

The Glorious Fourth

Emerson's Concord Hymn.
[Sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836.]
By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.



THE CONTINENTAL SOLDIER.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made these heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE FIRST BOY HERO OF THE REVOLUTION

By Katherine Bell Tippetts.

NATHAN BEAMAN was a patriotic boy who lived near the village of Shoreham, Vt., 125 years ago. His father was a farmer, but Nathan didn't like to work on the farm. He loved to rove through the forests, marking his trails by cutting the bark from the trees along the way. He set traps for the foxes and raccoons, which abounded, and his winter coat, cap and leggings were all made of the fur of these animals or of the soft brown pelts of the beaver which he trapped.

The little country boy was stout and vigorous. He often spent the short winter day upon Lake Champlain fishing through holes which he had cut in the ice. As he sat holding his lines he used to watch the doings of the garrison of Fort Ticonderoga, on the opposite side of the lake.

The boys of the fort, whose fathers composed the garrison, had fine times on the ice, sliding and playing games, which Nathan longed to join in because they seemed so different from the sports he knew. He became greatly interested in a contrivance the boys had for sliding on ice, and one day plucked up courage to ask how the strange icehoe was made and put on, and there and then had his first lesson in using skates.

The uncouth looking little fellow, half animal in dress, became the target of their jests, but he bore them so well, laughing with the others at his



"YOUR FATHER SAYS YOU KNOW EVEN THE RAT-HOLES IN THE FORT OPPOSITE."

own expense, that at last the boys allowed him to take part in their sports.

When spring came Nathan not only played under the walls of the fort, but

went inside, his ready wit so amusing the soldiers that he was permitted to stay. He taught the soldiers many things about hunting and fishing they had not learned with all their long marching through the American wilderness. He was also able to give them historical information about their own fort during the days when the Indians had claimed the stony height on which the fort stood, and had named it Chenderoga, meaning the place of many mellow sounds, because here they heard the musical roar of the falls of the Horicon a mile beyond.

Now, the Fort of Ticonderoga had cost Great Britain many million dollars. It contained 120 cannon, besides the large military stores, so you may be sure Nathan had wonderful tales to tell at night by his father's fireside.

It was after one of these freights talks that Nathan climbed the ladder to his bed in the loft above. He could not sleep. The cold wind came through the cracks of the rudely built house,



WHEN the first Fourth of July celebration waked the echoes of old Philadelphia 125 years ago it was the signal that the United States had opened for business. The colonies had been fighting their king for a year; General Washington was in the field with a ragged and poorly equipped army of not over 6000 men; 17,000 Hessians (German soldiers) had been hired by King George to subdue the American patriots, and the king's forces in the United States amounted to over 30,000 men. At this time, when a large

lion established, and even to this day we have inherited the noise and reckless rejoicing of that distant first Fourth.

It is an interesting coincidence that John Adams, the chief advocate of independence, and Thomas Jefferson, the writer of the declaration, died on the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. They died July 4, 1820. — Chicago Record-Herald.

Childish Fun.



"Open your mouth an' shut yer eyes, Willie, an' I'll gib yer somefin ter make yer wise!" — New York Journal.

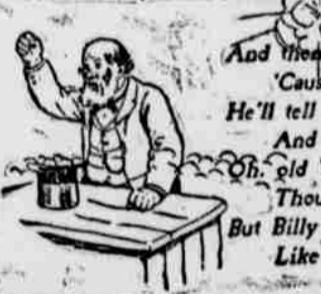
THE GOOD OLD FOURTH.

It's a-comin' it's a-comin' it'll be here pretty quick!
Though the hours are crawlin' awful, awful slow,
But it takes away a second every time the clock goes "tick."
So 'twill really be the Fourth first thing you know
I've got ten packs of crackers, yes, and Billy, he's got nine.
And his ma's goin' to let him sleep with me,
I'll let my toe stick out of bed and hitch it to a line.
So's when it's pulled 'twill wake us, don't you see!



And when the fellows get here, why, we'll jest go ring the bell!
For all the teachin' hid the school-house keys.
'Cause I can shin the lightning rod, and get in 'bout as well!
'And sing away as lively as you please.'
We'll wake up everybody, and we'll have dead loads of fun,
We'll bust and bang, and sizzle till it's day,
And when it's time for breakfast, why, the racket isn't done,
But only jest commenced, as you might say.

There'll be the big procession, and my pa's the chief of staff,
And he'll be up on horseback with a sword,
He'll look as grand as General Miles does in the photograph.
With epaulets and coat all trimmed with cord,
And his is goin' to be dressed up in white and wear a crown,
'Cause she's Columbia standin' on her guard,
She'll be on top a great, high cap, and ride all over town,
And that's jest bully—'cept it shakes so hard.



And then there's the oration, that's as fine as ever wuz,
'Cause old Judge Burgin gives it, and he's grand!
He'll tell about our "martyr" sires, jest like he always does,
And then'll come the fireworks and the bang,
Oh, old Thanksgiving's mighty good, and New Year's course, a prime,
Though, somehow, they ain't quite the bestest fun,
But Billy and me b'lieve heaven is a place that's all the time,
Like Christmas and the Fourth rolled into one.

JOE LINCOLN.

for, although it was May, the nights were raw and chilly. In the winter the snow sifted in also, powdering the coverlid over him.

All was quiet in the room below, where his father and mother were sleeping. Suddenly a rap sounded at the door. He heard his father ask who was there and then open the door. Soon some one began to climb the ladder to his room. His father appeared above the open trap-door with a candle in his hand.

"You are needed, my boy. Make haste," was all Farmer Beaman said.

When Nathan stood below he saw several men standing by the fire.

"This is Colonel Ethan Allen, Nathan," said his father, pointing to an alert-looking man.

Colonel Allen laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Your father says you know even the rat-holes in the fort opposite. We must capture it to-night. Will you guide us there?"

"I'll go, sir," returned Nathan, who had been reared to serve his country at all times and sacrifice.

When the lake had been crossed and the patriots stood outside the fort Allen said quickly:

"We're ready. Show us the way to the sallyport!"

The startled sentry snapped his fuse-lock and fled as the "Green Mountain boys" dashed by the bank. They followed him into the fort.

Then arose cheer upon cheer as the British soldiers came rushing from the barracks and were taken prisoners.

Colonel Allen followed Nathan to Captain de Laplace's quarters, where that surprised commandant surrendered hastily. "In the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

He found time to exclaim, as his eyes fell upon the boy, "What! You here, too, Nathan? That explains our capture!"

This happened in 1775, and to-day only the ruined walls and half-filled magazines remain of Fort Ticonderoga. The name of Nathan Beaman is almost forgotten, and of the thousands of tourists who come each summer to view this historic place few know the name of the boy guide whose name at one time was on every patriot's tongue.—Woman's Home Companion.

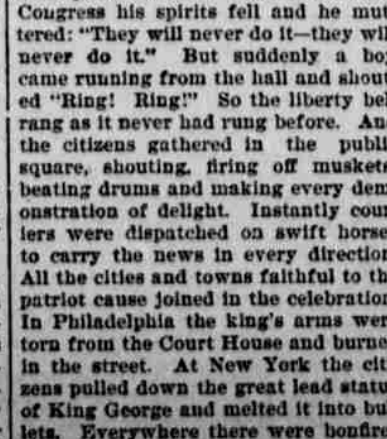
proportion of the colonists were opposed to the war and ruin stared the Revolution in the face, a fierce desire for absolute freedom seized upon the colonies. Through their representatives to the Continental Congress they urged some action that would declare their independence of English rule.

On the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, offered a resolution in Congress declaring that "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." A furious discussion followed. John Adams, afterward President of the United States, was the most powerful and active supporter of the resolution. On the 2d day of July the resolution was adopted, all of the thirteen colonies but New York voting in favor of it. Thomas Jefferson, afterward President of the United States, was delegated to draw up a declaration of American independence. Mr. Adams and Benjamin Franklin read the document before it was submitted to Congress, and they made a few minor changes in it. Otherwise it is the work of Jefferson. On July 4 Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, and the new nation was wild with joy. All day long the aged bell-ringer at the State House in Philadelphia had remained in the steeple, waiting to ring the bell when the act of separation from the mother country was officially declared. As hour after hour passed and no word came from Congress his spirits fell and he muttered: "They will never do it—they will never do it." But suddenly a boy came running from the hall and shouted "Ring! Ring!" So the liberty bell rang as it never had rung before. And the citizens gathered in the public square, shouting, firing off muskets, beating drums and making every demonstration of delight. Instantly couriers were dispatched on swift horses to carry the news in every direction. All the cities and towns faithful to the patriot cause joined in the celebration. In Philadelphia the king's arms were torn from the Court House and burned in the street. At New York the citizens pulled down the great lead statue of King George and melted it into bullets. Everywhere there were bonfires and illuminations, and there was a carnival of noise.

Thus was the Fourth of July tradition established, and even to this day we have inherited the noise and reckless rejoicing of that distant first Fourth.

It is an interesting coincidence that John Adams, the chief advocate of independence, and Thomas Jefferson, the writer of the declaration, died on the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. They died July 4, 1820. — Chicago Record-Herald.

Childish Fun.



Getting ready for the Fourth of July at the zoo.—Life.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Dainty, filmy materials, lace-trimmed, are a feature of the season for young girls as well as for their elders. The charming little



MISSIE'S WAIST.

May Manton waist illustrated is shown in dotted Swiss muslin with trimming of Valenciennes lace and yoke of inserted tucking, but is equally well suited to batiste, dimity, lawn and all similar materials as well as to albatross, veiling and the like, and simple girlish silks.

The foundation is a fitted lining that closes at the centre back. On it are arranged the round yoke, the full waist and the bertha; but, when preferred, the lining material beneath the yoke can be cut away, or such thin material as white batiste can be used.

buckles, so commonly worn with low shoes, slippers and ties. Consequently it is rather a relief to the eye to see a dainty lady in her tailor-made gown of ecru linen, with a foot peeping out beneath the hem, and a little shoe innocent of buckles. The ties are half-low and are laced up with narrow ribbon of black ribbed silk. They are stout and strong, and finished with a neat butterfly bow.

A French Fad.

The plan of hooking dresses up the back seems to be one of the French fads this season, most of the French gowns being fastened in this way. It does away with many of the difficulties, which the dressmaker encounters in trying to arrange the complicated fronts, but in nine cases out of ten it ruins the effect of the back, which is perhaps the most noticeable line in the gown.

Organdy Turn-Overs.

Broad, soft collars of white organdy or white lawn are a highly becoming substitute for the stiff little linen turn-overs, which are too severe for beauty. A broad, soft collar of lawn or organdy edged with lace or bordered with insertions of needlework or embroidery is a far more becoming piece of lingerie than a linen band. These new collars launder to perfection, and so need not be considered expensive.

A Variety of Boas.

Boas of every conceivable kind are worn this season. They are made of feathers, and flower petals, mousseline, net and lace, it hardly matters



STYLISH BOX COAT.

The sleeves are full and soft, with elbow puffs that terminate in frills of lace, but they can extend to the wrists if so desired. Pale pink Liberty ribbon is tied above the elbows and the same ribbon is used for belt and rosette.

To cut this waist for a miss fourteen years of age, four and a half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with half a yard of inserted tucking and four and a quarter yards of lace edging to trim as illustrated.

Woman's Box Coat.

The box coat makes a most desirable, serviceable and stylish jacket for all round general wear. The May Manton model shown in the large drawing includes the latest features and is made from tan-colored broadcloth, but covert cloth, chevrot, melton and both blue and black broadcloth are appropriate. The regulation box fronts extend well under the arms to meet the seamless back in shapely curved seams that are left open a few inches from the lower edge. The sleeves are two-seamed, in regular coat style, and are stitched to give a cuff effect. At the neck is a roll-over collar of velvet that meets the fronts in pointed revers.

To cut this coat for a woman of medium size, one and three-quarter yards of material fifty inches wide will be required, with one-quarter yard of velvet for collar.

The Fairy Cobweb.

Surely fairy fingers have been employed to spin the dainty tissues of finest drawn thread or sewing silk which composes the modern veil. It is well to try a veil on some one else—say, the shop attendant—before investing in it. Avoid, if you can, the involved patterns, and large splashing designs, which disfigure some veils. Unless you are ambitious of rivaling the "tattooed lady from the South Seas" you will not assume such a fantastic mask on your face. Cobweb veils have delicate tracery, but beware of too much pattern on a face veil.

Very Good Form.

Bewildering in numbers, size and styles are the silver or steel shoe

which, so long as they are full and fluffy enough to ruin quite the pretty contour of the neck and shoulders.

Child's Apron.

Dressy, pretty little aprons that cover and protect the frock of the playing child serve the double purpose of making a most attractive effect and serving a practical end. The stylish May Manton model illustrated includes many desirable features and is cut after the latest model. It completely covers the skirt, leaving only the sleeves exposed, and can, when desirable, be worn with the gumpie alone; or, for still greater coolness, over the petticoat, leaving the throat and arms bare. As shown, the material is fine white dimity, with sash of the same and trimming of needlework; but India linen, cross-barred muslin, lawn and other white materials can be substituted for the dressy sort, while madras, gingham and the like can be used for the aprons designed for hardest usage.

To cut this apron for a child eight years of age, three yards of material

thirty-two inches wide will be required, with five-eight yards of wide, and one and three-quarter yards of narrow insertion to trim as illustrated.



CHILD'S APRON.