

THE DAY OF DAYS THROUGHOUT THE LAND.



THE DAY AFTER.

D, for a crackerless Fourth of July,
For a moment of shootlessness,
When millions of boys
Would shut off the noise
And silence would follow to bless
A nation which in other ways
Is not at all dejected;
In fact, is doing quite as well
As could have been expected.

O, for some soundless powder to burn,
And for voiceless boys to cheer;
To show to the world
That our flag is unfurled
And our country still is here,
And just as good as it ever was,
And just as patriotic,
Although its expression may not be
So bangle and boomie and stotie!

O, for a bangboomfizzleness
That would bring a glad release
To muscle and lung
And nerves unstrung,
And cover the day with peace!
When everybody in the land
Might pause in contemplation
Of that which, on the quiet, is
The world's supremest nation!

O, for a nonexplosive Fourth,
Just one for a change of diet,
When millions of boys,
Instead of noise,
Would raise a tremendous quiet,
A Fourth like that would show the world,
Beyond all dubitation,
The really true greatness of
This country as a nation.

Afterword.

But you can't make the spirit of the glorious Fourth
Celebrate the nation's day
In a style like that, to save your life,
Because it ain't built that way.
—New York Sun.

"Liberty" Bell.

BY A. M. HOPKINS.

IT was the morning of Independence Day many years ago—so many, indeed, that an old man can just remember what happened when he was a boy.

This is the story of a celebration that happened in a little Ohio village that was small then, and is still just a speck on the map.

On the edge of the town there was an old house hidden behind great trees, as if trying to avoid the public eye. It was, and is, the oldest house in town, and in it lived George Bell, or "Liberty" Bell, as some of the villagers called him, alone with his dog and Memory.

He was very old. Everything about the place betokened age. There was moss on the roof of his home, and the burden of years fairly made his bones creak. He bothered no one, and he had a cheerful "good morning" for everybody. He was a good citizen, but "queer," according to those who didn't understand him.

This Independence Day he came out of his house with an old musket on his shoulder.

The sun shone on his scanty white locks and face seamed with age. His hands trembled as he fumbled with his powder horn, loaded, rested the weapon on the fence and pulled the trigger. There was a mighty report. The robins took wing, and a flock of blackbirds swept out of the great poplar tree by the gate and gave voice to their surprise at the tumult near their home.

Thirteen times that old gun boomed, and then a quavering voice sounded, "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" and a boy who was peering with saucer eyes through the fence—puzzled, charmed, half frightened—asked, "Why do you do that, Mr. Bell, if you please?"

"Come in, Billy, lad," said the old man. "Come in and help an old fellow celebrate. I won't hurt you. Just lay your little bunch of fireworks on the chopping block, and I'll tell you a true story about times way back before your daddy was born."

Children read hearts quickly, and a moment later the beginning and the

end of a century were together—yellow locks against white mane, a boy on an old man's knee; the one earnest, the other eager.

"Why do I do it, my boy? Why do I celebrate? You want to know all about it."

"It is because I love my country, and I want everybody for miles around to remember that this is the day dedicated to liberty."

"Years ago there was a young man who had more money than was good for him, Billy. He was plum worthless. He didn't care for a soul on earth except himself. He was selfish. He wore good clothes and strutted about like a turkey gobbler. He was puffed up. He put in all his time having fun."

"There was a war on in his country. The people were fighting a bad King who wanted to take away their liberty, and there were some terrible battles. Men went without food. They walked without shoes till their feet bled. They froze because they did not have clothes enough to keep them warm. But they wouldn't give up. They said that all men should be free and equal, Billy; that God meant that it should be so, and they were willing to die rather than go back to the old way of doing the things a selfish King wanted done."

"The idle young man didn't go to the war. He thought men were fools for fighting. He said he had all the liberty he wanted. Perhaps, Billy, if he had had a mother he wouldn't have been such a fool."

"His brothers, three of them, lad, went to the war, and two were killed. Jacob was shot down in sight of General Washington, God bless him, and Robert came home with both legs gone."

"What do you suppose he told the 'stay-at-home,' who cared most for the ruffles in his shirt and the coins that tingled in his pockets? The crippled brother said he wished he could fight for his country on his stumps of legs, because he loved it."

"And then, one day, they carried the father into the old home. It would have made you cry, boy, to have seen him. He was ragged, scarred, and in his breast there was a great wound that made those who saw it shudder, and just before he died he called his worthless son to him and whispered, 'Don't be a coward! No man can ever pay the debt he owes to his country. It should be more to him than father or mother. Hoist your colors, my boy! Don't shed a tear for me. Take my old musket and fight for the cause.'

"Billy, that young man promised. He got down on his knees and buried his face in the bedclothes, and as he cried the life went out of a brave, gentle man, and there was a smile on a dead face, and a cold hand rested on the head of one who had been a coward and was trying to be a man."

"He fought, Billy, and he learned to love the flag. He got a bullet in the hip at Monmouth and a bayonet wound at Guilford Courthouse. He found out what hunger meant. He spent his little fortune to help better men, and in his heart grew a great love for his flag, and he wondered how any man could ever forget his duty."

"One day it was all over. The enemy marched away, and the sun shone on a broken but happy people, and the young man praised God because he had found himself and been allowed to live to know the glory of freedom."

"Every year after that he celebrated Independence Day. He took that old musket given to him by his father and fired a salute to the 13 original States and cheered the President of the United States."

"And when this man moved away to

a far place, and kept on celebrating, the people called him 'Liberty' Bell.

"Why, that is you, Mr. Bell," said the boy.

"Yes, Billy, that is me. Now get your firecrackers off the horse block; I'll load the old musket, and we'll fire an extra salute to let the world know that the cause is as great to-day as it was in the beginning."

And they did. And they cheered the President of the United States and the flag, in the cracked voice of an old man and the piping treble of the yellow-haired boy.

And it was all on Independence Day.—Cincinnati Post.

Fourth of July.

One hundred and twenty-eight years bring many changes in the life of a nation. The world is not the same to the American citizen to-day as it was to the people of the thirteen struggling colonies on the Fourth of July, 1776. The bitterness which was then felt toward England has disappeared. That we fought to obtain our freedom is remembered as a historical fact and as a measure of the value which we put on liberty; moreover, the Englishmen of to-day deem the policy of George III. toward us unjust, as our ancestors deemed it at the time. At present England and the United States act as friendly kinsfolk, each in a genial way considering itself as better than the other.

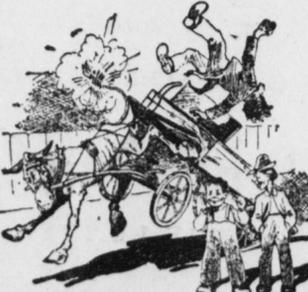
Because of this change the Fourth of July has come to be a day on which little is said of the triumph of arms a century and a quarter ago. We still recall the heroes of that time, and keep in grateful remembrance the Frenchmen, Germans and Poles who assisted us; but we look about us at the broad and widening national domain; we think of the national wealth, the national commerce, the national educational system, and the flag with forty-five stars, instead of thirteen, flying over hundreds of thousands of school houses, and rejoice that we have been able to make so much of our opportunities. The infant republic has become a giant, commanding the respect of the other nations of the world.

Although it is a long time since national independence was won, we cannot afford to lose sight of the meaning of the Fourth of July with its immortal Declaration. In these latter days fireworks have taken the place of oratory on the anniversary, and sometimes it seems as if people thought that they must make a big noise to express their feelings. Possibly their view is correct, and the booming of cannon, the snap-snap of firecrackers and the hiss of rockets are really a great national "Hurrah!" The thing of consequence is that the day is not forgotten and that the meaning of it is kept in mind.—Youth's Companion.

Morning of the Fourth.



Uncle Rastus comes to town early to be on hand for the celebration.



The celebration begins.

JAPS WANT TO KNOW.

The Russians Are Reticent About Prisoners.

The failure of the Russians to furnish information concerning Japanese prisoners of war in their possession is arousing a strong feeling of resentment in Tokio. Japan's attitude concerning Russian prisoners is most correct. Careful reports of the condition of Russian prisoners are prepared and forwarded weekly to the Russians through the American government. The case of Major Togo is attracting special attention, as the Japanese claim that he was captured before the outbreak of hostilities and hurried to Moscow. Numerous efforts have been made to obtain information regarding Togo, but so far they have failed. The Japanese are extremely solicitous concerning their countrymen who are confined in Russia. They fear they will be placed in prisons and there badly treated.

It is probable that the American government will be asked to make pointed inquiry at St. Petersburg concerning the present condition of Japanese prisoners and to arrange a system of regular reports.

SHOOTS INTO THE CROWD.

George Cole Wounds Two Noncombatants.

Leavenworth, Kan., June 26.—Two men were killed and two seriously injured in a street fight with revolvers, the result of a quarrel between two harvest hands. The dead: William Hammond, farmhand; George P. Cole, army deserter.

The wounded: Charles F. Seeley, newspaper man, Minneapolis; Joseph Besser.

CORONER'S VERDICT RENDERED

Parties Blamed for the Recent Disaster of the General Slocum.

New York, June 30.—The inquiry conducted by Coroner Berry and a jury into the General Slocum disaster was concluded today, and after nearly four hours' deliberation a verdict was rendered in which the directors of the Knickerbocker Steamboat company, Captain Van Schaick of the Slocum, Captain Pease, the commodore of the company's fleet, and others were held criminally responsible. Warrants for their arrest were issued. The mate of the Slocum, according to the jury, acted in a cowardly manner.

The charge in each case was manslaughter in the first degree. Bail was fixed by the coroner varying from \$1,000,000 to \$5000.

Congressman French Married.

Norfolk, Neb., June 28.—Congressman Burton L. French of Moscow, Idaho, was married at an informal noon wedding today to Miss Winifred Hartley, a high school teacher. Rev. J. C. Sweills of the Trinity Episcopal church performed the ceremony in the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. W. S. Baker, with less than a dozen guests present, including H. French of 2414 Prairie ave., Chicago, a brother. Mr. and Mrs. French left for Moscow, Idaho, where they will be at home after July 10.

Washington, June 29.—The assignment of a large class of West Point graduates to regiments in the army has not filled all the vacancies, and it is probable that there will be about 20 to be filled by appointment from civil life.

There are 78 vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant, after deducting the assigned graduates. Of the vacancies, 39 are in the infantry, 10 in the artillery and 29 in the corps of engineers.

A large part of these vacancies will be filled under the list of army candidate now under instruction at Fort Leavenworth, but, after allowing for all present candidates, it is thought there will be room for 20 appointments from civil life.

Chance to be Chief Clerk.

Washington, June 30.—Blaine W. Taylor of West Virginia, chief clerk of the postoffice department, will resign that office on July 20, to take effect August 20 and will be succeeded by Merritt W. Chance of Illinois, now chief of the division of postoffice supplies and recently private secretary of the secretary of war. Mr. Taylor is a democrat.

Portland Boy Missing.

Portland, Ore., June 28.—Maurice C. Cheal, a popular young society man and athlete of this city, has disappeared with the possibility that he may have been drowned in the Willamette river.

Old Resort Burned.

Portland, Ore., June 28.—The White house, the oldest and probably the best known pleasure resort in the Pacific northwest has been destroyed by fire. It was located on the Willamette river near Portland.

Mabton, Wash., June 30.—Thomas Christie, about 12 years old, was killed near here this morning by being thrown from his horse and dragged.

SLOCUM DEAD NUMBER 1031.

Prominent Pastor Dies From Grief of Disaster.

New York.—That more than 1,000 persons perished in the burning of the excursion steamer General Slocum is now practically certain. According to an exhaustive report made by Police Inspector Schmittberger, on the number of dead, missing, injured and uninjured in the disaster, it appears that 938 bodies have been recovered and that 93 persons known to have been aboard the vessel are still unaccounted for, bringing the total mortality of the disaster up to 1031.

On the death Saturday at Watchung, N. J., of Rev. Dr. Edward Frederick Moldenke, one of the best known Lutheran clergymen in the United States, another name was added to the list of victims of the disaster. Dr. Moldenke was pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran church in this city. Grief for 20 members of his flock who went on the excursion and never returned and his compassion for the bereft families of St. Mark's church so affected him that he became ill. For years he has suffered from heart disease, and last Sunday he broke down while holding a memorial service for the General Slocum dead. He was taken to his country home, where death occurred.

Dr. Moldenke was president general of the council of the Lutheran church of America from 1895 to 1899.

JAPANESE ROUTED RUSSIANS.

Fight Lasted Six Hours—Correspondent Middleton Dies.

Tokio, June 29.—After a hot fight, which lasted for six hours, June 27, the Takusan division of the Japanese army completely defeated five battalions of Russian infantry which, supported by two regiments of cavalry and 16 guns, occupied Fengshuiling, 20 miles northwest of Siu Yen.

The Russians finally fell back in the direction of Shi Mu Cheng. The Japanese casualties aggregated about 100 killed and wounded. Major Oba was killed during the battle.

H. J. Middleton, the Associated Press correspondent with the Russian headquarters, near Liaoyang, in Manchuria, died Sunday from enteric dysentery.

SMUGGLERS WERE CAUGHT

Treasures of the Orient Seized in New York Port.

New York, June 30.—Treasures of the orient contained in 47 cases have been found secreted on the British ship Indrawadi by treasury agents. The seizure is valued at more than \$10,000 and is the largest of the kind ever made in this port.

Besides the bolts of silk, there were many cases containing Chinese antiques and curios, which were taken from the palaces and temples at the time of the occupation of the Chinese territory by the foreign troops.

Bold Robbery in Helena.

Helena, Mont., June 29.—The Atlantic beer hall on Main street and in the heart of the business district, was held p by two masked men at 12:45 this morning. There were several persons in the place at the time, all of whom were relieved of their money. The robbers secured about \$250 and escaped.

Texarkana, Ark., July 1.—It is reported that the town of New Boston, 25 miles south of here, has been wiped out by a tornado and several people killed or wounded. The telegraph and telephone wires are down.

Must Hide Their Nakedness.

Cleveland.—Concerning the order that the members of the Negro and Igorrote tribes at the Filipino exhibit at St. Louis should wear more clothing, Colonel Edwards says that the order was not the result of any complaint of insufficient clothing but simply to eliminate a feature of that exhibit that had been exploited too greatly.

Washington Swelters.

Washington.—According to the weather bureau figures Washington was the hottest place in the United States Sunday, the thermometer registering a maximum of 94 degrees. In Boston also it was very hot, the official temperature being 92 degrees.

Mgr. Guidi Is Dead.

Manila.—Mgr. Guidi, apostolic delegate to the Philippine islands, is dead from heart failure. The funeral will take place here next Friday and the remains will be interred two months later at Rome.

Buffalo Man Drowned.

Buffalo, N. Y.—By the capsizing of his canoe, Frederick J. Miller of Truscott & Miller, grain merchants, was drowned in Park lake while thousands were nearby listening to a concert.

Avenged Insult to His Wife.

San Francisco.—Harry Radcliffe, night clerk of the California and St. Francis hotels, shot and killed Andrew Reilly, a hodcarrier. The shooting was the climax to a fight between the men over an insult to Radcliffe's wife by Reilly.