest flag to me!
For I know the tears from your eyes of
blue fell fast where the stars I see,
An' the flag you made, my darlin', is the
dearest flag to me!

Ripple her out, my darlin', where the winds
blow glad an' free;
For the flag is dear—but the flag you made
is dearer than all could be!
For you kissed the stars an' the crimson
bars, an' your tears fell fast an' free,
An' the flag you made, my darlin', is the
dearest flag to me!

Ripple her out, my darlin', to the wel-
comin' winds afar;
A woman's love and a woman's tears hal-
low each stripe an' star!
A woman's love and a woman's tears hal-
low each stripe an' star.
A woman's love an' tears an' prayers shall
shine through the strile to be,
An' the flag you made, my darlin', is the
dearest flag to me!

Casabianca to Date.
The boy stood on the back-yard fence,
Who held all but him had fled;
The flames that lit his father's barn
Shone just above the shed.
One bunch of crackers in his hand,
Two others in his hat,
With piteous accents loud he cried,
"I never thought of that!"
(A bunch of crackers to the tail
Of one small dog he tied.)
The dog had sought the well-fitted barn
And hid its ruins dead!

The sparks flew wide and red and hot;
They lit upon that that;
They fired the crackers in his hand,
And eke those in his hat.
Then came a burst of rattling sound—
The boy! Where had he gone?
Ask of the winds that far around
Strewed bits of meat and bone
And scraps of clothes, and knives, and tops,
An' nails, an' hooks, and yarn—
The relics of that dreadful boy
That burned his father's barn!
—Indiana Journal.

Warren's Address.
Stand! the ground's your own, my brave!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on your bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you. They're afire!
And before you see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come! and will ye quail!
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die ye may—and die we must;
But ye cannot die as dust;
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven's dew shall shed
On the martyr's patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell!
—John Pierpont.

The False Firecracker.
A large cannon cracker stood up on a
shelf,
And chuckled with glee as it thought to
itself:
"What a joke I shall have on those two
timid boys,
For they think I'll explode with a deafen-
ing noise."
"They little suspect if they'd just raise
a lid,
That peanuts and candies are under it hid.
Oh, what fun it will be when my string
they ignite,
And rump huck, expecting a horrible
fight!"

It all came to pass as the cracker foresaw;
They lighted it timidly, breathless, with
awe;
But the look on their faces immediately
after
Struck the cracker so droll it exploded
with laughter!
—Carolyn Wells, in Munsey's.

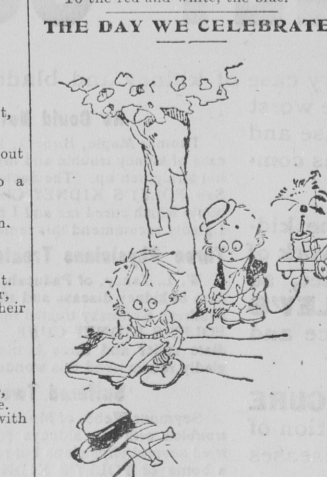
Bang, Bang, Bang.
Bang, bang, bang,
With your crackers and things, O kid!
And I would that each cost a dollar,
For you'd soon be through if it did.

O loudly the janitor's boy;
And his sister are shooting away;
They commence at a quarter to 4
And they never let up all day.
And neither has guessed nor cares
What the racket is all about;
All they know that this is the time
To get the firecrackers out.

Bang, bang, bang,
And zipp and swizzle and roar;
And let's thank the Lord when the rack-
et's done
And the trash cleaned up once more.

The Red, White and Blue.
In the making of our banner,
Was there meaning in each hue?
Was the blood-red stripe of courage
Meant to lead the white and blue?
And the white, as sign of pureness,
There for all the world to view,
Meant to be the guiding pillar
In between the red and blue?
While the last, an open promise
That all rulings would be true,
Joining justice to the union,
The red and white, the blue.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE!



Willie—"Aw, say, Johnnie! Why disturb de grandiloquent tauts 'o inspiration when I'm composin' a ode to de memory 'o de Fourth?"
Johnnie—"I ain't disturbin' yer tauts, Willie. Dis is me automobile gettin' up steam wid er cracker!"

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



TO REMOVE SPOTS.
To remove spots from cloth make a paste of fuller's earth and carefully cover the spot; when quite dry brush it off. For light face cloth, dry French chalk should be applied in the same way.

TO MAKE SILK PORTIERES.
A lady is inquiring about silk portieres. To make a nice pair of portieres, one and one-half yards wide, three yards long, good and heavy, it requires about six and a half to seven pounds medium fine.

CLEANING THE SINK.
A true housewife should take the greatest pride in her kitchen sink and keep it spotlessly clean. The easiest and best way to clean a galvanized iron sink which has been more or less neglected is to rub strong soap powder into every corner and over every inch of surface. Let it remain on for ten or fifteen minutes, then with a stout brush go over the whole, dipping the brush into boiling water. When the sink is thoroughly scrubbed, polish it with kerosene, rubbing the oil into the iron and leaving no residue of grease behind. The kerosene prevents it from rusting after the strong soap powder and boiling water are used. Care must be taken that the painted wood-work around the sink does not come into contact with the powder, as it may eat off the paint. The kitchen sink should be cleaned as thoroughly as this twice a week, and every soap carefully rinsed out with hot suds.

HIGH ART WITH EGGS.
To properly boil eggs for table use is a high art. Many rules have been given as to the time required to properly boil an egg, but the cook cannot be looking at the clock all the time, and it is a very poor rule, anyhow. Nearly all cooks put the egg in boiling water. It is a very bad habit and a bungling way to cook an egg. Soused into boiling water, one of two things is sure to occur. Either the shell will burst, permitting part of the egg to escape, and water to enter the shell, or the milk on the inside of the shell, and the white of the egg, will be made tough and unpalatable. The result is that when an attempt is made to break the egg at the table the silk comes off with the shell. Cooks have often complained when trying to take the shell from hard boiled eggs that pieces of the egg sticks to the shell. Of course they will, if the egg has been immersed in boiling water. Every kitchen ought to be provided with an egg tester. They are easily made, but very efficient ones can be purchased at a small cost. The eggs should be tested before being put in the water. When ready, put your eggs in cold water, place upon the stove, and as soon as the water comes to a boil they are ready to serve, if soft boiled are desired. If medium or hard boiled are preferred, let them boil a minute or two. Eggs thus prepared are palatable and nutritious, and you will always know when to take them off without having to look at the clock all the time.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

English Pudding—One cup molasses, half a cup butter, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful different spices, one cup chopped raisins, three and a half cups flour. Steam two or three hours and serve with whipped cream.

Fish Chowder—Six large potatoes sliced thin in two quarts water; boil fifteen minutes; cut three slices fat pork in small pieces and fry out; when done put in one large onion and a little water; cook three minutes; then put with the potatoes, pepper and salt to taste; when the potatoes are most ready add three pounds fish; let boil five minutes; then add one pint sweet milk and let come to a boil; last of all drop in a few common crackers.

Baked Bean Soup—Two cups cold baked beans, one large onion sliced, tops and trimmings of one bunch of celery. Add one and a half quarts cold water and simmer gently three hours; strain; stew one quart can tomatoes thirty minutes and strain it into the other mixture; add one large spoonful sugar and salt to taste; rub one large spoonful butter and one of flour to a paste; add a little of the hot soup to paste and when dissolved add to rest of soup and boil up till thickened and serve with croissants. Very nice and economical.

For Making Bread in Day Time—In the morning dissolve in three pints of warm water two cakes compressed yeast; add to same two tablespoonfuls salt, three of sugar, a little shortening if wanted and enough flour to make a smooth dough; knead well for ten minutes; let rise in a warm place for three hours; knead again for five minutes; let rise for one hour and fifteen minutes; form into loaves and let rise until about twice its size, usually one and a half hours, then bake in a moderate oven. Careful attention to these directions will enable anyone to make with ease that rarest of all table luxuries, perfect bread.

Cost of Maintaining Children.
In the children's homes of Ohio are 1095 children, which are maintained at a cost of \$128 each per annum.