

RECORD'S FOURTH



OF JULY PAGE

FOURTH OF JULY IN FAR GUAM

By GEORGE H. PICARD

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

WHEN the United States government took formal possession of its insular appanage of Guam one of its first official acts was to make an inventory of the leftover colonial impediments of the departed Castilians. According to the report of the officer who was detailed to attend to the matter—an incorrigible wag, as it happened—the only articles of any moment left behind by the ousted dons consisted of 365 annual and ablebodied holidays.

The first American governor of the islet, an efficient officer of the United States navy, was a reformer. With the holiday per se the gallant captain had no quarrel. But he made up his mind to reform the calendar. With that end in view and wishing to proceed cautiously, he sought the advice of one of the excellent Spanish missionaries who were still ministering to the spiritual needs of the Apians.



A ROUSING SALVO FROM THE CRUISER.

The missionary admitted that the matter could be overdone, but explained that the Guamese temperament required stimulation. That gave the governor his cue. Without further preliminary he began to descend feelingly upon the improved method of disposing of an overplus of enthusiasm which prevailed in America. The process, he explained, consisted in storing away vast quantities of explosive energy to be drawn upon whenever the occasion was actually worthy of special effort.

"Christmas, senior gobernador?" the Spaniard suggested mildly. "Most certainly, Christmas by all means, but more especially the Fourth of July," the governor agreed.

A shadowy smile passed quickly over the missionary's ascetic face, and then he shook his head sadly. "Fothojuly, fothojuly, excelencia, I know him not," he said. "You shall make its acquaintance, and so shall every man, woman and child on this blessed island," declared the governor, with resolution in his tone. "Why, man alive, it's the greatest day of them all! There isn't a youngster in the whole United States of America that couldn't give you people points on how to celebrate. The glorious day is due in about a week—a week from Saturday. My men will teach you how to celebrate. They'll paint Guam red."

The peace loving missionary shivered slightly. Visions of Guam incarnadine floated before his eyes. Then a great light illumined his darkness. "Pardon, senior gobernador," he said; "it is the great holy day of the Americans. Since we are now of the Americans it must also be of us. It is the feast of the translation of St. Martin, but perhaps it matters little; there are multitudes of saints remaining. Excelencia, we of Guam accept the holy day of the Americans."

Although this was not precisely what the doughty official had intended, he let it go at that for the present. It occurred to him, of course, that instead of making a beginning at the weeding out process he had added another to the already overstocked calendar of the festival loving Guamese. Then and there he resolved that the American national holiday should be made so distinctive that it should thereafter head the list. The first American Fourth of July in Guam should be a revelation to Uncle Sam's new quasi citizens; no mere tropical merrymaking, with flower wreaths and guitar thrumming and churchgoing as the features, but a genuine outburst of Yankee enthusiasm.

It was indeed a red letter day for the inhabitants of faraway Guam. At daybreak a rousing salvo from the cruiser in the harbor struck terror to the hearts of the waking natives, who thought only of the dreaded tremble de tierra. Simultaneously the marines at the government quarters began a series of musketry, the steam whistle of

the warship contrived to discord, the church bells changed as they had never changed before, and the drums and fifes of the garrison added to the patriotic tumult.



THAT GLORIOUS DAY.

The American had taken pains to provide themselves with an abundance of the explosive agencies which alone make the Fourth what it should be, and there was little cessation in the glorious din throughout that sunny and ever to be remembered day. The generous and polite governor feasted the principal men of the island and their families, and no one was suffered to go hungry or unhappy. It won the Guamese forever and made them converts to the gracious festival which had been so auspiciously added to their calendar.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

By JEROME SPRAGUE

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

BUT, Bobbie, you're English and can't be expected to feel as I do about the Fourth of July," Felicia protested.

"I know that you've agreed to love me in spite of that," he retorted.

"I know it," she admitted, "and I intend to go on loving you if you don't turn out to be a dreadful tyrant like your fathers before you."

"Don't judge me by my ancestors," he laughed. "They weren't half as jolly as I am."

"You are nice, Bobbie," she agreed. "Then go with me today and cut the stupid picnic."

Her eyes were fixed longingly on the gorgeous red motor that was hobnobbing with Aunt Marcia's shabby surrey in the country road.



GAZED AFTER HIM.

"I'd love to," she confessed. "Please," he begged, with all his heart in his eyes. And because it hurt her she said "No" very peremptorily, and he turned away with a frown.

"When you see me again you'll know it," he said savagely.

It was flung out with the frank rudeness of a little boy, and for a moment Felicia stared haughtily. Then she laughed.

"Oh, Bobbie," she emphasized, "you are so funny when you're angry!" But Bobbie, with one last look at her, strode down the path.

And Felicia, gazing after him blankly, scarcely heard the voice at her side.

"My dear, you needn't have stayed at home on our account," said Felicia, coming out of her daze—"oh, did you hear?"

"Yes, and I'm afraid you've made him very angry, Felicia."

Felicia dropped a light kiss on the little lady's forehead.

"Honey, child," she cooed, "it's the spirit of my ancestors."

"But if you had an engagement with him?"

"It wasn't any more of an engagement," Felicia stated, "than I had with you and the children. It's his fault if he has a bad time of it. I asked him to go with us."

"Of course it couldn't be expected," said Aunt Marcia, "that he would enjoy our little Fourth of July picnic."

"He ought to like the things I like," Felicia insisted.

"Yes," said Aunt Marcia vaguely, "I should think he'd want to be where you are."

"Well, evidently he doesn't," said her niece grimly.

At the picnic Felicia was as gay as usual, and in her pale pink linen with a shady hat she looked like a rose, so that the people craned their necks to get a view of the pretty girl who had

lived among them until, four years ago, she had gone to the city to cultivate her voice and had come back engaged to a titled Englishman.

After luncheon Raymond Andrews asked her to take a walk with him. Felicia had known Raymond since her little girl days, and she couldn't remember the time when he had not been in love with her.

They sauntered through the grove and came out at last upon a bluff that overlooked the lake. In front of them was a flat gray rock, and back of the rock was a tangle of vines which screened them from the road that skirted the bluff, and hidden behind the vines was a motor car at rest, with a disconsolate young man lounging in the front seat.

"So you are going to be married," Raymond said as Felicia perched herself on the gray rock, where she sat poised like a pink butterfly right in front of the screen of green.

Felicia shook her head mournfully. "I'm not sure," she said.

"Everybody says it's settled," "Everybody doesn't know," Felicia responded.

"Bobbie and I have quarreled."

Behind the vines the young man in the motor car listened with all his ears.

"He's a brute," Raymond said.

"He isn't a brute," Felicia flashed, to the extreme edification of the young man in the motor. "He's perfectly lovely."

"His title is lovely," with withering sarcasm.

Felicia laughed. "Oh, Raymond," she explained, "I didn't even know that he had a title when I said I'd marry him."

"But you quarreled," "It was my fault," Felicia confessed.

"The green screen behind them stirred.

"Yes, it was my fault," Felicia continued, "but of course I couldn't let him know it—not on the Fourth of July. No American could give in to an Englishman on the Fourth of July could she?"

"You'll have to give in to him all your life," said Raymond sulkily.

"Well, perhaps," Felicia admitted dreamily, "but I rather think I shall like it, Raymond."

And now the vines behind her were agitated so violently that she turned and met squarely the adoring gaze of the man in the motor!

Felicia did not hesitate. Without a thought of the shock to Raymond she reached out to the man who was peering at her over the vine screen. "Oh, Bobbie!" she said. "Have you come back to help us celebrate?"

"I haven't exactly left the country yet," he returned, rather sheepishly.

Then they all rode back to the picnic ground in the big red car. A gray haired man was reading from a formidable looking manuscript.

"Listen, Bobbie," whispered Felicia as they approached the platform.

"Uncle is reading the document which overthrew the schemes of your awful forefathers."

"Very well," he returned serenely. "Let us hear the real Declaration of Independence."

INFLUENCE OF THE DECLARATION.

While we celebrate on the 4th of each July the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, we perhaps do not reflect on the stupendous influence of that document on the world as a whole. It is safe to say that no political paper in all history has had so universal or radical an effect. Not only did its promulgation mark the beginning of the life of our own nation and not only was it the mother of the emancipation proclamation, but its advent started the wave of democracy and liberty now seen in every nation on the earth. Surely Americans have a right to be proud of a document that has literally inaugurated a new era of humanity.

Although it would hardly be within the truth to say that the Declaration of Independence had wrought all the marvelous political changes that have swept the world since July 4, 1776, it would be entirely within the truth to

state that it has been the greatest single influence and therefore has the right to be considered the symbol of all the forces that have wrought these changes. And what a transformation it has been! Then liberty was nowhere. Now it is everywhere. Then England had sunk to well nigh her lowest stage of despotism, France was misgoverned and hopeless, Germany was a conglomeration of inchoate states, the Latin nations were, in feudal bondage, Russia had scarcely emerged from semibarbarism, all of Asia was as she had been for thousands of years, Africa and Australia were unknown, and both North and South America were covered with fringes of colonies and vast savage interiors. Today every land beneath the sun has been touched by the new life, the new aspiration, the new freedom.

France was the first to respond to the call and with her own revolution drove the democratic wedge fashioned in America far into the heart of Europe. England, the very nation against which the American Revolution had been waged, was the next to be moved toward liberty by the new example, her two defeats by this country shocking her into sanity and her own thinkers forcing her to adopt reform bills, to take up a liberal colonial policy and to bring about a real revolution, although a peaceable one. Germany, too, heard the call, is yet hearing it and is moving to meet it. Italy shook off the thralldom of centuries, united her states and joined the ranks of the progressive nations. One after another the states of Europe either became republics or constitutional monarchies. Even Russia could not escape the universal wave of democracy. Last of all Turkey faces toward the sunrise and steps into the ranks of freedom. Poor Spain has tried several times to adopt republicanism, but the reactionary forces have been too strong and have held her till all of her colonies and most of her ancient glory have been swept away.

Following the example of the United States, all the Americas threw off the foreign yoke and became republics. Japan felt the new impulse, which is now also awakening China and India. South Africa experienced it, as she showed in her stubborn fight for freedom. And Australasia, touched by it, has the most enlightened and progressive governments in the world. Truly the Declaration of Independence has done its work, and the story is only half told. It will not be completed until there is a world republic and liberty comes to dwell among men forever.

A. C. SQUIERS.

Worse Than George III. When I look o'er the fatal list, So sad and so absurd, It almost seems July the Fourth Is worse than George the Third!

HOW FRANCE TAKES HER INDEPENDENCE.

The French Fourth of July is really the 14th, for it was on July 14, 1789, just thirteen years and ten days after the birthday of American liberty, that the Bastille fell, carrying with it the ancient monarchy and opening the way for the great republic of today.

Almost as nearly identical as the dates of the French and American holidays are their modes of celebration.

Early in the morning of the 14th of July every Frenchman exercises his ingenuity to ornament his windows with venetian lanterns and little flags.

When the salvos of artillery announce the morning and the bells are ringing in all the church towers of all France, when the marines of every warship on the seacoast fire the great guns, French men and women are chanting in city, town and country "Domine, salvam fac rempublicam." In city, town and village the trumpeters sound the day in the open squares, and the sunlight of July in France shines upon a population enthusiastic, eager and excited. Each hour has its new ceremony or diversion. Each shows, from first to last, how solidly settled the republic is in the hearts of all these Frenchmen.

For days each year before the date for the great fete arrives Paris is given over to the decorators. Always the very leaders of design and artistic decoration, the French excel themselves and the world on this day.

On the morning of the 14th flags burst from every window of every building literally as leaves upon the branches of the trees—flags of every nation, from every corner of the earth. No city is more thoroughly cosmopolitan than is Paris.

A. W. FERRIN.

FOURTH FOR ALL NATIONS.

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

I love mankind in every clime And long for all men's good, I thrill to hear the call sublime Of human brotherhood, And yet one land o'er all the rest My heart has taken thrall, For we must love one country best Ere we can best love all.

The heart for universal things Still prizes what is near; A song of native land it sings, Yet holds all nations dear; The man whose country is the world To seek it need not roam, For he will find its flag unfurled Above the roofs of home.

It is not bounds and shore and sea That mark a nation's scope, But all the dear past's memory And all the future's hope. My country has a goal divine, To link all lands as one Till freedom shall as widely shine As does the kindly sun.

So call on liberty's sweet name And lift Old Glory high; With sound and flame give glad acclaim The Fourth of each July, For thus the knell of tyranny Most surely we can ring Till all lands know equality And earth contains no king.

God's kingdom on the earth moves on; His chosen land is here To spread the light of freedom's dawn O'er nations far and near. I prize all climes, but am most blest In that which gave me birth, For he who loves his country best Loves best the whole wide earth. J. A. EDGERTON.

The Rural Fourth.

The people who live in the country and in the smaller towns enter into the spirit of the day because of what the day means. The people of the city get away from town because it means rest. The city people are the ones who are always talking and arguing for the saner Fourth. It means much to the city where human life and property are at stake. A noiseless Fourth in the small town would not come under the classification of sane. Taken as a whole, the country is probably as glad when the day is over as it is glad to see it dawn. This may not be the sort of spirit that the fathers mapped out for the Fourth of July, but it is the sort that is abroad in the present age.

FOURTH OF JULY FOR CITY FOLKS

The Fourth of July is not for the city except as a get-away day. When did you ever hear of a special rate excursion to the city to attend a Fourth of July celebration? The people of the country do not want to come into the city, and the people who live in the city do not want to stay at home.

With the rising of the sun the flags are a flutter, and perhaps somewhere in the back streets there are the infernal bang-bang of the firecracker and the fierce report of the torpedo. But the masses are crowding the cars, surface, elevated and subterranean, rushing for the trains and scurrying for the steamers at the piers, provided the city is not inland, and autos are already far away. In fact, a big percentage of the city population generally gets out the day before.

The night of the Fourth is more patriotic than the day. Many who have remained indoors all day assemble on the stoops to witness the miniature illuminations and rocket displays of somebody who has taken it upon himself to amuse the people in the block. There are real patriots in every section of the city who wait for the night of what the orators call the natal day. Illuminated balloons chase each other across the sky. These have become noticeable features of the Fourth in the city. Who sends them up? City patriots.

Fortunately the passing of the Fourth in the city is as sudden, if not more so, than the dawn. By 10 o'clock the noise is over. Trains bearing the returning crowds are back in the great sheds long before that hour, and those who have been out of town are glad to scurry to shelter and get rest.

If you want ice cream, go to the Vienna bakery. Best place in town.