

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM



POLLIKINS Dear: So you want to know how I spent the glorious Fourth? Was I sane and sedate, comporting myself in a manner befitting a brand-new college graduate, or did I run off and romp with Brother Tom's kiddies, as usual, forgetting all my recently acquired dignity? Alas, my dear! I must confess that my Fourth was far from sane, and that instead of recovering my sanity I've—but there, my studies in prose style should teach me better than to jump at the conclusion of my story like that! I'll begin at the beginning.

It was Independence day. The sun was shining in newly awakened splendor, when the casual observer might have discerned a solitary female form gracefully scaling the stone wall between the Hendersons and the ditto ditto of the Bartletts—Tom and his family are staying with her mother, you know, next door.

This feat accomplished, our heroine (that's me!) proceeded up the Bartlett lawn, collecting dewdrops on her trailing cheesecloth draperies and, incidentally, getting her new white shoes deplorably damp. Her slender form was draped also in a large American flag, and her raven curls were surmounted by a fillet of silver stars. This Goddess of Liberty effect was the result of a promise to "dress up" for the two adoring and adorable nephews, Bert and Bob. Arrived beneath the window of the room usually occupied by the nephews, the Goddess of Liberty proceeds to the time-honored ceremony of saluting them; this she does by setting off ten packs of small firecrackers, followed by a "sock dolager" of a big one. No joyful exclamations follow. Aunt Peggy is frankly puzzled; clearly, the boys are oversleeping, and she bursts into song, rendering the "Star-spangled Banner" with dramatic effect, marred only by a breathless squeak



Gracefully Scaling the Stone Wall.

on the final "Land of the free." Still no Bob and Bert. Our heroine shies a bit of turf at the window, with a command, "Wake up, lazybones!" and as the window sash begins to creak responsibly she begins to carol "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom" at the top of her very healthy lungs, for Aunt Peggy has no foolish dignity when it's a question of amusing the kiddies. At last the window opens wide and, looking up, she sees—

Polly, what do you think? Instead of two little white nighties and two tousled curly heads, there was a man! A strange young man, my dear; blonde, blue-eyed, immaculate in a beautiful duck suit and gazing at me with what seemed to be mild horror, mixed with amusement, as though I were an escaped lunatic. I felt like one, I assure you, all the more so because he was awfully good-looking and well groomed and correct; and I couldn't imagine who he could be. However, it seemed to be up to me to do something, so I drew myself to my commanding height of five feet four inches and begged his pardon for disturbing him, explaining that my little nephews usually occupied that room, and that they were expecting me over to celebrate the Fourth with them—but it all sounded like perfect nonsense. Just then, to my mingled relief and annoyance, Tom appeared at the window, too, with a fendish grin, as he sized up the situation and my costume.

Archie!" he asked affably, while I boiled with helpless rage. "You mustn't mind it, old man; it's the day we celebrate, you know, and our patriotism still runs so high that even the girls seek out peaceable English visitors and taunt them with our independence. Quite the usual thing." Then, as "Archie" and I preserved a helpless silence, Tom sobered down and introduced us in proper style, and as soon as I heard the name I remembered that Archie Vane was Tom's chum in London, when he was over there setting up some machinery. He had just landed and Tom, running across him in New York the night before, had insisted on his coming home with him to spend the Fourth—all natural enough when Tom explained it. So there I'd been boarding the British lion in his den with militant American noises on the anniversary of a day ignored by all good Englishmen; and here was the British lion looking at me with his ingenuous blue eyes as if he was trying to decide whether I'd bite or not.

"I warn you," Tom added, in his tactful little way, "that Peggy is a rabidly patriotic person, so I wouldn't advise you to start any discussions on international issues. This Columbia getup is quite in character, so beware!" Alice and the boys came out on the porch just then and wanted me to stay to breakfast, but of course I declined with dignity and went home—via the front gate, however, instead of the garden wall. When I turned to latch it that Englishman was still looking at me in a dazed sort of way.

The plot thickens. After breakfast my beloved kiddies rushed over to beg me to go with them on the usual family picnic to the pine grove, and I hadn't the heart to disappoint them. I wore my most sensible clothes, and I tried hard to be haughty and distant to Mr. Vane; but he kept developing such nice qualities that somehow I couldn't keep it up, especially as he ignored my crazy performance of the morning so successfully. He was a



Tom Appeared at the Window, Too.

positive genius when it came to chasing cows, fixing hammocks, unpacking luncheon and all the regular picnic stunts. The boys adored him, and he was simply angelic to the old folks; and by the time we went home I couldn't scare up a resentful feeling.

Yes, Polly, I know; you needn't remind me of all the hateful things I've said about Englishmen and the times I've vowed I couldn't, and wouldn't care for one, not if he asked me on his bended knees. Yes, and I've demonstrated often that no one but an American man was a fit companion for an American girl. I've said heaps of perfectly ferocious things, and I suppose I meant every one of them. But that was before Archie—Polly, dear, do you know, he says it was all over with him from the first moment he saw me—and in that circus-parade rig! Isn't it absurd—and lovely? And, just think, it's only a week since we met, though we both agree that it seems like years. And you should see my ring—a quaint, old, old one, that belonged to his great-grandmother! And his people live in a lovely old Elizabethan house, in a regular Cranford town; and his mother's a dear little old-fashioned soul with side curls, and idolizes him. Please don't remind me of anything I ever said about effete tradition, will you, Polly? I'm not going to England yet awhile, though, for Archie's here indefinitely, to learn American business methods, in Tom's line of work. I really have a little spark of American pride, I guess, for I am glad he's only a younger son, with no title within reach, though I don't suppose I'd mind that, or anything else. Because, Polly dear, I'm not shouting the battle cry of freedom nowadays. Somehow it gets all mixed up with "Rule Britannia." Do come up with me soon and discuss the new Anglo-Saxon alliance with your bewildered but blissful PEGGY.

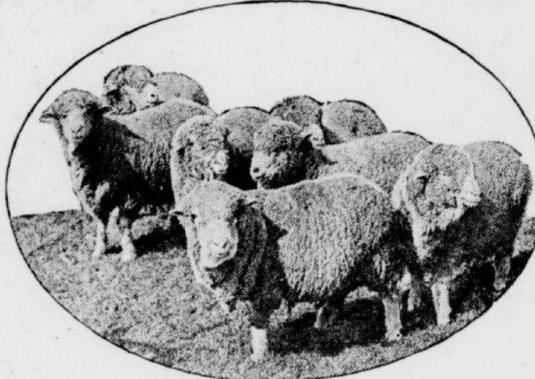
Fashions in Journalism.
Fashions in the newspaper use of language rise and fall, and are often indefensible. It has come to be a common practice to say that something has been "forecasted," when "forecast," the long-time form, is much more to be desired. Now we are frequently told that a bill has been "reported out" by the committee of some legislative body, when the old "reported" covered the case much better. The list might be multiplied, but these examples will serve to make the point. Directness and simplicity are always to be aimed at. Even editorials are not always free from the offenses complained of.

Patriotism.
"My father was wounded in the Spanish-American war and my grandfather lost an arm at Gettysburg."
"How did you get that scar on your chin?"
"Trying to tie a bunch of firecrackers to the tail of a bulldog."

Often the Case.
"Every happy married couple wants something to call 'baby.'"
"Yes; sometimes it's a canary and sometimes it's a bulldog."

Hopeless.
"Is Bliggins a man of his word?"
"Yes. That's the worst of it. He really means all the unreasonable things he says."

SHEEP EXCELLENT AS SOIL IMPROVERS



Profitable for Wool and Mutton.

(By R. S. CURTIS.)
It is universally accepted that sheep droppings under like conditions contain a larger amount of fertility than that from either the horse, cow or hog. One of the desirable features of this product is the uniform distribution made by the sheep over the land. In the leading European countries, such as England, Scotland, France and Germany, the value of sheep in improving impoverished or



Flock of Shropshire Ewes.

naturally thin soils has been recognized for centuries. It is stated on good authority that many of the soils would be almost worthless but for the fact that they are densely covered with sheep. In these countries flocks of sheep aggregating two or three thousand in number are not uncommonly seen. The various breeds which

naturally inhabit the rough mountain lands, and the precipitous cliffs of these countries, where only scanty and coarse herbage exists, manifest their great value in making otherwise worthless land bring in profitable returns.

Much of the gullied land and waste hillsides of this country could be utilized profitably in the production of sheep. Many prominent farmers have proved this to their highest satisfaction. Much of the land which now grows reeds and other coarse vegetation can be restored to profitable tillage by the use of sheep. Fortunately the sheep is a ruminating animal and with the compound stomach can make use of much of the coarse grass and weeds which thrive on these depleted soils.

In European countries where sheep raising is carried on extensively and usually profitably, little concentrated feed is used, except through the flushing and lambing season. During other periods hay, grass and roots form their mainstay. Any farmer who is willing to give to sheep the same intelligent care that he gives to other livestock will find them not only profitable, but good soil improvers, bringing into cultivation large areas of otherwise waste land.

CONDITION OF THE FARM WORKINGMEN

Many Farmers Do Not Know How to Use Help of Any Kind, Says Hired Man.

There is no doubt that the condition of the farm workman has been greatly improved during the last few years. That this better condition is the result of the scarcity of help nobody can deny. The plain truth is that there were too many farmers who did not know how to use help of any kind. They imagined that \$20 per month entitled them to the last ounce of muscle in a man's body without regard to hours, decent food, bed or any of the ordinary comforts of life. These men have done more to drive good workmen from the farms than anything else. Good workmen with self respect refused to labor under such conditions and the result is that thousands have left the farm to work in the cities where they at least believed they would be better off. Now that farmers are learning that it pays to give their help fair treatment and better pay the tendency of many good workmen is again towards the farm and I for one believe that if the conditions continue to improve, as they must under the prosperous times we are having, that the question of farm labor will soon right itself and we will not only have a better class of workmen but higher wages and richer farmers.—A Hired Man.

PROPAGATION OF GRACEFUL FERNS

Enterprising Lover of Plants Will Find It Interesting to Do Work by Spores.

The enterprising fern lover will find it most interesting to propagate by spores, and perchance produce a really valuable addition to these beautiful and graceful plants.

The ordinary way to propagate this class of plants is by dividing the plants, by the creeping rhizomes, by the little bulbets that form on the fronts, and by the seeds or spores that appear on the underside of the leaves. Procure a seed pan or box with plenty of drainage holes, and cover the bottom with broken crockery. On this place half decayed sod, and fill with carefully mixed and sifted leaf-mold and sand. Make the surface of the soil perfectly smooth and level, and then scatter the spores on it, and leave them without any covering, that is, of soil. However, they must be enclosed in glass by placing a pane of glass over the seed box or pan.

Water by placing the seed pan in water, and keep it there until the water appears on the surface of the soil. Then removed at once, for too much water will destroy the spores. Keep the box in the light, but not the sun, remembering that ferns naturally grow in shady places and that we should try to follow nature's lead.

Rape for Pasture.
Dwarf Essex rape is the best variety for pasture. The seed bed must be well prepared. It may be either drilled or sowed broadcast. If drilled four pounds per acre is sufficient. If not pastured too close and irrigated properly it will furnish pasture until frost.

Bull for the Dairy.
The best dairy herd bull is none too good. The animal ought to be from a strain noted for high milk production.

HOW TO MAKE THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

Microphilla Rose Is One of Prettiest Things for Odd Corners Around Garden.

(By L. M. BENNINGTON.)
Nothing is lovelier than the dutilias; perfectly hardy and low-growing. One of the loveliest things for an odd corner, or to train over a trellis, is the microphilla rose—literally covered in the spring with tiny white or pink roses, full of fragrance, followed by clusters of red berries.

Plant a row of hollyhocks along the path to the barn; keep them growing and see them bloom next year.

Get one or more packages of the mixed seeds of perennial and biennials and plant them in rows or beds and see what they will give you. Don't get too strong on "novelties," unless you have time and money to throw away. Many of them are worthless.

Plant a paper of Everlasting flower seeds. They make beautiful winter decorations.

Plant canna and dahlia seeds in the hotbed or boxes now. They are easily grown, and make fine showing of flowers the first year.

For dahlias and cannas, the soil must be good, with warmth and plenty of water. As easy started as field corn.

RAISE CABBAGE AND POTATOES

First Put Land in Best Possible Condition and Mark Off in Three-Foot Rows.

I always plant the seed of my late cabbage where I want plants to stand. I put the land in the best possible condition, mark it off in rows three feet apart and plant four or five seeds in a place where I want the cabbage to grow.

When the plants come up I let them get about as large as they would be if I were going to transplant them, then I pull out all but the strongest one in each bunch.

This allows the plant to grow from the start without any setback and the heads are larger than they would be had the plants been transplanted.

I do not sow the seed until late in June and have raised good cabbages, the seed for which was planted after early potatoes had been dug up and the land smoothed down.

Potatoes make an excellent first crop where late cabbages are to be grown. Even if the plants are to be transplanted they may be set between the potato rows before the potatoes are dug.

Digging the potatoes works the soil deeply and makes the best possible condition for the growth of the cabbages.—P. L. B.

Testing Associations.
Cow testing associations are being organized in many neighborhoods.

Avoid Crowding.
Avoid crowding the lambs in the feeding quarters. They need plenty of room on account of their natural habit of crowding.

Feed for Cows.
Four quarts of good oats mixed with warm water makes a fine feed for the cow just after the new calf comes.

Water the Work Team.
Water the work team between meals if possible. They sweat out lots of water these days.

ROGERS CHOSEN AS HOLDER

Football Warrior Chosen to Lead Chippewa Nation in Fight for \$15,000,000.

St. Paul, Minn.—More than a century has elapsed since the Chippewa tribe has been recognized as a nation. More than seventy-five years had elapsed on May 6, 1913, since all the Chippewa tribe of Minnesota met in one general council. Indians who were present during the general council which began in Cass Lake on May 6, 1913, all seemed pleased to think that after many years they had finally arrived at a point where the entire Minnesota tribe would have one organization through which it would find what it wanted and, having found out, speak as one man.

It was easy for them to see that a man of their own who had matched his wits politically against the white man's best and received from the



Mr. Rogers as a Football Star.

white men the verdict that they recognized him as of at least their equal in legal ability was their natural choice for leader.

Edward L. Rogers, at present county attorney of Cass county, Minnesota, physically a giant and the superior of most white men, as has been demonstrated by his feats in the Carlisle and Minnesota university football teams, was selected unanimously.

The council had as spectators many men who have been more or less prominent politically, for Cass Lake has many of them. There was not a man among them who did not concede that Rogers in the chair did splendid work in cementing the Chippewas into one body. There are approximately 10,000 Chippewas in Minnesota, and if they get all that is coming to them of right every man, woman and child of them will be worth approximately \$2,500.

It is no small task that has been set for Rogers. The total of claims that he will have to start on their way to adjudication is more than \$15,000,000.

MUTE GIRL RESUMES TALKING

Peculiar Case of Hysteria Brought on by Overstudy at a Summer School.

St. Louis.—Irene Burnes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Burnes of Hilliard, who for the last seven and a half months has been confined at the Sacred Heart hospital on account of a most serious and peculiar case of hysteria, which baffled local physicians for several months on account of her refusal to talk, is improving.

In about a month she will be able to leave the hospital, at which time she will be taken for a visit to Lewiston, Ill.

Miss Burnes was at her home for a few hours recently, the first time since October 2, when she was taken to the hospital. Although she has not entirely recovered her power of speech, she will at times, especially in the mornings when rested, talk for a little while. She understands all said to her, but under no condition can she talk unless she be thoroughly rested.

Miss Bailey, her nurse, takes her for a walk each day. Miss Burnes since March has been under the care of Dr. W. T. Pky.

The illness was brought on last summer as the result of overstudy at a summer school and following the excitement of the final examination.

WOMAN RIDES ON PORPOISE

Miss Violet Nathan of Minneapolis Has Startling Experience While Bathing on Coast.

Venice, Cal.—A ride on the back of a huge playful porpoise caused Miss Violet Nathan of Minneapolis to have hysterics while in bathing.

While a large number of bathers were enjoying the surf near Maler Pier avenue a school of porpoises suddenly appeared and began to frolic with the bathers. All except Miss Nathan fled to the beach. When she observed the monsters she started to flee, but a big porpoise, in a playful mood, swam up and rubbed against the young woman. She screamed and jumped.

The porpoise then swam directly under Miss Nathan and she was carried several feet astride of the creature's back.

She called loudly for help, fainted and fell off.

David Moreno, a life guard, rescued Miss Nathan and she was revived.

Police Enforce Bridge Man's Protest.
Chicago.—A squad of police were forced to use their clubs to drive a crowd of 200 persons off the Ninety-second street bridge over the Calumet river. The bridge is turned by hand. The hand that turns it belongs to William Mooney, the brigetender. Mooney complained that the 200 were camping on the bridge drinking in the cool lake breezes, and that every time a boat came up the river he was compelled to turn the bridge and give the 200 a ride.

From New York to Damascus



GREAT MOSQUE, DAMASCUS

MR. EDGAR K. FRANK of Pittsburgh, who recently returned from an eight months' trip around the world, in telling about the first leg of his long journey, said:

"Our vessel sailed from New York, and our first important stop was at Gibraltar. Everything about Gibraltar is so well known that I will pass it by, just as our boat did. Algiers I found extremely interesting. It is a typical health resort. Frenchy in its magnificence, with fine buildings, magnificent arches, good harbors, etc. The denizens are attractive, mostly Arabs, their turbans adding a picturesque quality to the colorful surroundings. The place is by no means a typical oriental city. It is sanitary, and trolley cars climb the hilly streets. The country round about is simply great for autoing. A view from the heights of Mustapha is one not soon forgotten.

Rolled Off Some Miles.
"Let me say here that our trip covered 40,000 miles, and we were on 20 different ships and 25 railroads, and spent 90 nights on the ocean. We spent a short time at Naples, and its environs, awaiting our steamer to take us further east. We were delighted with Alexandria, Egypt. This city was founded by Alexander the Great 332 years B. C., and the most interesting sight there was the new catacombs, lighted by electricity. There are many large stores, the best of them being Paris firms.

At Port Said, the gateway to the east, we took a boat to Jaffa, there starting a trip through the Holy Land. Jaffa is a dirty place, but they grow a thick-skinned orange there that is far superior to our Florida and California fruit. The oranges are exported. The town claims 50,000 population and was long nicknamed "the port of Jerusalem." It was founded in honor of Japhet, the son of Noah, and is said to be one of the oldest cities in the world. From here King Hiram sent the cedar and the fir wood for the use of the temple in the days of Solomon (Kings, I, and Chronicles II.), and from here Jonah embarked for Tarshish and here Peter raised Tabitha (Acts IV.). We visited the house of Simon the Tanner (Acts 19) and the Armenian convent, said to have been a prison when the city was held by Napoleon in 1799.

A little railway took us from Jaffa to Jerusalem, 53 miles, in four hours. A French syndicate built it at a cost of \$3,000,000, including the graft. There are five stations along the route. The Plain of Sharon, the village of Yezur, said to be the site where Samson caught 300 foxes (Judges XV.). A stop called Lydda was formerly the site of Lod, built 1,400 years B. C. At Lydda Peter cured Aeneas, who was sick with the palsy (Acts IX.). On the way Gemzo is seen. Gemzo was one of the royal cities of the Philistines during the reign of Ahaz.

Ramleh is on the traditional site of Arimathea (Matthew 27) and here is a picturesque old Crusaders' church, now used as a mosque. The town has a tower, antedating modern memory. Ramleh was occupied by the Crusaders in 1099, and was taken from them by the Moslems in 1266. We passed the Valley of Ajalon, and saw Mizpah and the site of Gezer or Giza, a city taken from the Canaanites by Pharaoh and presented to his daughter, the wife of King Solomon (Kings 19). At Sejed our train followed the roadway where two cows pulled the Ark from Ekron to Bethshemesh (Samuel). On the hill is the tomb of Samson and the site of Zorah, his birthplace. After trailing through a ravine in the mountains of Judea we came to Bitter, said to be the Bether of Solomon's Songs, where the Jews

made their last three years' stand against the Romans, and when the place was captured 800,000 persons were killed. Near here is the fountain where Philip baptized the eunuch (Acts 8). After traversing the Valley of Rephaim, where the Philistines were defeated by David, we came to Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, built on four hills and surrounded by still higher mountains, is a mixture of ancient and modern, and in a way cosmopolitan. There are three Sundays a week observed. The Mohammedans keep Friday, the Jews Saturday and the Christians Sunday. There are but three months in the year that rain falls here. The population is about 80,000 and a Turkish governor general rules.

Sodom and Gomorrah.
"The Mount of Olives is within driving distance of the city. Guides will point out the Tower of David, Herod's palace, Pilate's house, the pool of Bethesda, etc. A party of us took a donkey ride around the city's walls. Tombs of the kings, the Brook of Kidron, Absalom's Pillar, Job's Well and other Biblical places were seen. We drove one day to the Dead sea, going by Beth Horgan, the traditional site of Sodom and Gomorrah, and to the River Jordan, and on to Jericho, to where Joshua sent the spies (Joshua II.).

"From Jerusalem we took a side trip to Bethlehem. Here are the Well of the Magi, Rachel's tomb, the Well of David, the Greek bell tower, the Field of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned, and the Church of the Nativity, built by Constantine in the fourth century. Within are 44 columns brought from Solomon's porches, the Greek bell tower, the Field of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned. Next day we went to Hebron, and saw the tombs of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and Sarah. Through the country we saw cauliflower three feet across. By coach we traveled 100 miles, visiting Nabulus, Djennin, Nazareth and Tiberias.

"Natives hereabout make good roads of broken stone, and tax every tourist as he goes along. At Nazareth the greatest object of interest is Mary's Well. Next we went to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, with one exception the lowest depression on the earth's surface.

"From Tiberias we went to Damascus, 12 hours by rail. It is only the distance from Philadelphia to New York, but it took 12 hours, just the same. The Haifa train starts at sunrise and should get to Damascus by sunset. When night falls, the train goes no further no matter what the destination. We went through the Valley of Yarmuk and through the Plain of Hauron. (Ezekiel-47). At Damascus we walked through the street called Straight and to the house of Ananias, where Paul was let down in a basket (Acts 9). Damascus is the largest city in Syria, about 200,000. It is said to be the oldest city in the world. There are more dogs than humans in Damascus. The canines are scavengers, and are deemed useful. The city has electric lights and there is one of the largest rug markets in the world. Also a great mosque, containing untold riches in furnishings and supposed to contain the head of John the Baptist.

"From Damascus we went by rail to Beirut, nine hours, part of the way by cog road. Beirut has 120,000 and an American college with 800 native students. In the harbor of Beirut we saw the Turkish warships, sunk two days later by the Italians. The French warships also were there, but departed before the bombardment. From Beirut we went to Cairo, but that is another story."

where he was taken in charge and given the command of his master that hereafter he must quit his knocking around, especially on the streets of Elba.—Elba (Ala.) Clipper.

Girl is a Visiting Cook.
An English girl has adopted the profession of visiting cook, and will devote herself to teaching the indispensable art. She believes that "if kitchens were beautiful, and not the stuffy, stodgey dungeons that they so often are, and that if women dressed for their work in them with the care that they dress for a ball, cooking would no longer be regarded as drudgery and a monotonous business."

Her Straits.
"Jones is some speeder, isn't he?"
"I should say! He had to put a mortgage on his house lately to get cash for his fines."

A Mistake.
"Mrs. Blinks holds herself well, and she has such a fine carriage."
"Has she? Last time I saw her she was in a taxicab."