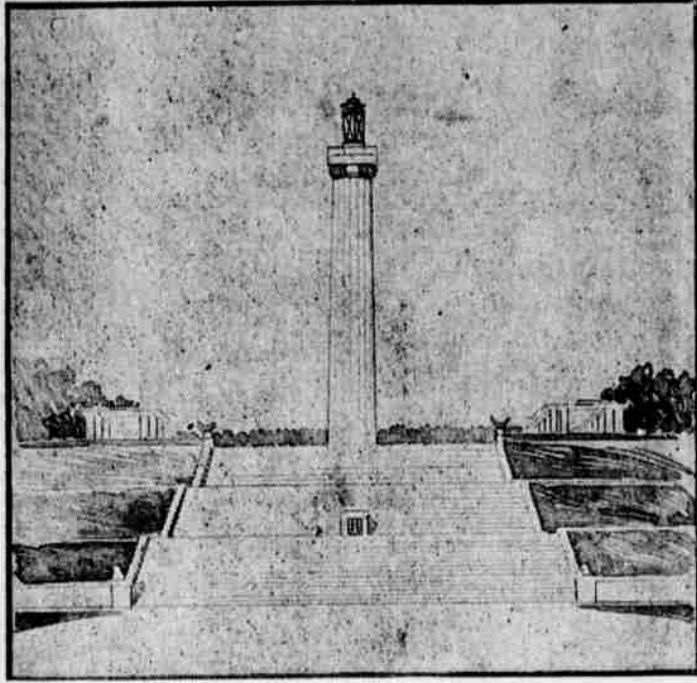


Martyrs of the Prison Ships



THE PRISON-SHIP MARTYRS' MONUMENT.

During the Revolution, all naval officers and sailors captured as prisoners of war were placed on board one of the prison ships then lying in New York harbor. The death-rate from cold, hunger, disease and brutality on these old hulks was very large. The bodies of those who died in the prison ships in the bay were thrown into the water and swept out to sea. The prison ships anchored in the North and East rivers were compelled to bury their dead on the shores of Manhattan.

Largest of the prison ships was the Jersey, which was anchored in Wallabout Basin, near the Long Island shore. Here the bodies of dead prisoners were collected daily and buried in the sandpits, where now stands the Brooklyn Navy Yard. About 1800 it was found that the tide had undermined the old sandpits and exposed to public view the remains of large numbers of patriot dead. Benjamin Romaine, a well known philanthropist of the time, was in the habit of buying sacks of these bones, placing them in coffins and giving them decent interment.

In 1808 the public demanded that the remains of the martyred sailors be exhumed and the bones placed in a new cemetery. A piece of land, on what was then known as the Jackson farm, was reserved specially for this purpose and fenced in on all sides. Here all the remains were buried in caskets, with religious services and military honors. A movement was started for a suitable monument to the memory of these patriots; but the War of 1812, breaking out soon thereafter, discouraged the people and the project was abandoned. In 1873 workmen accidentally uncovered an old sandpit, which was really the little cemetery of 1808. It had been entirely forgotten. Here were found in a deep trench the remains of a large number of sailors who died on the prison ship Jersey. These were collected and buried in Fort Greene Park. In 1899 and 1901 more bones were found in the Navy Yard, possibly a hundred skeletons in all. This discovery aroused a deep interest on the part of leading citizens. A Prison Martyrs' Monument Association was organized and the work of securing subscriptions and selecting plans for the monument was begun. The money for the entire cost of the monument was secured. The monument was designed by the well known architects, McKim, Mead & White, of Fifth avenue, New York. It is a shaft of white granite

STATUE OF NATHAN HALE



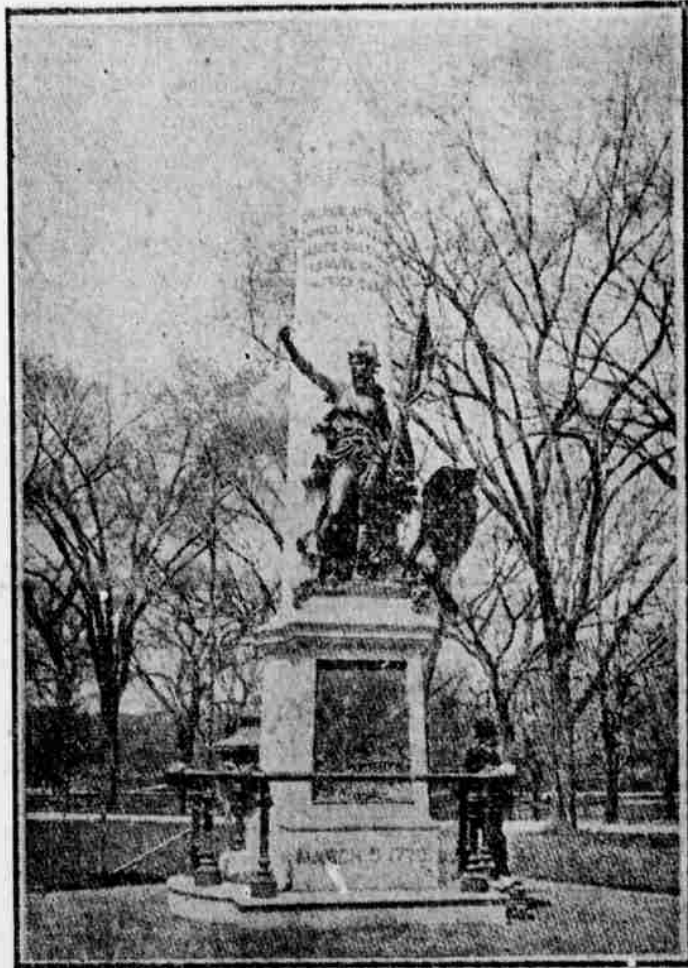
In City Hall Park, New York. Near the Spot Where Hale Was Hanged as a Spy by the British During the Revolution.

of the Grecian Doric order, surmounted by a handsome bronze urn. It is eighteen feet wide at the base and one hundred and fourteen feet in length, and counting fifty feet for the elevation, it is not less than one hundred and sixty-four feet in height.

In the centre of a stairway may be seen a small door, where is a tomb eighteen by eighteen feet, in which are deposited the bones of the prison ship martyrs.

The monument is erected on the upper plateau of Fort Greene near the main entrance to the park, Brooklyn, and is reached by three flights of stairs.

The ships on which the prison martyrs were confined were old, useless



BOSTON MASSACRE MONUMENT, BOSTON COMMON.

Dedicated November 14, 1888, and is the work of Robert Knaus. The figure in front of the shaft typifies "Revolution Breaking the Chains," and below is depicted the scene of the massacre.

hulks, where the worst barbarities were practiced upon all who were suspected of being in sympathy with the patriots. The ships included the Good Hope, the Scorpion, the Whiteby, the Falmouth, the Prince of Wales, the Stromboli, the Hunter, the Kittie, the Providence, the Bristol, and the Jersey.

During the seven years' war hundreds of unfortunates were thrown into the Jersey, where they were compelled to live on one meal a day, and that of the poorest kind of food. It was said that they had neither beds nor bedding in summer or winter, and no physician or clergyman was allowed to cheer them in their last hours of suffering. During the seven years' war no less than 11,500 patriots are said to have perished on the Jersey alone. The Long Island Historical Society has a list of over seven thousand names of persons who are known to have died on that vessel.—J. J. Munro.

Slang—Seasoned to the Fourth Celebration.

Punk—Ditto.
All over—Noise.
Bent it—The drum.
Pired—The pistol.
All up—Sky rockets.
Sure pop—The torpedoes.
I'll be blown—The horn.
A kicker—The old musket.
Up in the air—The balloons.
High balls—Roman candles.
Bang up—The giant cracker.
Scrapped—The little match.
Off in a bunch—Firecrackers.
Full of hot air—The balloons.
Never again—The exploded mine.
Going some—The "nigger-chaser."
One good turn deserves another—Pinwheels.
Nothing doin'—If you thought to sleep late.
In at the finish—The family doctor.
Sounds good to me—July 5th.
—Warwick James Price, in Judge.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

When and Where the Star-Spangled Banner Was First Raised.

How many of our boys of to-day know where and when the star-spangled banner was first raised, and that the honor belongs to New York State? How it was made, and under what circumstances, Tom Fosdick, a drummer boy of old Fort Stanwix, which stood near the site of the city of Rome, N. Y., tells us:

"On August 3, 1777, the first day we were besieged, the need of a flag to fly from our bastions caused Colonel Gansevoort, our commander, to call me to him, saying, 'Tom, my boy, we must have a banner to fight under. I have, in a copy of the Philadelphia Gazette, a full description of the new standard for the United States as ordered by the Congress last June; so hunt around and do you best to find something—anything, red, white and blue—that can be sewn together, and we'll show the enemy a banner that will tell them we are a new nation, with colors of our own; a banner that we won't haul down, my lad, while there's one of us left to defend it.'

"With this command, I rushed around, ransacking the barracks and storerooms, finally securing a couple of white ammunition shirts, and an old red cloth petticoat from the wife of one of our soldiers; but nothing blue could I find. Running back with my store of materials, I showed them to the Colonel, telling him that I lacked the blue. Captain Swartout, standing nearby, said, 'I can furnish that,' and going to his quarters quickly returned with a cloak of the right color, which he had captured at Peekskill. At once the stripes and field were cut, a paper pattern made for the stars, and in a short time our patchwork flag was put together. What mattered it if the red was somewhat faded in places, or that the seams were rough and uneven, the 'Stars and Stripes' were there, and by sunset we were ready to unfurl our



The Patrick Henry Church.

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" Forceful words coming to us from the days of the first Continental Congress, when Patrick Henry, in his tremendous speech, urged his countrymen to arise, throw off the grinding yoke of slavery, and become a free people. The little church, whose walls, it is said, seemed to vibrate with the resonance of the ora-



tor's voice on that occasion, is still standing in Richmond, Virginia, and yearly is visited, as a patriotic shrine, by many pilgrims, who come from near and far to stand within the edifice made famous by those words of flame; words, which, although the mists of more than a hundred years enshroud them, still reverberate through the corridors of Time, and are perhaps more familiar to the American people than any other prose in our language.

Yorktown Custom-House.

The question has often been asked, "Why did Lord Cornwallis overlook other points, such as Norfolk, and make Yorktown the object of his military maneuvers?" The reason is, that in the early days of colonial development, Yorktown was regarded as a great seaport; and the first permanent custom-house ever erected in this country was built there of brick imported from England; and it stands there to-day. That custom-house had been in existence and in active operation for more than half a century before Lord Cornwallis came across the Atlantic to subdue the Yankee rebels, and the custom-houses of an enemy are always an object of attack in war.

This brick building, although the first custom-house erected, was probably not the first one in operation. The adventurous spirits on Jamestown Island early in the seventeenth century determined to compel all the commerce of the world to centre there. They did not come to America for health, but for wealth. They caused to be issued an executive order of the governor commanding that "Every ship arriving in Virginia waters shall continue its cargo in bulk, and not break bulk, before reaching Jamestown."

Dr. Tyler, in his "Cradle of the Republic," says that the effect anticipated by this order was "that an end would be put to the habit of forestalling imported supplies, but also that the population of Jamestown would be increased owing to the extension of the opportunities for erecting storehouses and for promoting trade."

That was in 1623, and the Jamestown legislative assembly of 1623-24 made an enactment covering that situation and confirming the executive order. This was probably the beginning of the collection of customs duties on this continent.

It has frequently been stated that the Yorktown custom-house is the oldest in the New World; but the Jamestown custom-house was the first to be established, although it is not now in existence, and nobody knows whether it was a frame building or brick.

And after well-nigh two hundred years of constant usage, the Yorktown custom-house is a good substantial building to-day.

Our Country.

Our Country—whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine or however otherwise bounded and described, and be the measurements more or less; still our country, to be cherished in all our hearts and to be defended by all our hands.—Robert C. Winthrop.



To the American Eagle.
Here's to the great American Eagle,
Proud bird of freedom all hail!
That nobody can inveigle,
Or put salt on his beautiful tail.

HE JUST LOOKED WISE.

He didn't spend the minutes
In the valley of the sign;
He didn't have much wisdom—
He just

Looked Wise.

He prophesied no weather
To take you by surprise;
He just surveyed the heavens,—
Oh, he just

Looked Wise.

And so through life for wisdom
He won the envied prize;
He wasn't guilty of it,—
Oh, he just

Looked Wise.

—F. L. Stanton, in the Atlanta Constitution.



FUNNY FELLOWS' COLUMN

"LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU"

Departing Visitor (disappointedly)
—"Hang it, I've got my own hat after all!"—M. A. P.

"You know that \$10 you lent me—"
—"Not now. Introduce me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She (after proposal from impecunious suitor).—"Why, you couldn't even dress me."

He (embarrassed).—"Well—er—no. But you would have your maid."—M. A. P.

Returned Explorer—"The trouble is up in that bleak Northern region one is apt to lose one's bearings."

Miss Innocent—"And are there no repair shops handy?"—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. X—"This history says that the Emperor Constantine had a thousand cooks."

Mr. X—"That's nothing. We must be getting near the thousand mark ourselves."—Boston Transcript.

Master—"I see you've got a horse-shoe up there, Pat. I thought you didn't believe in that superstition."

Pat—"Sure an' I don't, sir. But I have heard that them as don't believe in it gets the best luck."—Punch.

Mrs. Caller—"This mince pie is simply delicious. May I have your receipt for it?"

Mrs. Inne—"Certainly, dear. I don't think the baker will ask us to pay for it again."—Boston Transcript.

"I have noticed, Mr. Lloyd, that you were the only person who did not weep during Mr. Evans's beautiful prayer."

"You forget, Mrs. Davies, that I belong to another parish."—The By-stander.

Green (with newspaper)—"I see, my dear, that Edison gets \$7000 a week for moving pictures."

Mrs. Green—"Mercy! What a lot of pictures he must move to make that much every week."—Boston Transcript.

The Insurance Agent—"Sure your heart isn't weak?"

The Insured One—"Oh, yes, yes."

The Agent—"Ever test it?"

The Insured—"Yes, indeed. I watched a fifteen-inning ball game with the score of 1 to 1."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Conjurer (who has produced two eggs from the boy's pocket)—"There, my lad. Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"

The Boy—"Course she can't!"

The Conjurer—"Indeed! How's that?"

The Boy—"She keeps ducks."—The Sketch.

Odd Use for a Piano Stool.

"We have requests for all kinds of odd pieces of furniture," said a dealer the other day, "but I was somewhat surprised when a customer asked for an odd piano stool. There was nothing particularly unusual in the request itself, but I was rather surprised to find that neither style, color nor kind of wood seemed to have much influence on the mind of the would-be buyer."

"What is your piano like?" I finally asked curiously, "Oh, I haven't any piano," was the reply. "You see I have just joined a swimming class and we all have to have a piano stool to practice the different motions on. There is nothing so good to learn on, our teacher says, unless one can actually go into the water itself every day."—New York Sun.

Souvenir Postals Lost.

It is gratifying to learn that the efforts of the department have effected a large decrease in the matter consigned to the division of dead letters, though it received in unclaimed letters cash to the amount of \$59,078, while the drafts, checks and money orders showed a total of over \$2,000,000. Eight millions of post cards were destroyed without record, and dead letter sales of merchandise, loose cash in the mails and currency received for postage amounted to \$29,2344. Special instruction in properly addressing postal matter, etc., is now being given in schools all over the country, with a view to eliminating this tremendous loss in the future.—National Magazine.

Pleasant Developments.

"When I feel cold, I take a little whiskey, doctor."
"Yes, that warms you for the time, but its effect soon goes off and leaves you colder than before."
"Well, surely, that's an advantage 'n't it?"—Florence Bitter.

YOUR BACKACHE WILL YIELD

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Bloomdale, Ohio.—"I suffered from terrible headaches, pains in my back and right side, and was tired all the time and nervous. I could not sleep, and every month I could hardly stand the pain. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health again and made me feel like a new woman. I hope this letter will induce other women to avail themselves of this valuable medicine."—Mrs. E. M. FREDERICK, Bloomdale, Ohio.

Backache is a symptom of female weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so safely and surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Cure the cause of these distressing aches and pains and you will become well and strong.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has restored health to thousands of women.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

Neighborliness, Not Charity.

A farmer out in North Dakota having been sick all winter and spring, on a given day his neighbors met at his farm and, with 23 outfits, plowed, harrowed and sowed 100 acres in a single day. The wives and daughters came, too, and served a fine dinner on the lawn, making a gala event of the day. This pleasing little incident reads like a chapter from 50 or 100 years ago, with its barn or house "raisings," neighborhood harvestings and thrashings, and other similar occasions, where the spirit of mutual helpfulness prevailed, without thought of financial consideration. The only desire was to do a neighbor a "good turn." In our highly organized social life, in the mad whirl, in which we move, we are losing much of this simple, neighborly spirit, and it is a great loss.—Leslie's Weekly.

Nature Fakers of Fame.

Fancy and imagination are already at a discount and our young Gradgrinds want strict facts. It was different 50 years ago, when boys delighted in "The Island Home," even though the author of that best of desert-island stories made the albatross come up from the depths of the sea, a beautiful glittering creature with fins and scales, and described a battle royal between a sperm whale and a thrashing shark and swordfish. Again, how popular was "The Swiss Family Robinson," in spite of the fact that in their wonderful island were found a lion, a polar bear and a kangaroo, and the whole family, though armed with guns, were blockaded for days by a box constructor.—Correspondence London Outlook.

California capitalists have bought for about \$125,000 about 100,000 acres on the Bayone river, Republic of Panama. The tract is said to be rich in timber and other resources.

Estimate Always Off.

The career of every successful man may be divided into two periods. First, when he is not given credit for what he knows; and second, when he is given credit for what he doesn't know.—Life.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Post Toasties

with strawberries and cream.

A delightful combination that strongly appeals to the appetite.

The crisp, fluffy bits have a distinctive flavour and are ready to serve from the package without cooking.

Convenient, Appetizing, Healthful food.

"The Memory Lingers"

Popular pkg. 10c.

Family size 15c.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.