

THE FOURTH OF JULY

BY KATE THORN.



As the rapid and stirring progress of affairs in the years just past there has often seemed to be danger that our good old National holiday, the Fourth of July, might be in a measure forgotten, and forced to take a back seat. It has been a good deal left to the small boy, with his toy drums and his firecrackers, to do the celebrating. He has attended to the matter to the best of his limited ability, and according to the extent of his financial resources. He has kept up all through the night of the third of July, year after year; and he has hung good people's gates on the telegraph poles, and put wagons to soak in the river, and let horses out of their stables to crop the early vegetables in the neighbors' gardens; and he has put the undertaker's sign in front of the doctor's office, and the barber's striped pole before the millinery store, to show how the fair customers were shaved; and he has rung bells, and tooted horns, and beat drums, and blown off his fingers with toy cannon, and killed his young companions with toy pistols; and, in short, he has done his best for his country, and gone home at night after the fireworks, tired as though he had had a run of typhoid fever, and slept the sleep of the just until noon the next day.

All honor to the small boy, with his unbombed patriotism, and his flag raisings, and his procession of "horribles," and his ceaseless shouting and cheering—and we will give him what pennies we can afford, and keep as far out of his track as possible until he gets through with his celebrating.

But the older people of this country do not want to forget the Fourth of July. Once, not so long ago, either, that was the day of all days to the people of these United States. It was talked about for weeks and months before it was due on the calendar to put in an appearance. Everybody hoped it would not be too hot, and that it would not rain, and that there would be no thunder-showers to spoil the fireworks.

New dresses were made for the Fourth. Hats and bonnets made their first appearance before the public on the Fourth. Children were early in the year promised that if they would be good, they should go to the celebration in the grove, or in the city, as the case might be.

Marriages were solemnized on the Fourth of July. The bashful suitor screwed his courage to the sticking point, and, remembering what the day represented to the American people, walked boldly up to the object of his adoration, and, sweltering beneath the unwonted pressure of his new tight boots, and his broadcloth suit, and his high collar, with the mercury at a hundred in the shade, and his blood all in his face, asked her if he could have the pleasure of her company over at Pine Ridge, or Spruce Hollow.

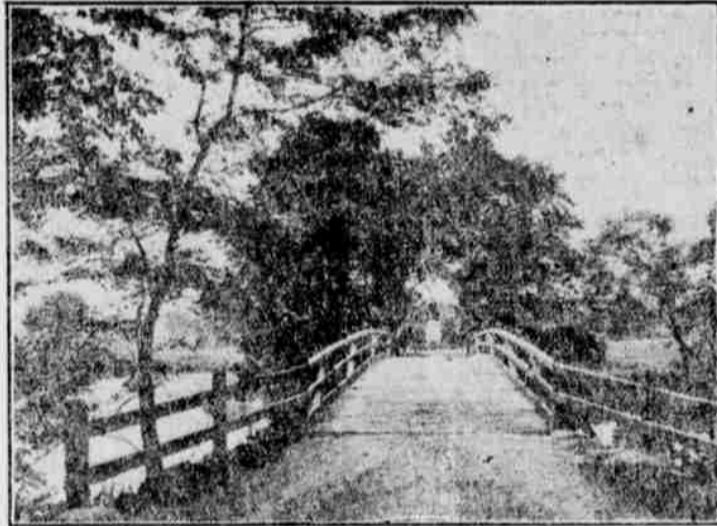
And if she said yes, then he hired the best top buggy in the land, and they went to that celebration, and ate clam chowder, and some roast pig, and some ice cream, and drank pink lemonade out of the same thick-bottomed tumbler, to show that their two souls had but a single thought, and that their two hearts beat as one; and in the evening they sat out in the grove and let the mosquitoes nibble them, while they looked at the fireworks and held each other's hands beneath the shelter of the "long" shawl she had brought along as a protection against the dews of the evening. And all day the old flag was cheered, and patriotism walked abroad upon the land in red, white and blue, and spoke in tones thick with gunpowder and resonant with the clangor of church bells.

Let us have once more some of these good old-fashioned celebrations. We

are wont to laugh at the spread-eagle style of oratory which once prevailed on these Fourth of July occasions. But we cannot have too much display of enthusiasm where our country is concerned.

It is the best country in the world, and we know it; and all the rest of creation knows it, too. Compare its conditions with the conditions of other so-called Christian countries, and it is heaven by way of contrast. It is the nearest approach to paradise (before the fall) that can be found upon this earth.

It is the country where every man's conscience is free! The country where education is for all—the poor as well as the rich; the country where the son of a beggar may be a monarch, if he has it in him to be a leader. The country where woman takes, unquestioned, her rightful place by the side of man, and is at liberty to follow her inclinations toward advancement in any direction she pleases. It is the country where no oppression is tolerated. The country where right and justice prevail. The country where virtue walks abroad in her white garments, and says to vice, "Though you wear robes of gold and strew diamonds on your pathway, yet you hence, for in my domain you shall find no favor!"



BRIDGE AND BATTLE GROUND, Concord, Mass.

God bless America! Even as He has blessed it for a hundred years and more!

Prosper our South, with its new hopes and industries—prosper our West, as it pushes its way to the Pacific slopes—prosper our East and our North, and make of us a people who shall take down deep into our hearts the truth that never in all God's fair universe can there be another country so beautiful, and so dear to us as this—our own native land.—New York Weekly.

OUR NATIONAL SONGS FOR THE FOURTH.



WAR songs spring into being when a nation's heart is overflowing with loyalty, but the sublime passion of patriotism most surcharges the heart of the singer if his loyal lyrics are to outlive the special occasion that called them forth.

All races, from time immemorial, have had their war songs. They begin the poetry of nations. The Hind was a war song that chanted the glory of Grecian arms. The bards of the Celts and Teutons gave both lyrics and laws to their people. From these same sources came

the inspiration of the old war songs of France, which now seem dull and weak, contrasted with the thundering battle spirit of the "Marseillaise." This country has been especially for-



SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, Author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

tunate in the matter of timely war songs. From the troublous times immediately preceding the Revolutionary War it has never lacked for soul-stirring ballads and pulse-quickeners to awaken and keep alive the patriotic impulses of its people. The homely rhymes of "Rude Britons, Boast No Longer with Insolence and Glee," did good work in their day. "Yankee Doodle" was a tune rather than a song when the British played it in derision.

It was not, however, until the spring

of 1798, just 106 years ago, that the first great war song of the United States, one that breathed the truest patriotism in every line, came into existence. This was the immortal "Hail Columbia," which during the century of its existence has occupied a hallowed place in the hearts of all true Americans, not only on account of its soul-stirring words that have on so many occasions aroused the loyalty and love of country of Uncle Sam's brave sons and daughters, but also by reason of the grandeur and sublimity of its sentiments, which raised it at once to the dignity of a National anthem. This song was written by



JOSEPH HOPKINSON, Author of "Hail Columbia."

Joseph Hopkinson, son of Francis Hopkinson, and it was first sung in public on the stage of a Philadelphia theatre by a young actor named Fox.

The War of 1812, which was the first real test of the solidity of the tie that bound the youthful United States together, was responsible for the creation of what has proved to be the most popular war song of the Yankee nation—the "Star-spangled Banner" of immortal memory. This song has entwined itself so closely about the hearts of the American people because it chants the glory of their flag. Like "Hail Columbia," it was the work of a young and patriot lawyer, its author being Francis Scott Key, son of John Ross Key, a Revolutionary officer.

Key was born in Frederick County, Md., on August 9, 1780, studied law in the office of his uncle, Philip Barton Key, and began the practice of his profession at Frederick City, Md., but subsequently he removed to Washington, where he became District Attorney for the District of Columbia. When the British invaded Washington in 1814 General Ross and Admiral Cockburn made their headquarters in Upper Marlboro, Md., at the residence of a planter, Dr. William Beanes, whom they subsequently seized as a prisoner. When Key learned of Beanes' capture he determined to release him, and was aided by President Madison, who ordered that a vessel should be placed at his service, and that John S. Skinner, agent for the exchange of prisoners, should accompany him. General Ross consented to Dr. Beanes' release, but said that the party could not be detained during the attack upon Baltimore. Key and Skinner were detained un-

der a guard of British sailors on their own vessel, the Surprise, whence they witnessed the attack upon Fort Mifflin. Owing to their position the American flag on the staff at the fort was seen distinctly through the light of the glare of the battle, but before dawn the firing ceased and the prisoners anxiously watched for daylight to see what colors floated on the ramparts. The excess of patriotic feeling experienced by Key when he saw that the Stars and Stripes had not been hauled down found expression in the soul-stirring words of "The Star-spangled Banner." On reaching Baltimore he finished the lines of the song, which he had hastily written on the back of a letter, and gave them to Captain Benjamin Eades, of the Twenty-seventh Baltimore Regiment, with directions to have a number of copies printed, and that the song should be sung to the air, "Ankerbon in Heaven."

Seizing the first copy from the press Captain Eades hastened to the tavern, next to the Holiday Street Theatre, where the actors were accustomed to assemble. The verses were first read aloud, and then, at the request of all present, Ferdinand Durang mounted a chair and sang them for the first time. The song became at once immensely popular, and it has steadily gained in popularity to the present day.

It was years before Key received monumental recognition, and the first acknowledgment in marble and bronze by his loyal services was erected by Millionaire James Lick, of San Francisco, near the entrance to Golden Gate Park. It cost \$60,000, and was the work of the great American sculptor, W. W. Story. The monument consists of a double arch of marble, under which is a superb bronze figure of Key.

Maryland recently unveiled in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Baltimore, another monument to her gifted son, from designs by the New York sculptor, Alexander Doyle. It is entirely of bronze, giving Key in spirited figure on a pedestal eighteen feet high, and at the base is a group emblematical of patriotism. The Legislature appropriated some of the funds for this truly monumental to the great lyric maker of the State. For years, in the city of Frederick, the grave of Key has been marked by the most appropriate of all ornaments, the Star-spangled Banner, flying from a steel pole night and day, in storm and sun. There have always been patriots enough to keep a fresh edition of Old Glory over the singer's resting place.

A song that appeals less to the warlike spirit of the Nation than to that love of country upon which all real patriotism is founded is that most beautiful of National anthems, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." This hymnlike song has, for more than half a century, filled the hearts of the children of this country with that love of freedom and of their native land which is the greatest possible safeguard against the loss of liberty or the encroachment of tyranny. Its author, Samuel Francis Smith, was born in Boston, Mass., October 21, 1808. He graduated from Harvard in 1828 and was ordained into the Baptist ministry in 1834. He became editor of the Christian Review, in Boston, in 1842, and he was editor of various publications of the Baptist Missionary Union from 1854 to 1869. Mr. Smith wrote "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," while he was a theological student, and it was first sung at a children's celebration in the Park Street Church, Boston, on July 4, 1832.

A REVOLUTIONARY FORT.

Here is a sketch of Fort Montgomery, in Northumberland County, Pa., as it looks to-day. It is the only one standing of the many forts built the year of the Wyoming Massacre. Sull-



van's expedition, which carried terror into the hostile Indian country, made the forts unnecessary, however. Fort Montgomery incloses a fine limestone spring. The walls of the structure are three feet thick.

A PATRIOT.



Lord De Liverus—"But I'll give you a shilling to carry my baggage." Chimmy—"Sorry, boss. I needs de money, but I can't work for no Englishman on de Fourth of July."—New York Journal.

The Star-spangled Banner.

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner
still wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it flings up, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Best with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—Francis Scott Key.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks and pine-tree break—
The sound of freedom.

Our Father, God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us, Thy right,
Great God, our King.

—Samuel F. Smith.

After the Fourth.
Let us gather up our children,
Now the glorious Fourth is done!
Fit the daughter-pieces nicely,
Match the fragments of our son,
While in broken tones they murmur,
"Never had such heaps of fun."

Lay them gently on the green sward,
Johnny's head on Johnny's drum.
Now let's see what else is missing,
With his teeth and Susie's thumb,
Borne away by cannon crackers
To the land of kingdom come.

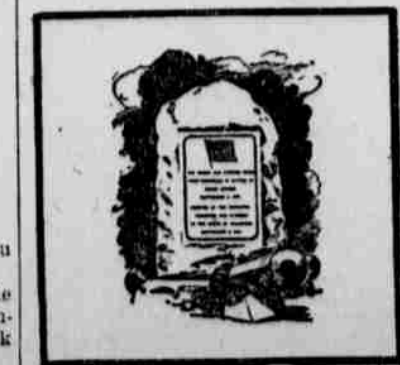
This blue sky must shield our darlings,
Our ancestral roof is gone.
It went up in smoke and sparks
As the Fourth began to dawn,
But we saved a cloak and teaspoon
And we're camping on the lawn.
—Benjamin A. Goodridge.

The Crowning Feature.
Before the Fourth our father said
That we had been good boys,
And so he bought a lot of things,
All full of fire and noise.

Among them was a gorgeous one
We didn't know about,
So at last we lighted it,
It sputtered and—went out!

WHERE OUR FLAG FIRST WAVED IN BATTLE.

The flag monument here pictured has just been unveiled at Cooch Bridge, near Wilmington, Del., to mark the spot where Old Glory made its first appearance on the battlefield. The occasion was an engagement between the Colonial troops and the British, under Lord Howe, a century and a quarter ago, and the Stars and Stripes, it is said, were here borne before the patriots for the first time. The monument is of rough Brandywine granite, with a smooth slab on one side bearing the design of our first flag, having thirteen stripes and thirteen stars. Beneath this is the following inscription: "The Stars and Stripes Were First Unfurled in Battle at Cooch Bridge, September 3, 1777. Erected by the Patriotic Societies and Citizens of the State of Delaware, September 3, 1901."



Interesting to WOMEN.

The Contented Woman.
The happiest woman in the world is she who is contentedly serving those she loves, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Go West, Young Woman.
Go west, young woman, and save from race suicide the country. Nearly 300 miners of Silver City, Nevada, are advertising in eastern papers for wives, and scores of other western camps are offering similar inducements.

Women in Japanese Army.
Richard Chester of Tanegashima Island, Japan, a contractor to the Japanese government, states that at least 10 percent of the Japanese soldiers in the field are women disguised as men. He says that the average Japanese woman of the coolie class is as strong, if not stronger, than the man.

Short Dress Sleeves.
The fashion for short dress sleeves will be more generally followed this summer than for a good many years. Even the girl whose wrists and hands are not remarkable for their beauty will venture to follow her more favored sisters. Some will wear them to the elbow and others will cut them off half way between the elbow and the hand. If the arm is very thin, lace should be used plentifully.

Beadwork Redivivus.
Women who wearied of the beadwork in Indian patterns which enjoyed such a vogue last summer will now find an excuse for taking up their discarded looms. The rage for anything Japanese has found vent in beadwork, following conventionalized Japanese patterns. These cannot be bought at shops as yet, though doubtless the patterns will soon be on the market, but any woman with an eye for colors can evolve her own patterns from Japanese prints, showing borders or panels.

Cherry blossoms, pride of Japan, are easily conventionalized, and dragons are stunning done in gold, green, blue, and crimson beads. The bead fringe shown on the new, dull-hued lamp shades are made from beads in myriad tints, run on the finest of copper wire.—New York Press.

The Face Beautiful.
How unreasonable some women are. They have a bad complexion. They go to a specialist and expect wonders to be worked on their faces in a single treatment of an hour's length. They are advised to come often and regularly, but they think it is because the masseuse wants to "make" more out of them. They mean to come again "next week," but when the time comes they want the dollar for something else and they don't go. Then they decry the masseuse and her capabilities. If one has a face that needs treatment—and whose could not be benefited—she should begin with treatments every day until she sees improvement. Then it is well enough to make weekly visits. Persistence and faithfulness on the part of the patient are as necessary as skill on the part of the masseuse.

Hints on Shades.
White makes a woman look innocent, winsome and classic. Clear white is for the blonde, cream white for the brunette. It is not the woman in white who has all the attention, and the wide-eyed young thing in white with a blue ribbon who captures all the beaux?

"Black suits the fair," a poet tells us. It is the thinnest color a stout woman can wear; indeed, the woman who wears black to best advantage is she who is stout and has black eyes and black hair. It is well known that in gowns of certain colors flesh seems to shrink; in others to expand.

A subdued shade of blue, heliotrope and olive green, with black, of course, are the colors under which flesh seems less ostentatious, while wedgewood blue, pale gray and almost any shade of red are to be avoided. Mauve and the higher shade of green are two of the colors that in decoration about the throat and shoulders are especially helpful in diminishing the effect of flesh.

Helen Gould in Fear of Her Life.
"If I went about conspicuously I am sure my life would be attempted," declared Miss Helen Gould to some of her friends on the board of lady managers at the St. Louis exposition.

"As it is few persons are certain of my identity except when I am in the company of those I can thoroughly trust. There are times, however, when I get so nervous that I do not stir out of the house for a week at a time.

"You cannot imagine how dreadful it is to receive in almost every mail letters from persons who declare that unless some impossible demand is complied with they will do you physical injury.

"If the writers were merely criminal, I would have no fear, but criminals seldom or never commit crimes such as are threatened. Worse than being criminal, the writers are as a rule mentally unbalanced, and as a result of their diseased imaginations.

"I would do almost anything to be freed from this necessity for constant espionage by paid protectors. As you can imagine, it grows very wearisome."

Know One Thing Well.

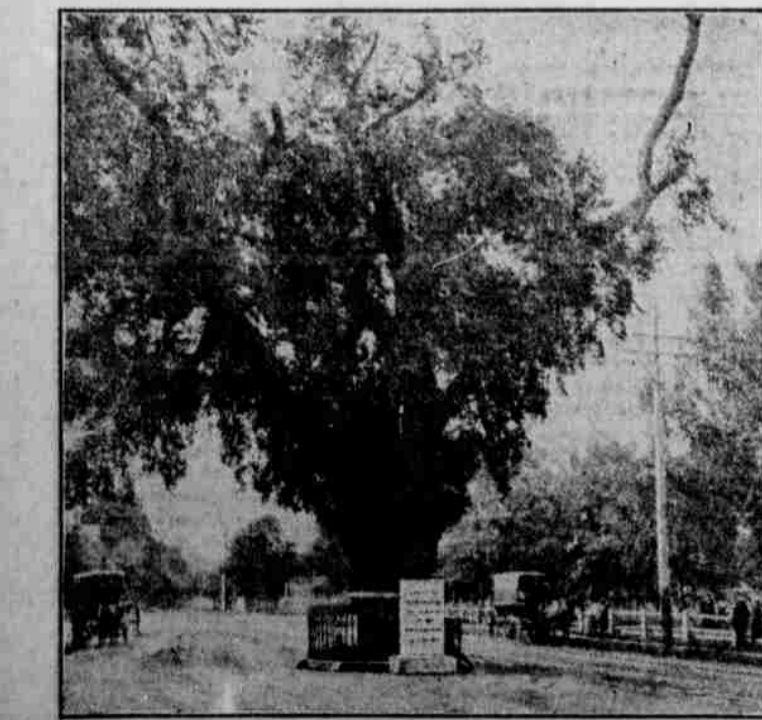
Judging from the letters that many of my girls are sending me there are a large number of them career-ward bent and bound, says The Housekeeper. I mean to help them, of course, to the best of my ability, and according to the promise I made them when we met, in the Cozy Corner, for the first time. Nevertheless, I want to do a little bargaining with them. I want each career-ward bound girl who comes to me to be honestly able to say that she is reasonably well grounded in the science of home-making and housekeeping. The knowledge will be of value to her no matter what her station in life is or may be. There are few sadder creatures to contemplate than the women who go through life ignorant of the things that rightfully belong to their sphere of knowledge, and who haven't the grace to be ashamed to say, "I don't know how." Yes, I will help you in any way I can, but always and ever will I say to you, that the world has nothing to give you that is half so fair, or high, or holy, as honored wifehood—the first place in some honest heart, and, perhaps, the crown of motherhood. These things are holiest and best for women, and for the welfare of the human race and the world at large. Slowly, but surely, in many cases reluctantly, I admit, is there an acknowledgment of this fact by the deepest thinkers among the men and women of our times. Glory and fame are high sounding words, and the price a woman pays, more often than not, for either or both, is her happiness. The beat of a drum may be loud, but oh, how hollow, after all's said and done, is the drum. Where the sunlight is the rosiest on snow clad mountain heights—it's ever cold, always lonely.

Fashion Notes.
Tucked coats are many and effective. Linen ribbon trims a walking hat of white Japanese straw. If you can wear a wide belt, do so; they are very, very stylish. Champagne pink is a new French designation for the modish tint. The cape bolero is one of the designs suited to the linen and other wash suitings. A touch of gold is introduced in nearly all the passementeries, embroideries and laces. To lend a touch of brightness to gray costumes, dark orange velvet is employed for garniture. Some of the newest hat pins are oval, and in the peacock coloring—green toning into blue. With a little practice one can produce a very pretty marcel wave with an ordinary curling iron. One can hardly get through the summer without a white hat. She will want it if she doesn't need it. White velvet or panne, embroidered with chenille dots in different colors, represents a novelty in garnitures. Do not put your furs away with the dirt on them. It is not only a slack way of doing but helps to ruin the fur. The practical automobile cap for a long ride on a hot day out into the dusty country is a linen duck of tan color. There is a new nine-gored skirt with haubit back that flares very prettily about the feet. If one wants to strap her skirt this is a suitable model. Wide linen and pique collars are being very generally worn by young boys and girls. They brighten up a dark frock and are very neat on the white ones. A novel combination of Parisian origin is that the crepe de chine and velvet, the latter as a trimming in a paler tint than the sheer fabric it adorns. The little medallions of fine embroidery can be utilized by the amateur dressmaker on sheer lawns and muslins in making some very handsome gowns.

A Possible Explanation.
"Ah!" sighed the spring poet, "there is nothing so sweet and tender as the beat of a young lamb."

"Think so," replied the practical man. "I suppose, then, when you get lamb in a restaurant that ain't tender it's because the 'beat' is cooked out of it."—Philadelphia Press.

The French state barge, which was built in the reign of Charles X., has just been sold for rather less than \$50.



WASHINGTON ELM AND MEMORIAL STONE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS. (Where Washington First Took Command of His Troops.)