

JASPER NEWS

A. F. DRAKE, Editor.

JASPER, MISSOURI.

Cheer up once more. Soon will come the freckle harvest.

The fool who rocks the boat kills more than the iceberg do.

What's the proper Scotch word for the blowing up of a golf ball?

If every day were Sunday, think of all the money there would be in baseball.

The political bosses are faring worse this year than even the umpires.

Still, before frying an egg by wire- less it is of course necessary to catch the egg.

The unshakable boat and the aeroplane that will not fall are still to be achieved.

The sleeping porch is located first nowadays and then a house is built around it.

New York has a society burglar, which shows how easy it is to break into society.

Washington is a city of magnificent distances. Also it is magnificently distant for many an aspiring statesman.

New York now has a special force of policemen to guard shoppers, but even that will not prevent bargain counter rushes.

A woman in Philadelphia was lately convicted of being a common scold. But why single out a single poor woman?

News of an elopement of a young school girl in Atlantic City corroborates the report that marriage is still prevalent.

The meanest husband has been discovered in New York. He wanted his wife's alimony cut down because she had gone to work.

Tarring and feathering anarchists is not the best way to demonstrate that all the fools and misguided people are anarchists.

Stuffed humming birds are now up against potted English sparrows. Everybody is invited to eat sparrows, the more the better.

Now it is a German aviator to be killed. At the present rate there is no danger of accumulating a surplus population of aeroplanes.

Maybe the iceman will come down from his lofty perch when he hears that a machine has been invented for making ice in the home.

One of the beauties of the sleeping porch at this time of the year is that one can enjoy a shower bath without arising from one's couch.

A rich California girl has just broken her engagement with a European nobleman. This is infinitely better than repenting at leisure.

England planted its first settlement in this country 395 years ago, but today American millionaires are making settlements on the English.

An eastern housewife has discovered a way to make jam out of spinach. Perhaps she'll make shredded wheat out of sideburns next.

A Philadelphia man has gone to Brazil to take moving pictures of the boa constrictor. Imagine asking a boa constrictor to look pleasant!

Two brothers have been brought together, after many years of separation, by means of a tattoo mark—which is the only excuse for tattooing.

With baseball and presidential campaigns going on simultaneously, congress is one of the duller institutions on this justly celebrated earth.

Boston is to try using a "jointed snake" car on its crooked streets, showing that the Hub's versatility is equal to its classic picturesqueness.

A machine has been perfected by which the three dollar investor draws out five dollars. It's a fine machine, but the inventor has been arrested.

Cornell scientists put radium, wireless, the telephone and antitoxin among the seven modern wonders of the world. But why overlook the kitchenette?

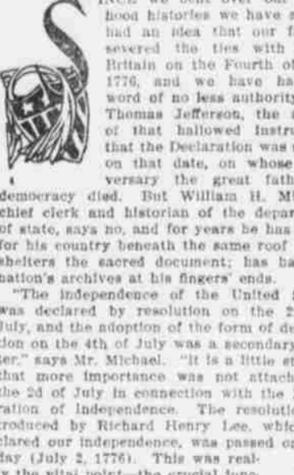
Some Chicago bachelors would like to adopt sons, but object to wives. This shows to what depth of desperation the prevailing styles of feminine garb will drive particular men.

It is a wise man who urges his friends to move into the suburbs; for then he may visit them and enjoy all the pleasures and delights of suburban life without any expense other than car fare.

A Pittsburgh woman has a dog which swallowed lately a half-dollar and later on, probably stimulated by this taste of wealth, swallowed a \$400 diamond ring. As the owner of this dog of luxurious diet is not on the stage, it seems a great waste of business possibilities.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



JOHN HANCOCK

The Real Independence Day



INDEPENDENCE HALL



INDEPENDENCE HALL

INCE we bent over our childhood histories we have always had an idea that our fathers severed the ties with Great Britain on the Fourth of July, 1776, and we have had the word of no less authority than Thomas Jefferson, the author of that hallowed instrument, that the Declaration was signed on that date, on whose anniversary the great father of democracy died. But William H. Michael, chief clerk and historian of the department of state, says no, and for years he has toiled for his country beneath the same roof which shelters the sacred document; has had the nation's archives at his fingers' ends.

"The independence of the United States was declared by resolution on the 2nd of July, and the adoption of the form of declaration on the 4th of July was a secondary matter," says Mr. Michael. "It is a little strange that more importance was not attached to the 2d of July in connection with the Declaration of Independence. The resolution introduced by Richard Henry Lee, which declared our independence, was passed on that day (July 2, 1776). This was really the vital point—the crucial juncture."

The real act of independence, which Mr. Michael has had reproduced in fac-simile, was, then, the Lee resolution, declaring: "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

Concerning the actual date of the Declaration's signing, Mr. Michael says: "Mr. Jefferson in his account states that all the members present, except Mr. Dickinson, signed the Declaration in the evening of the Fourth of July. The journal shows that no one signed it that evening except Mr. Hancock and Mr. Thomson. The journal entry is: 'Signed by order and in behalf of Congress, John Hancock, President. Attest, Charles Thomson, Secretary.'"

On August 2 the Declaration, as engrossed under the order of Congress, was signed by all of the members of Congress present. What really did happen on July 4 of that year was the final adoption of a draft of the "form of announcing the fact to the world" that independence had been decreed two days before.

Jefferson had written this draft in his Philadelphia apartments, consisting of a ready-furnished parlor and bedroom in the new brick house of Hyman Gratz at the southwest corner of Seventh and Market streets, "on the outskirts of the city." The Penn national bank, now occupying the site of this dwelling, is in the very business heart of Philadelphia.



JOHN HANCOCK

Twenty-four of the signers were lawyers, fourteen agriculturists, four physicians, nine merchants, one a manufacturer, one a clergyman and three had prepared for the calling of clergymen, but had chosen other vocations, according to Mr. Michael. Heaven seems to have rewarded them generally with long life, for three lived to be over 90, ten over 80, eleven over 70, fourteen over 60, eleven over 50, and six over 44, although one, Thomas Lynch, Jr., was accidentally drowned at sea when only 30. Thus the average age of the signers was over 62 years.

What has happened to the famous Declaration since its signing is recounted by Mr. Michael. In 1789, Congress authorized "the secretary for the department of foreign affairs" to take charge of it, along with other records, books and papers of the Continental Congress. The same year the department of foreign affairs became the department of state, which has, to all intents and purposes, remained the depository of the Declaration ever since. The great document was from 1841 to 1877, however, deposited in the patent office, for many years a bureau of the department of state, and was allowed to remain there after the patent office was placed under the interior department, the old department of state not being fireproof, while the patent office building was believed to be so.

Until 1804 the Declaration was framed and displayed in a steel cabinet in the library of the department of state, where all visitors might see it but in that year it was hermetically sealed in a frame and placed in a drawer of another steel cabinet constructed to protect also the original signed copy of the Constitution. Here the Declaration still remains, locked and sealed by order of Secretary Hay, and it is no longer shown to any one, except by his direction.

A complete collection of biographies and artistic portraits of the signers of the Declaration has been made by Mr. Michael for his work, which will be distributed only through members of Congress. Only by dint of correspondence extending over many years and great personal effort has Mr. Michael obtained the portraits of Button, Winnett, John Hart and Thomas Lynch, of whom it was hitherto believed there were no likenesses in existence. Most of the portraits are after Trumbull and the one of Benjamin Harrison, by this artist, had to be painted after Harrison's death from minute personal descriptions furnished by relatives and friends who approved the finished likeness.



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At Every Grocers

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago



Willing to Do Square Thing.

Brand Whitlock, who doubles as mayor of Toledo and as a literary man, had a Chicago career. He was a reporter on the old Herald when Pete Dunne and Charley Seymour were his side-kicks. Charley Chapin was one of his city editors.

Chapin is now city editor of the New York Evening World, and this story was told to Whitlock lately by a correspondent who had him under interviewing fire.

A new reporter had been hired on the Evening World, and he went to work on a Wednesday. The pay day on the paper is Thursday. In the course of a week, when the recruit received his first envelope, he found that he was a day short. He went to Chapin and complained, only to get this:

"Oh, well, never mind. When I fire you, I'll fire you a day earlier and that will make it come out even."

A Gentle Result.

She-I thought prize fights were very exciting. He-They usually are. She-Well, this one I am reading about could not have been very lively, for it seems from this account the fight ended because one of them went to sleep.

Sunday is the day of rest; but did you ever know a man who felt rested on Monday morning?

And some people never forgive as long as their memories are in working order.

Stock Exchange Securities.

Though the United States is still a debtor nation on general balance, its people stand second only to those of Great Britain as holders of securities listed on recognized stock exchanges, and lead the investors of France by a large margin. The sum total of all the stock exchange securities in the world is nearly one hundred and sixteen billion dollars, of which the British hold twenty-seven billions, the Americans twenty-five billions, the French twenty-one billions and the Germans eighteen billions. The days when dividends and interest on American securities held abroad were financial burdens in this country have passed—New York Commercial.

Sebu Tourist Route.

Is the Nile to have a rival for tourist trade in the Sebu? A French officer has just succeeded in piloting a motor boat drawing about three feet of water within half a dozen miles of Vex. Not only was he able to surmount all the obstacles in the Sebu river, but he managed to pass the mouth of the Pas, the smaller stream which comes down through the Sherellan capital in a series of famous falls. A dahabiyeh or even an everyday houseboat on the Sebu may soon be the most attractive proposal of the tourist agencies when their "pacific penetration" of Mulay Hafid's empire is completed.

Where He Got It.

Teacher—Now, Willie, where did you get that chewing gum? I want the truth. Willie—You don't want the truth, teacher, and I'd rather not tell a lie. Teacher—How dare you say I don't want the truth? Tell me at once where you got that chewing gum. Willie—Under your desk.

The Sage of Monticello

"The Sage of Monticello" is the nickname that was applied to Thomas Jefferson for the same reason and in much the same manner as Daniel Webster was given the title "The Sage of Marshfield." Jefferson won the title of "sage" for the many glorious truths he uttered, and as Webster loved every inch of the ground of the beautiful Cape Cod village of Marshfield, and its calm scenery he believed gave him just such inspiration as he needed, so at Monticello, Jefferson's Virginia estate, the great statesman found the most delightful retreat from his labors, and the essence of contentment, which inspired him to larger, greater and more beneficial things for the betterment of his country.

Jefferson was born at Shadwell, the homestead of the family, near Charlottesville, Va. When that estate was destroyed by fire in 1770, along with its furniture, books and his law papers, he sought out another location which was even more attractive to him. About two miles from the Shadwell house was a hill named by Jefferson, Monticello (little mountain). This eminence commanded a view of surpassing beauty, and he chose this place as the site for a mansion that should embody his ideas of architecture—an art upon which he expended much thought and in which he was more than an amateur. After the fire the building of a new house upon his "little mountain" was pushed rapidly, and in something more than a year a section was made ready for occupancy.