

**JOYCE'S DECLARATION** INDEPENDENCE OW, isn't that pink lovely!" A merry group of girls were chatter ing on the lawn of Miss Floyd's Acad. They are so wealthy." "And alone in the world—widows and childless," remarked Joyce. "It seems to me wealth is not of much good uu-der such circumstances. Come. Knthie." "What shall we do?" asked Kathleen. "What shall we do?" asked Kathleen. "Do?" inquired Joyce, vaguely. "About the Fourth," said Kathleen. "My lawn cost just fifteen cents a yard. and I can't have any lace. How I hate to be so poor." "Kathie." said her friend, earnestly. "don't care about it. I'm not even go-ing to have a new lawn—only my last summer's let down. I don't intend to **OF INDEPENDENCE** 

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which Miss Floya held her commence ment exercises. "Of course, we'll wear while for the wet while for the the two dresses. You know you can't hear you speak more decidedly about the two dresses. You know you can't hear wo." exercises," said pretty June Winthrop. "But I rather think we can have what we llke for the reception in the even-ing. I shall coax mamma into getting me that pink chiffon—indeed I shall." "I'll have the crep de chine I told you f," declared Laura Dean, a gypsy

beauty of sixteen. "Do you remember that Miss Floyd asked us not to buy expensive dresses?" Beulah Wilson reminded them. "She said she didn't wish Joyce

Harwood and Kathleen Hunt to feel uncomfortable." June tossed her head.

"I really cannot dress down to Miss Floyd's charity pupils. I don't think they ought to come if they can't keep up to our standards of dress." Benlah Wilson was rich, and her pro-

test had been made solely on behalf of her friend Joyce, who could with the utmost difficulty present a neat and fresh appearance. "Blue for you, June; leave the pink for me," cried Laura. "Do have pale green Reulab"

green, Beulah.

"I shall have a new white lawn for the Fourth," replied Beulah, firmly. I think it's absurd to have two dresses the for what is, after all, one occasion. "Here comes Joyce and Kathleen," remarked June

"Were talking of our commencement dresses, Joyce." The words were not without malice.

The words were not without malice. at Both Joyce and Kathleen had made June feel small in the classroom. "I think my dress is bought," re-plied Kathleen, a tall girl of fifteen, with a pretty, irresolute face. She looked wistfully at her questioner's dainty lawn, inset with lace, her rich ribbons and gold buttons. She could not have imagined greater bliss than possessing such things herself.

The exercises passed off delightfully, nd after them the parents and other "grown ups" enjoyed the lawn tea. But the girls hurried home to change their dresses or freshen up for the evening reception. It was a little after dusk. The dim

It was a inter after dust, the off streets grew ever and again momen-tarily brilliant with the light of Roman candles or the radiance of Catherine wheels. The cheerful "pop" of count-less firecrackers resounded through the The reception was in full swing when

Mrs. Danesford sought a moment's rest and quiet in the breakfast room. A screen had been pushed near an open window, and she sat down be-She had determined to take nind it. hind it. She, had determined to take Kathleen Hunt home with her, if she would come, as reader and companion. She would offer the widowed bother a cottage near her own magnificent mansion on the banks of the Hudson.

The daughter should be hers by day,

The daughter should be hers by day, the real mother's by night. "Try it," Mrs. Jerome had said. "If the plan succeeds I may try the other." A group of girls, merry, chattering, flocked into the room. A torn skirt seemed to have been the cause of their coming. Mrs. Danesford did not move, thinking they would go out in a mo-ment

ment. "Dld you see that dress of Joyce's?"

"Kathleen's looked about ion cents a yard," addat comes to they have no business that comes to they have no business heard." business here.

She stopped abruptly. Mrs. Danes-ford thought at first that they had seen her behind the screen, but the silence was caused by the entrance of Joyce and Kathleen 'We couldn't help hearing you," re-

"We couldn't help hearing you, 're-marked Joyce, "You have no right to decide that we are poor because we don't dress as you do," said Kathieen. "Some people think it in bad taste to dress much be-

fore you come out," Mrs. Danesford could see them all-Joyce and Kathleen, in their shabby frocks, contrasting so painfully with the chiffons and crepe de chines of the others. But Joyce stood, erect and proud, her cyces aglow. Laura and June looked at them coolly. "I fully admit it was no business of pine" replied lune fails.

"You are right—it is no business of yours," here struck in Joyce. "And, for my part, it does not matter to me at all that you should know we are poor, very poor. Poverty is no dis-grace. This is the Fourth of July." she went on, her color rising. "It is the anhiversary of the day when our fathers shook off unjust and galling bondare. Let us Kathloom " des grid "I did wonder, for a minute, if mother wouldn't let me have her wedbondage. Let us, Kathleen, 'she said to her friend, 'shake off an allegiance to a lie. No, we do not dress like this from cholee. We prefer crepe de chines to ten-cent lawns. But, not to have every dress in New York, would U on a se much for such things as non-I<sup>°</sup>care as much for such things as you do?" Her eyes blazed upon the girls in front of her. "Nor choose my friends by the amount of their drygoods' bills.

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Joyce and her mother are very happy in the little cottage ("part of your sal-ary, my dear," Mrs. Danesford had said) by the waters of the noble Hud-son. Kathleen never knew how near ding dress made over," hesitated the the other. "She never goes anywhere hardly, and so doesn't need it as I that dainty home came to being hers nor did Joyce ever learn that she "Declaration of Independ it to her -Frances Harmer.



**KEEPING A DIARY** By Hallie Vose Hall Be

I had a diary Christmas, And father laughed and said, "If you'll keep that till the Fourth of July I'll give you a dollar, Ned." Queer way to earn a dollar, But easy as a b c; So I put i n my secret box, Safe under lock and key.

It's a pretty book—bright red leather— And Spud Jones wants to swap. He said he'd give me his two-blade knife And his second-best spinning top. But I'd rather have the dollar, So I put it away again; The pages are just as clean and white— Not a bit' of a spot or stain.

Father asked me last Sunday. "Are you keeping that diary, Ned?" And when I said "Yes," he looked sur-prised. "Well done, little son," he said. Fourth comes a week from Tuesday, And ob, I can't hardly wait, For Spud's got a dollar, too, and so I tell you we'll celebrate!

We're going to buy some pinwheels, Those things that whiz round in rings-Crackers, of course, like we always have, And whole heaps of other things-Big Roman candles that send up stars All yellow and red and blue-Oh, I just hope father'll want me to keep A diary next year, too!

ALL NATURE CELEBRATES



-Puck

Thoughts For the Fourth To have freedom is only to have that

which is absolutely necessary to enable us to be what we ought to be, and to possess what we ought to possess. posses Rahel Countries are well cultivated, not as they are fertile, but as they are free.— Montesquieu.

The cause of freedom is identified with the destinies of humanity and in whatever part of the world it gains ground, by and by it will be a common gain to all who desire it .-- Ko



Best Anti-Toxin For the Fourth.

The Health Department in its weekly ulletin urges that the anti-toxin treat-nent for Fourth of July tetanus victims be not neglected. Quoting an Eastern medical journal to the effect that not a single blank cartridge wound treated with anti-toxin injection has been known to develop lockjaw, the department insists that with such a multiple samedla and the same valuable remedy available every effort should be made to use it in all cases of ounds of the dangerous class on the

That is excellent advice and it is to



Ine Change. Last year, when Sammy Snew was four, Ob, it was long agol-He heard the ginat crackers bang; The Fourth had come, you know. He set a few torpedoes off, And sister did the same. He walked most half-way down the block, Then back again he came. The cannon boomed, the pistols cracked, Great was the din and roar, For Sammy Snow was four.

For Salimity Show was four. But this year Salimity Show, is five, A great big boy, dear me! His closet's filled with fireworks, And punk, well, you should see! I spose he'll get up early. And go out with the boys. Wile Sifter Jane is in her crie: Wile fire fire to the fence, The gladdest boy alive. While friends appear from far and near, For Salimity Show is five. -Alix Thorn in Youth's Companion.

Conundrums.

What tree belongs to the Church? What is the tree you can never

burn Ash What is the most melancholy tree?

What tree is it that every boy ireads? Birch. What is the tree that everybody

Poplar. What is the tree that stands near est the sea? Beech.

Our Puzzling Language. are in reading books suited to the un- Companion derstanding of older children. One day, however, she found her Waterloo in a word she pronounced "duffnuts." Lillian thought she had heard of all kinds of nuts from cocoanuts to grape nuts, but "dufinuts" had certainly not been among their number. She in-quired of her mother what kind of a nut a "duffnut" might be; but mother insisted she had made a mistake in the word, for no such nuts existed. Lillian went for her books in which the contested word appeared. Mother had a hearty laugh at Lillian's ex-pense when the word pronounced "duffnots" turned out to be spelled "doughnuts." But if "rough" spells ruff, why shouldn't "dough" spell the contested word appeared. Mother

The Snapdragon.

This is probably the favorite of shildren over the civilized world. thildren over the civilized world. They make up various fanciful names for them, such as "Dog Face," "Lion Mouth," "Monkey Face," "Mad Dog" and many others. To many children there seems to be something living about the snapdragon, owing to the ease with which the flowers may be made to open and shut their mouths like an animal and they are a source like an animal, and they are a source of endless delight to all of them. They come in many beautiful shades and colors, being now in the hands of the colors, being now in the hands of the hybridizers, who are putting out named varieties. While they are per-ennials, for the use of children, they should be treated as annuals. They should be planted in clumps in a sunny location, as they do not do well as specimens in light soil. If your soil is heavy, add enough sharp sand to to loosen and lighten it. When the soil is warm in the early spring sow them where they are to bloom, and when two inches high thin to a foot

apart. Give a top dressing of bone meal, and keep well cultivated.—Sam-uel Armstrong Hamilton, in Woman's Home Companion

## Why the Sensitive Plant Closed.

"Did you ever see a sensitive plant?" asked Uncle Tim one day, as they were walking across a sandy road. "I've never even heard of such a

queer plant," answered Rob. "Do please find one to show us, if you

Then Uncle Tim pulled up a little That is excellent advice and it is to be hoped - that parents and doctors alike will heed it. But there is even better advice than this to be given. There is an even better anti-toxin against Fourth of July deaths than the doctors use. It consists in repeated applications of static law affectments of the account of laws the laws the

again, but it was not an hour before Bobbie burst out crying, and calling, "Mama! Aunty Lou! Mama!"

Both ran quickly, and he sobbed, "I've lost my cap! I know I have!" Mama started to comfort him, but Aunty Lou laughed merrily, and said, 'Don't waste another tear, Bobbie. Save them for something worth while A penny to the finder!" In a moment Bobbie found his cap

behind the sofa, and with a shout claimed his penny

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How queerly she talked about wast-ing tears! But all that day and the next and the next Aunty Lou ran next when Bobbie cried, to see what was the reason, and every time she told him not to waste his tears, but save them for some great big hurt or fright. At last Bobbie said, "Aunty Lou

when will there be a big enough fright or hurt for me to use all the tears I've saved?" And Aunty Lou said, with a twinkle in her eye, "You've saved so many, Bobbie, I'd keep right on saving them, and have enough to cry with whe you are a man-and have a-bigwhen hurt!'

Bobbie put his hands deep in his pockets and looked hard at Aunty Lou. Then he said, "You're a joker, Aunty Lou, but I'll do it. Only I won't

A Dirty White Rabbit. "I truly don't know what to do with that naughty Peter," said Dick, gazing reflectively at his white rabbit. The white rabbit was white only by na-ture. In reality he was sooty black, so that his funny white nose and his which the funny white nose and his bright pink eyes looked most comical. "Twe washed him and brushed him, and spanked him," said Peter, "and it doesn't seem to do a single little bit of good. I can't imagine where he gets so dirty. None of the other rabbits have a speck on them."

Every morning he was brushed until his beautiful white coat looked like milk, and then, sometimes not more than an hour afterwards, he would come hopping along looking like a chimney sweep. It was all the more exasperating be-cause Peter was really the finest rabbit of the lot. So at last Dick's elder brother set to work ernestly to solve the mystery. And what do you suppose he found?

And what do you suppose he found? He watched Peter, and soon noticed that the big white rabbit would scramper under the woodshed as soon as he thought no one was noticing him and as coal. So Dick's brother began to clear

So Dick's brother began to clear away the kindling wood and at last he got down to a place where Peter had made himself a comfortable nest. And that nest of all places in the world, was in the end of an old dirty stove pipe

Peter was terribly offended when his Fetcr was territily one needed when his fine house was taken away, but after a few days he stopped sulking and from that time on he was the handsomest white rabbit for miles around.

## Digging for Apples.

A man was laboriously digging in the earth. He had already made a hole in which half the length of his eg disappeared and was making it still deeper. Children were playing near by. Born curious, they approached the man at work, and asked, "What are you digging for?"

are you digging for?" "Apples," answered he. Unanimously the youthful flock burst into Homeric laughter. "He is digging for apples!What a joke! ... Apples in the ground! He must be thinking of potatoes! But apples—it is too funny! Ha, ha, ha! "Can't you see that he is laughing at us?" said one of the more shrewd among the company. "Let us go along and leave him to his apples."

him to his apples.' "Laughing at you?" ghing at you? answer Whi "Indeed not, children. White mositive fact. There answered the man. What I tell you is positive fact. There is neither joke in it nor nonsense. I and digging this hole in order to have aples, and, if you will wait a moment you will understand." "Let us wait, then, and we shall see whether they are crabs of leather-coats he will dig up." After taking out a few more spade-"This little plant is just like some people." laughingly replied Uncle Tim, as he saw the look of astonishment on their faces. "You see it is too the attentive eyes of the children The operation complete, he said to them: "You see, I told you the truth. In two or three years from now this young apple-tree will blossom. The following autumn it will bear fruit. You shall come and taste the apples





-From Collier's Weekly

charge. "Miss Floyd's two married sisters will be here, and she will want everything and everybody at their best.

Joyce's dark eyes flashed.

"And you would make her going out at all quite impossible by taking her only good dress?" she cried, indignant-

ly. Then, softening in a moment, she added, "No, dear, don't do that." They reached Joyce's own home at that point, and Joyce went in without waiting for a reply. "Mother, darling," she called softly, solder, daring, she canen solly as she entered the darkened room, "i your head better? Did I wake you?" Mrs. Harwood smiled faintly.

not have imagined greater ones. possessing such things herself. "For the exercises, yes," said Laura. "But we mean to wear colors in the maginer." Mrs. Harwood smiled faintly. "You did not wake me—I was listen-ing for your steps," she answered. "Did Mrs. Jones come in?" went on

Joyce did not answer at once.

ent to my giving up school and getting

"We will see after the Fourth," said

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The Fourth of July dawned as tha

historic day should dawn-showing a cloudless sky, a blazing sun. Miss Floyd was in a pleasant flutter of ex-

citement. Her sisters, Mrs. Danes-ford and Mrs. Jerome, sat beside her near the platform. She felt very proud of her school. The girls were charming in their snowy frocks as they out heading like society for the school of the school.

at, looking like white winged birds.

"That is a lovely child at the end of e front row," said Mrs. Danesford ddenly. "Who is she?"

and a non-row, said Mrs. Danesford suddenly. "Who is she?". "That is Kathleen Hunt," replied Miss Floyd. "And the dark one next her is Joyce Harwood. They must both work soon, for their mothers are widows and poor. I have given them their schedung and here to reput them.

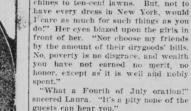
ome work.

n the platform

their schooling and hope to start them Uncle Sam's Patriotic Celebration of Independence Day.

Joyce. "Yes," was the reply. "But, my





"One of them has," said Mrs. Danes-ford, coming forward. She put her hand on Joyce's shoulder. "Come with me, my dear. I want a little talk with

you and my sister."

You will have two new dresses for

commencement?" she gasped, in alarm. She turned to Joyce-strong, heauti-ful Joyce, whom no one ever snubbed or put down, and whose clear, dark eves were now fixed in some some source of the term. You will some at home." the end of the term. You will soon be eyes were now fixed, in some contempt. went into the kitchen and soon re-"Shall you not get two?" persisted turned with a slice of golden brown upon June and Laura.

toast and a cup of fragrant tea. "Now, try this," she said, coaxingly. "Oh, mother mine, I do wish you'd con-Jun

"Oh, if you do-" began Kathleen, helplessly Joyce had not spoken. The whole

question seemed very trivial to her. Not that she did not care for pretty things, but just now her thoughts were with her sick mother. Mrs. Harwood. "Now, dear, get your own luncheon while I take a nap."

"This is an important occasion." struck in Laura, returning to the



AMERICA DISCOVERED!



FROM MARS

"Is it a new She e planet :

"Neither, Your Majesty. elebration of the Fourth of July on the earth

The Strennous Life.

Independence Day.

Toy pistols, all kinds of blank cartridges and dynamite crackers are the comet, or the destruction

most active agents in the production of lockjaw. The sale of toy pistols to minors is forbidden. The less danger-It is the ous explosives are permitted only upor the Fourth, but not before it

If the ordinances are strictly en-forced we may pass through the cele-bration this year without the sacrifice of a single victim to the Fourth of July lockjaw. The next two should be a period of steady applica-tion of the variety of anti-toxin which Police Department makes its spe cialty.-Chicago Record-Herald

List Days of Molly Pitcher

Molly Pitcher left the army soon fter the Battle of Monmouth and died ear For Montgomery, among th Hudson Highlands, soon after the clo of the war. She was buried at Car-ise, Pa., where a handsome monument has been erected over her grave by the

patroitic citizens in the town.



end of the spray of laves. "Now put your fingers on the leaves, and then watch." So they smoothed applications of strict law enforcement, both before the Fourth and upon the

the leaves, wondering what was going to happen next.

"See it!" suddenly exclaimed Ethel, "the leaves are all closing up tight," and sure enough, wherever they had touched it, the leaves were moving all by themselves, until they were all

eeks easily influenced by outside things. Never forget this; when you are sure you are right, do not allow outside in fluence to keep you from doing your duty. Another thing, all your friends

can easily tell from your actions dur-ing the six days of the week, how you will be likely to spend the seventh. If

they must begin by digging a hole in the earth.—Sunday School Times. Times. Times. Johnny—Pa, what is intuition? Pa—The mother of I told you so.— New York Sun.

can cashy ing the six days of the ween, will be likely to spend the seventh. If you do as God would have you six days of the week, whether working or playing, you will be very sure to 're-member the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Isu't that so, my dears?"— holy.' Isu't that so my dears?" juicy fruit swinging above their heads they must begin by digging a hole in the earth.—Sunday School Times.

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