

HUSH! 'TIS A NOISELESS FOURTH

The Exceptional Equipment

BY WILLARD W. GARRISON

OLD CRACKERS in lieu of cannon crackers; ginger snaps in place of toy cannons; tallow candles as substitutes for Roman candles; dad's dark lantern swathed in mother's discarded red-flannel skirt instead of the red-fire display; sister's powder puff instead of puffs of real smoke from the nozzle of a juvenile 13-inch gun, and positively no shooting stars.

With precautions being handed him from every side, the above is the small boy's vision of the glorious Fourth of July, nineteen hundred and nine.

From Washington, from the state capital, and from the county and city government seats, the word went out weeks ago that the current Independence-day celebration was booked as "sane." In other words, the ban was placed on all sorts of dangerous methods of paying tribute to the men who affixed their signatures to the sheepskin roll which guarantees our freedom.

In many parts of these United States this same ban has done service for a decade, and has always returned with each Independence day in the attempt to accomplish a sane Fourth of July. But the American small boy is born with noise as his second nature—the healthier the noisier—and the Fourth of July and Christmas morning are the most notable occasions of the year to him.

Each year officials in the big cities of the country scratch from the fireworks dealers' lists certain dangerous explosives, and thus the casualty list is being cut down from year to year, despite the additions of new inventions in cannon crackers and what are known as "night fireworks."

Many communities have shown disposition to make their sane Fourth of July occasion for a public fete at the parks and gathering places, where, as a result of public contributions, fireworks exhibitions are given, much to the enjoyment of the adult members of the place, but less to their offspring, which see fun only in skyrockets, Roman candles, flower-pots, and the like, which are sent heavenward by the touch of a match in their own hands.

But for the small boy, the boring of a sane celebration is the morning and afternoon, when only the smallest fireworks are permitted. The noiseless variety of tribute to the signers of America's "Magna Charta" consists of oratorical hallotechnics in the parks, public halls and town meeting-places. In these celebrations the men who have made their marks in the world by word of mouth are the chief participants.

From the day the Declaration of Independence was signed, July 4, 1776, until July 4, 1909, not a year has passed without some one contributing life to the business of celebrating freedom. On July 4, 1776, the first casualty was recorded, when the old bell-ringer of Independence hall, Philadelphia, fell dead from heart disease while ringing out the joyous news to willing ears of the colonial patriots.

Independence day! When is it? The question might very properly be asked of the millions of fire-cracker-exploding boys and girls who have grown to manhood and womanhood in the past and are now developing into American citizenship, whose faith is complete that independence was first thought of, discussed, declared and won on the Fourth of July.

But it would be more correct to speak of Independence week or month or even year, than to settle the whole of the glory upon the Fourth itself.

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown was October 19, 1781. At least one of the signers of the Declaration, with no thought, however, to be on the safe side, signed the document late in the same year. Col. McKean of Delaware is himself the authority for the statement that he did not sign till 1781. His name does not appear in the first broadside of the Declaration along with 55 other signers.

Jefferson himself, the author of the immortal document, in a paper on the manner of proceeding of the continental congress, with respect to independence, writes:

"The debates having taken up the greater part of the second, third and fourth days of July, were in the evening of the last closed. The Declaration was reported by the committee, agreed to by the house, and signed by every member present, except Mr. Dickinson."

The journal, however, shows that only John Hancock, the president of the congress, signed, attested by Charles Thompson, secretary.

But beyond the fact that the Declaration was not signed on the Fourth, it is also true that after the long month of acrimonious discussion, beginning early in June, the resolution for independence itself was adopted July 2.

The Virginia delegates, led by Richard Henry Lee, who for more than a year had openly advocated independence, instructed by the Virginia convention of May 17, 1776, to vote for absolute freedom, brought forward the resolution on June 7.

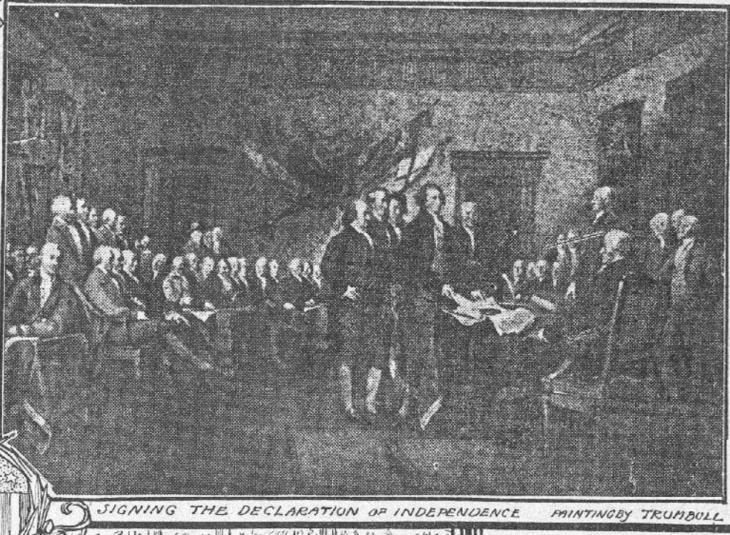
Mr. Lee's resolution read "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

John Adams seconded the resolution. It was the north and the south joining hands. Puritan and cavalier shoulder to shoulder for liberty. The debate was on, and Adams became the colossus in its defense.

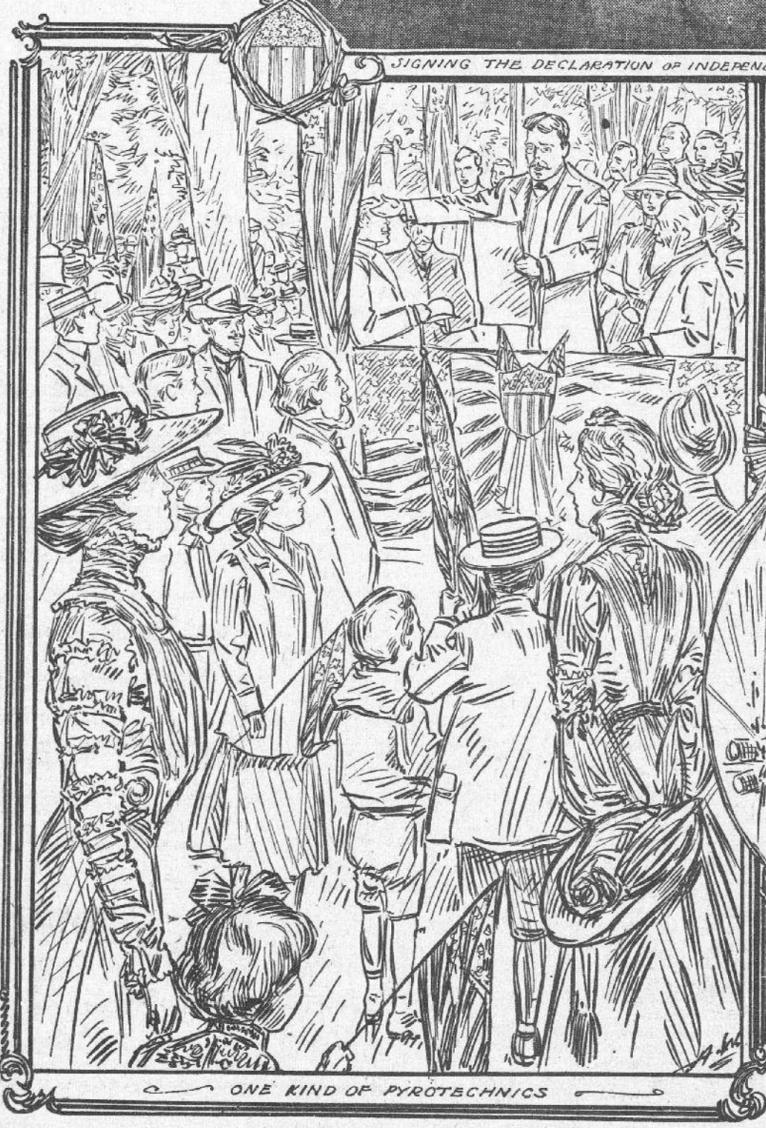
Direct consideration of the question of independence was entered upon, according to the record, on the morning of the 1st of July by the congress voting to resolve itself into a committee of the whole to take into consideration the resolution introduced by Richard Henry Lee, and to refer the draft of the declaration to this committee.

Benjamin Harrison of Virginia was called to the chair, and the whole day the prolonged discussion raged about the question, but at the end the resolution was adopted. The committee of the whole then rose, Hancock resumed the chair, and Harrison reported that the committee had adopted the resolution. It was late, the members were tired and anxious, and the house voted to postpone action on the resolution until the next day, July 2. Then, after a night's rest, the resolution was adopted. Real Independence day is therefore July 2.

But there was the matter of the draft of the Declaration, quite a different matter from the mere resolution,



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE PAINTING BY TRUMBULL



ONE KIND OF PYROTECHNICS

still to be considered, or the form of announcing the fact of the adopted resolution to the world.

Discussion on the draft continued all through the 3d of July, and it was only on the 4th that it was agreed upon, and the old bell in Independence hall had the honor of proclaiming liberty to the world.

The exact hour of the adoption is not determinable from any record, and the important point of a unanimous declaration still hung in the balance.

The adoption of July 2, though carried by a good majority, was by no means that heart-whole affair which was desirable to carry conviction to all the 13 colonies. All of New England—that is, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Hampshire—with New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, voted for the resolution, but Pennsylvania, in the metropolis of which the delegates were gathered, and South Carolina voted against it. One of Delaware's delegates, Col. McKean, voted for it, and the other, George Reed, voted against it.

Rutledge of South Carolina requested the determination might be put off to the next day, as he believed his colleagues, though they disapproved of the resolution, would join in it for the sake of unanimity. The ultimate question, whether the house would agree to the resolution of the committee, was accordingly postponed to the next day, when it was moved, and South Carolina concurred in voting for it.

During the day of postponement the patriotism of Col. McKean rescued the fate of Delaware. He managed to get word to Caesar Rodney, who, by riding 80 miles on horseback, arrived in time for the two of them to carry their state for the resolution on the next ballot.

In Pennsylvania popular sentiment was decidedly for independence, and organized efforts were brought to bear upon the delegates. Conditions changed suddenly. Franklin, Morton and Wilson voted for, and Willing and Humphreys against the resolution. The other two delegates, Morris and Dickinson, absented themselves, and thus refrained from voting. All this time the New York delegates declined to vote at all, as not having been instructed. When the final vote was taken on the 4th, New York still not voting, only three delegates voted against the resolution. These were Willing and Humphreys of Pennsylvania and Reed of Delaware. Nine out of the 13

when engrossed, be signed by every member of congress.

It was a sultry day in August, the 2d, when the order was carried out. Jefferson, when in a genial, reminiscent mood, was accustomed to say that the signing was hastened by swarms of flies that came into the hall through the open windows of the State house from a livery stable nearby. The day's business had been arduous, it was hot and sticky, and the flies assailed the silk-stocking legs of the honorable members with vigor and real Tory vindictiveness. With handkerchiefs and all available papers, the fathers of liberty lashed the flies, but with no avail. The onslaught became unendurable, and the members, capitulating, made haste to sign and bring the momentous business to a close.

Of the 55 signatures not all were attached, even at this date. Richard Henry Lee, after proposing his resolution, had been called home by the illness of his wife, and it was that circumstance which gave Jefferson the chance to frame the Declaration. Lee was still absent when the signing occurred, and he had no opportunity to affix his name until the following September. Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts and Oliver Wolcott of Connecticut also signed in September.

Samuel Chase of Maryland, home on important business, wrote to John Adams, under date of July 5, inquiring: "How shall I transmit to posterity that I have given my assent?"

Adams replied on the 9th, explaining that: "As soon as an American seal is prepared, I conjecture the Declaration will be subscribed by all the members, which will give you the opportunity you wish for."

Chase was one of the 50 who signed on the 2d of August amid the flies.

Elbridge Gerry was also very anxious about his signature, and wrote to both John and Samuel Adams from Kingsbridge, N. Y., under date of July 21, desiring to know if they could not sign his name as his proxy, but he did so himself later.

George Wythe of Virginia signed August 27. Matthew Thornton of New Hampshire was appointed a delegate in congress September 15, 1776, and took his seat in November, four months after the adoption of the Declaration. He immediately declared himself in favor of it, and

colonies had voted unanimously July 2. Twelve voted for it on the 4th. On the 9th the New York members, having been instructed by their state to vote in favor of the resolution, did so, thus making the vote unanimous so far as the states were concerned.

Congress, on the 19th of July, ordered the Declaration passed on the

have met that ignominious death. In the assembly was Doctor Zubly, a delegate from Georgia. He was the Benedict Arnold of the congress. It began to be whispered that Zubly was giving away the secrets of executive sessions. Chase of Maryland accused him of his perfidy on the floor. Zubly made an impassioned denial and demanded proof. It was forthcoming, and the guilty delegate fled to Georgia with the intention of apprising the crown governor of his state with what was going on behind the closed doors of congress. Directed to follow the traitor by congress, Mr. Houston, a patriot delegate from the same state, set out to circumvent him. By the time they reached Georgia the crown governor had already been deposed and had taken refuge in an armed British vessel lying in Savannah harbor. Zubly's treachery came to nothing, but it deprived Houston of a chance to immortalize himself by signing, and Georgia was cut down to three signers, Gwinnett, Walton and Hall.

They were a sturdy and interesting group of men who had the temerity to throw off King George, and representative of all kinds of vocations. One was a minister of the Gospel, 24 were lawyers—it was Burke who had said, "You can't subdue a nation of lawyers"—14 were farmers, 4 physicians, 1 manufacturer, 9 merchants, and three others, who prepared to preach, choose other vocations. Their hardihood is shown not less in their longevity. Poor Thomas Lynch of South Carolina was drowned at 30. His health failed after the trying congressional work, and, sailing in 1779 for St. Eustatius, West Indies, hoping there to find a neutral vessel to carry him to France, he was never again heard from. But three of the signers lived to be over 90 years of age, ten over 80, eleven over 70, fourteen over 60, eleven over 50 and six over 44. It was Charles Carroll

who had advised the owner of the *Peggy Stewart*, a tea ship at Annapolis, to burn the vessel, which was done without disguise in broad daylight, and he lived to see his country victorious in the second war with Great Britain, dying in 1832.

The present solicitude for the preservation of the Declaration of Independence with all possible care dates from a period somewhat prior to the World's Columbian exposition, in Chicago, in 1893. It was proposed to transfer the Declaration to Chicago for exhibition, and a steel safe, or "packing case," as it was then termed, was specially constructed to serve as a repository for the document en route and during the period of the fair. While these preparations were in progress the officials of the state department turned the matter over in their minds, and eventually came to the conclusion that it was risky business to have the nation's most honored relic carted about the country, even if the moving was done with all possible care. The president took this view of the matter also, and so it was decided not to allow the Declaration to be transferred to Chicago.

About the opening of the year 1902 John Hay, who was then acting as secretary of state, asked the National Academy of Sciences to carefully investigate the condition of the document and to make suggestions as to ways and means for its preservation. Accordingly, President Agassiz of the National Academy appointed a special committee, consisting of John S. Billings, Ira Remsen and Charles F. Chandler, to confer with Secretary Hay on the subject. Eventually this special committee was given an opportunity to make a careful examination of the precious instrument, with the assistance of Mr. A. H. Allen, then serving as the chief of the bureau of rolls and library of the state department, and also with the aid of Dr. Wilbur M. Gray of the Army Medical Museum.

It was found that the document had suffered very seriously from the very harsh treatment to which it was exposed during the earlier years of the republic. Folding and rolling have creased and broken the parchment. The wet press-copying operation to which it was subjected about 1820, for the purpose of producing a facsimile copy, removed a large portion of the ink. Subsequent exposure to the action of light for more than 30 years while the instrument was placed on exhibition, has resulted in the fading of the ink, particularly in signatures.

smiling, "and a queer compliment that he paid to a colonel's wife.

"I sat between the two, and the lady said across to me:

"Mr. Takashira, you compress the ladies' feet in your country, don't you?"

"Oh, no, madam; that is a Chinese custom," said the Jap. "We Japanese allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size. Not that—and he bowed and blessed in the polite Japanese way—not that they could ever hope to rival yours, madam."

An Awkward Compliment. Inspector-General Hornaday of the Grand Army of the Republic was relating incidents of famous national encampments.

"I remember a little Jap who attended one of our banquets," he said,

Andy gripped on. The crowd began to laugh. Slowly Andy went down.

"Guess I know enough when to quit," he suddenly remarked, but the look he gave the prominent citizen was the reverse of pleasant.

Andy reached for the stranger's hand and they gripped. Andy's eyes began to bulge. He gripped harder. The veins stood out on his face like whiplords.

"Say," said Andy at last, "ain't you shaken long enough?"

"Guess not. There is \$50 for me if I put you on your knees."

the cowpuncher, and as a test of his strength choked a young bull calf almost to death with a pinch.

"I guess you'll do," said the prominent citizen.

Word was passed around to be at the depot and see a genuine hand-shaking match, and the cowpuncher was instructed to be at the depot and keep in sight of Andy.

"Who is that slab-sided fellow?" growled Andy, for the cowpuncher was always in the way.

"Ah," cried the prominent citizen

ANDY'S DOWNFALL

Andy McDonald, Sacramento's prize hand squeezer, met his fate recently and no longer boasts of a grip which will put men on their knees begging to be spared their right hand. When to be spared a stranger he gave the ever Andy met a stranger who gave the unfortunate fellow a grasp which made the tears spring from his eyes. Many were the blessings heaped on the head of Andy for that fellow yet.

"I'll get even with that fellow yet," said a well known citizen of Sacramento, wrathfully, "even if the Southern Pacific has to lose his valuable services."

He heard of a cowboy in southern Oregon with a grip which would strangle a horse, hunted him up and brought him down to Sacramento.

"There's \$50 in it for you if you make him go down on his knees and plead for mercy, and all the whisky you can drink."

"Give me a quart as a starter," said

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

LOOKED A LITTLE UNSTABLE

Body Servant of Gen. Mahone Doubtful of the Qualities of His Master's "Props."

Gen. Adalbert R. Buffington, at a dinner in Madison, N. J., told a number of civil war stories.

"Gen. Mahone," he said, "was very thin. One cold and windy December morning in '64 he was taking a nap in his tent when his old colored servant, 'Uncle Davy,' tiptoed in, and, stumbling in the darkness, knocked down the general's folding cot and spilled him out on the frozen ground."

"Gen. Mahone jumped up furiously, seized a scabbard and made for Davy. Davy ran. The general gave chase.

"Uncle Davy tore up hill and down dale till he was pretty well out of breath; then he looked back over his shoulder at his master, who bounded after him on slender limbs, blue and thin, his long, white night shirt fluttering in the chill morning.

"'Fo' de lan's sake, Mars' William,' the exhausted Davy yelled, desperately, 'yo' hain't trustin' yo'se'f in dis wind on dem legs, is you?'"

SEEMED APPROPRIATE TO HER

Wife of Sick Man Thought She Had Reason for Appealing to Locomotive Works.

One day last winter a feeble Irish woman called upon us for aid. The case sounded urgent, so I went with her at once. Everything was just as she had stated. Her husband was very ill, she was too old and feeble to work, their children were dead, there was no fire and their only food was bread which their neighbors, almost as poor as they, had given them. I asked her why she had not come to us before and she replied that she had appealed to the church and to several individuals without success.

"Thin," she went on, "O' wint to 't' big place 'round the strate.' The only 'big place' near was a plant for the manufacture of steam engines, and I wondered.

"But what made you go to the locomotive works?" I asked.

"Well, ma'am, shure an' ain't me old man got locomotive taxes?"—New York Telegram.

A Friendly Pointer.

"What," asked Arizona Al, when the new editor had taken charge of *The Daily Rattlesnake*, "is goin' to be your policy?"

"My policy, my friend, is going to be to tell the truth according to my lights, and let the chips fall where they may."

"Stranger, that's a good policy, but be sure before you go to press that you've got your lights adjusted to suit all parties. This is a bad place for people that gits the wrong focus."

Many Seekers of the Pole.

Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, England, Russia, Sweden and the United States were, in 1908, represented among the 12 expeditions which were struggling toward the pole. Eight leaders were veterans—Peary and Cook of the United States, Bernier of Canada, Erichsen and Rasmussen of Denmark, Charcot of France, Shackleton of England and Geer of Sweden.

PRESSED HARD Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that follow when they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in one of the southern states says:

"My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum.

"I was so pleased with it, that after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family were so well pleased with it, that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

Read, "The Road to Wellville," in *Collier's*. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.