

## THE FOURTH OF JULY

BY KATE THORN.



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 unbounded 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 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!"

It was not, however, until the spring

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

tut 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-quickening poems to awaken and keep alive the patriotic impulses of its people. The homely rhymes of "Bude Britons, Roast 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 years before Key received

monumental recognition, and the first acknowledgment in marble and bronze of 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 emblematic of patriotism. The Legislature appropriated some of the funds for this tardy monument 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 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.



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### Star-Spangled Banner.

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hailed at the twi-  
light'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  
water so cool,  
As it gently blows, 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  
saw  
That the havoc of war and the battle's  
confusion  
A home and a country should leave us no  
more?

The broad land has wash'd out their foul  
footsoldiers' pollution.

No refuge could save the hirsling 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!  
Blest with victory and peace, may the  
heaven-rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and  
preserved us a nation;  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it  
right;  
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.

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### AMERICA.

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

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

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
The bright and缭丽的 song;  
Let insects hum around,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks that silence break—  
The sound prolong.

Our Father's God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With thine own light;  
Protect us by Thy might;  
Great God, our King.  
—Samuel F. Smith.

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After the Fourth.

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

Let them gently on the green award,  
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 canon 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 scurries  
As the Fourth began to dawn,  
But we saved a clock and teaspoon  
And we're camping on the lawn.  
—Benjamin A. Goodridge.

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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!

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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 ap-

pearance on the battlefield. The occa-

sion 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 pa-

triots for the first time. The monu-

ment is of rough Brandywine granite,

with a smooth slab on one side bear-

ing the design of our first flag, waving

thirteen stripes and thirteen stars. Be-

nath this is the following inscription:

"The Stars and Stripes Were First Unfurled

in Battle at Cooch Bridge, Sep-

tember 3, 1777. Erected by the Patriotic Societies and Citizens of the State of Delaware, September 3, 1901."

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Hints on Shades.

White makes a woman look inno-

cent, 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 cap-

tures all the beau's?

"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

the shade.

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Helen Gould in Fear of Her Life.

"If I went about conspicuously I am

sure my life would be attempted," de-

clared Miss Helen Gould to some of

her friends on the board of lady man-

agers 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