

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE DAY LONG AGO.

Hessian Band Furnished the Music for the First Official Jollification—Noise in the Early Days Was Given Secondary Place on Programme.

In the olden time they celebrated "independence day" and not the "Fourth of July." The change of name came with the change in the manner of celebrating the anniversary of the signing of the declaration of independence. Many people deplore the present method of showing appreciation of national freedom and deplore as well the fact that the rising generation speaks of the coming "Fourth" rather than of "Independence day," a name so pregnant with meaning. Perhaps the people who "deplore" are right.

One of the signers on that famous Fourth of July, 1776, declared on his deathbed that he would like to sleep a century, then wake up to find out how future generations were celebrating Independence day. If the old gentleman's wish were to be granted, when he heard the fish horns, the multitudinous snapping of John Chinaman red wrapped inventions, the reports of the dangerous torpedoes and dynamite crackers he might be willing enough to hurry back to the tomb.

When some staid New Englander finds fault with the present method of celebrating the nation's birthday the noise-making small boy may with good grace tell him that New England's patron saint, John Adams, recommended that the day be recognized by just such a din as young America is making. It is true, however, that President John suggested that the early part of the day should be given over to solemn acts of devotion. Then he said the day should be commemorated "with pomp, parade, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other for evermore." Of the first celebration of a Fourth of July by the continental congress Adams in writing to his daughter said: "The people shouted and huzzahed in a way to strike utmost terror to every lurking tory. There was a splendid illumination and while a few surly houses were dark the show would have given King George a heartache."

Hessian Band Played.

On this first official celebration of Fourth of July by Congress that body secured music for the day and at the same time afforded the people a great chance for amusement and laughter by forcing the Hessian band, which was captured by Washington at Trenton the December previous, to play in the public square all day long. There is on record a fairly full account of an Independence day celebration which George Washington attended as the guest of honor. The celebration was held at the Spring gardens, near

READY TO CELEBRATE HIS BIRTHDAY.



He was escorted by a band of patriots to see the "goings on" and confesses that he enjoyed the occasion as a break in a rather monotonous life of captivity. The crowd of Bostonians tore down the lion and the unicorn from the old headquarters of the British Government, afterward the old Massachusetts state house.

It was not until after the signing of the treaty of peace with Great Britain that celebrations of Independence day were held regularly in all places. Dinners were favorite features of the day. Everybody was invited and it was seen to that there was enough for all. The citizen sat down at the outdoor table without any fear that a cannon cracker was to be exploded under him before he had finished his first course. Pandemonium had not as yet come into general use as a synonym for the features of the Fourth of July. All through Virginia the public and private feasts on Independence day

take the place of speeches and in the larger towns of the reading of the declaration of independence, which had always been a feature of the celebration. The opening of trade with China brought in the small firecrackers and American factories soon found the means of making big ones. Noise assumed the scepter and has reigned ever since. There is a strong desire on the part of many people to-day to change the character of the celebration of Independence day and to make it like unto that which it once was. All sorts of plans have been suggested for a more orderly and solemnly impressive celebration of the republic's natal day. The effort to change the methods of the day's recognition are being exerted in a virile way, and it may be that the present generation will live to find something more in the Fourth of July than a picnic, the explosion of a pack of crackers under a tin pan or the rush of a rocket which,

A CLEVER BEAT.

He Was Caught Dead to Rights and Begged for Pity.

"I've had a variegated experience with hotel beats in my time," said a veteran boniface who was in town on a visit the other day, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "but I believe the funniest incident in that line that ever came under my observation occurred some years ago when I had charge of a house at a sister city not a thousand miles from New Orleans. One rainy evening shortly after the arrival of the Eastern trains a tall, good-looking chap walked into the office swathed from neck to heels in a long cape mackintosh. It was as handsome a raincoat as I ever saw, and his fashionable hat and the expensive alligator-skin valise he carried in his hand completed the outward picture of a gentleman of means. He wrote his name on the register, and remarking that he was thoroughly fatigued and not feeling very well, asked to be shown at once to his room. The clerk assigned him to quarters on the third floor, and one of the bellboys picked up his valise and led the way to the elevator. When they got out the elevator man slammed the door rather suddenly and kept on going up to answer a call in the next story.

It so happened that the long skirt of the stranger's mackintosh caught on a slight projection on the iron work of the door, and as the car shot upward it stripped the garment off his back very much after the fashion of skinning an eel, leaving him, to the blank amazement of the bellboy, clad in nothing but a suit of red flannel underwear. I was coming down the hall just as the accident happened and I took in the situation at a glance. The fellow had expected to gain his room without detection, and in the morning would have claimed that somebody had stolen his clothes with heaven only knows how much money in the trousers pocket and probably a gold watch in the vest.

"Anyhow, he was caught 'dead to rights,' as the saying goes, and he was taken so completely by surprise that he couldn't invent any story to account for his condition. He begged piteously not to be arrested, and I finally told him to get out, but before he could leave the house he had to have some clothes, and he swapped his elegant valise for a pair of greasy overalls and a blue cotton jumper belonging to the engineer. I heard afterward that he had caught several big houses on the same game."

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

Enjoying Perfect Health at 86—Her Young Husband.

The famous millionaire philanthropist, the Baroness Angela Georgina Burdett-Coutts, of London, celebrated her eighty-sixth birthday on April 21, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. She is enjoying almost perfect health, and says she hopes to live for a century. It was in 1881 that the Baroness married a native of Philadelphia who had become a British subject—William Lehman Ashmead Bartlett—who had been for some time her private secretary. The Baroness was then 67 years old and her young husband 29.

In this marriage custom was reversed. Instead of the bride's changing her name the bridegroom changed his. By royal license, bearing date of May 19, 1882, the Baroness' husband had his name changed to William Lehman Ashmead Bartlett-Burdett-Coutts. The Baroness is the daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, who married the daughter of Thomas Coutts. When she inherited her grandfather's vast property she assumed the additional surname of Coutts. In 1871 she was created a peeress. The Baroness is one of the co-heirs of the baronies of Scales-Latimer and Badlesmere.

Queen Victoria, it is said, never forgave the Baroness for marrying the American, and snubbed her at a garden party soon after the wedding. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett-Burdett-Coutts' brother is Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett. Their mother died in London a few years ago.

Lost Brother's Voice in Phonograph.

On the 14th of May, 1881, George Hemington, a brother of Peter Hemington, of Galesburg, Mich., enlisted in the regular army and disappeared. Persistent inquiry failed to discover his whereabouts, the only fact to be ascertained being that of his discharge for disability soon after his enlistment.

Three months since Peter was in Kalamazoo, where, by chance, he took in an exhibition of which a phonograph formed a part. Among other features was a fragment from the play, "The Three Guardsmen," during the rendering of which one of the characters developed a peculiar and scarcely noticeable stammer. Upon the request of Mr. Hemington this part was repeated, and that gentleman became convinced that it was the voice of his long-absent brother, who had a precisely similar impediment in his speech. Since the above occurrence the clew has been persistently followed, and recently the two brothers were reunited after nineteen years.

South Carolina Homicides.
Homicides in South Carolina have averaged over 200 a year for the last five years.

COL. BADEN-POWELL.

His Defense of Mafeking Has Made Him an Idol in England.

Col. Baden-Powell's gallant and successful defense of Mafeking has endeared him to the popular English heart and set him upon a pinnacle to be pointed to as one of the great leaders of the South African war.

Col. Baden-Powell was the most cheerful person in the besieged town and was the force that sustained the weary and worn and hungry people. His spirits never drooped. When Cronje and his 4,000 warriors invested Mafeking on Oct. 12, 1899, they did not know that there was in command of the garrison a man in whom "never say die" was a literal fact. They did not know that Baden-Powell produced the opera of "Patience" in Kandahar after the siege; that his first act after reaching India was to marshal around him all the children he could find and teach them to sing "The Girl I Left Behind Me;" that Baden-Powell had scouted



BADEN-POWELL IN BATTLE.

safely through dangers that would sadden an American Indian, only to find one situation funnier than the preceding one; that this commander had such a power over men as to make Afghans his personal admirers and collies his friends, and, not knowing these things, Cronje began the siege.

Few men are as versatile as the hero of Mafeking. His accomplishments are described by an English writer, who knows him well, as those of a first-class sportsman and polo player, a crack shot, an admirable actor, a fine singer, a forceful and clever writer, and an artist of great power. With all this he is modest and kind-hearted and is the idol of his wife and his pretty daughter.

The unconquerable colonel is 48 years old. He entered the army in 1876, and most of his active service was seen in the Zulu war, during which he reconnoitered 600 miles of the Natal frontier in twenty days and absolutely alone. Whatever the future may hold for him, it is not probable that he will record a nobler performance than that he has accomplished in the defense of Mafeking.

A Strange Pacific Island.

The report that Lot's Wife, perhaps the strangest island in the Pacific, had been damaged by an earthquake is denied, and the claim made that the lone rock has been seen by recent navigators of that portion of the Pacific. Lot's Wife is in latitude 29:47 and longitude 140:22:30 east, and is southeast of the island of Nepon, the largest of the Japanese group. Meares, the explorer, ran across it in 1788, and at first mistook it for a ship. He called it Meares' rock, but it had very likely been discovered in advance of that time by Spanish explorers who charted it as Vela rock. The United States steamer Macedonian passed it in 1854, and she, too, mistook it for a sail. Its rugged peak rises nearly 300 feet above the sea, and it can be seen for twenty-five miles. There is a great cavern in the base of the rocky pinnacle and the sea roars through it with a voice of thunder. The diameter of the water line is about fifty feet, and it stands as an impressive monument to the force of Nature in convulsion.

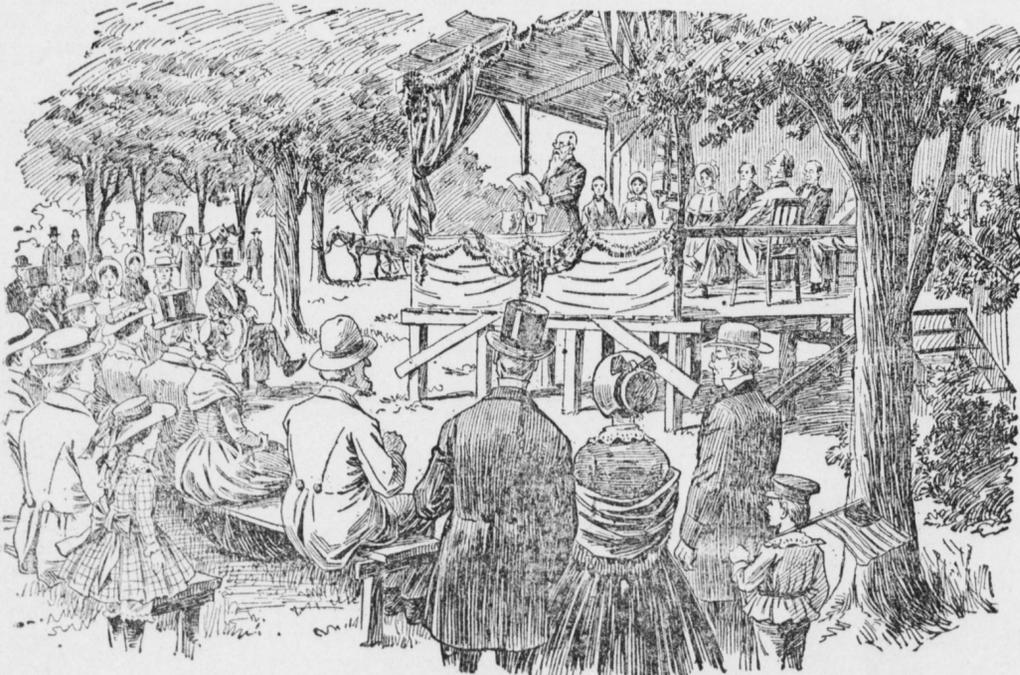
Money in a Famous Name.

It is estimated that the fame which attaches to Stratford-on-Avon because of the fact that Shakespeare was born there is worth \$5,000,000 to that town. The charges for admission to the poet's house, to Anne Hathaway's cottage, to the church, to the memorial and to the grammar school net \$150,000 yearly—a sum which is equivalent to an income of 3 per cent. on the \$5,000,000 capital. This calculation does not take into account the income to the railways from the pilgrims to the Warwickshire mecca, and there is no estimate of the profits of the Stratford tradesmen, who do a good business in photographs, pamphlets and trinkets relating to the town and the great bard.

Muffs.

Muffs were first used by doctors to keep their fingers soft, and were adopted by ladies about 1550.

At what age in a woman is it no longer discourteous to entertain a suspicion that her teeth are too good to be natural?



AN OLD-TIME INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION.

Alexandria, Va., "with a large company of civil and military people of Fairfax County."

Things were not particularly bright for the colonial armies on the first anniversary of the declaration of independence. The soldiers at Morristown heights, however, under Washington's command each received an extra gill of rum with his ration in recognition of the day. The third anniversary of the signing of the declaration was made memorable by the issuing of an order by the commander-in-chief that all military prisoners under the sentence of death should be pardoned.

Perhaps the most enthusiastic and heartfelt celebrations of Independence day did not take place on the day itself. News traveled slowly in the year 1776, and it was some days before New York knew that the country had been declared free. When the pleasing information did reach there, however, the town went wild. The king's statue was pulled down and melted up into bullets for the American armies. Two or three days after New York had given vent to its enthusiastic feelings Boston celebrated. A British army officer who was a prisoner in the hub at the time wrote an account of the rejoicings of the "deluded people."

had as a dish what was known as Brunswick soup or stew. The name probably arose from a desire on the part of the Virginia householders to suggest that the kingly house of Brunswick was "in the soup."

In the staid land of steady habits, Connecticut, in the town of Hartford it was the custom for years to have a great dinner "in the field." A newspaper of 100 years or so ago gives an account of one of these dinners and a list of twenty toasts. The crack military companies of the section were in attendance at the dinner.

The Boston official dinners on Independence day were held in the hub's cradle of liberty, Faneuil Hall. Edward Everett Hale tells of one of the earliest Fourth of July celebrations of his remembrance. It was that of the year 1833, and on that day for the first time a great chorus of school children sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Character of Celebration Changes.

It was just about this time that the character of the celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of American independence began to change. Parades were held as usual, but noise began to

like too many Independence day celebrations, ends in a "stick."

Value of Patriotic Celebrations.

It is sometimes hard work and a good deal of expense, especially in small and not well-to-do communities, to get up a Fourth of July celebration; but every gathering of this sort says the largest kind of interest on the investment in the cultivation of the spirit of patriotism and the proper education of boys and girls in the theory and practice of Fourth of July celebrations and similar observances that shall mean more than a simple good time.

Good Reason.

Parson Goodman—Little boys, do you know just why it is that you are shooting off that cannon and those giant crackers?

Boy—Sure! The old slob wot lives in that house hates boys and can't stand noise and won't let us play ball in his lot!—Puck.

Fourth of July Night.

Mr. Mulcahey—Begob, an' thim Romans moosht hov loved excitement aff they used thim things fer candles!—New York Journal.