

UNCLE PETER'S FOURTH

BY GEORGE V. HOBART.



UNCLE PETER passed the Fourth of July at his old home in Ohio. I must show you a letter he wrote me a few days after that noisy event.

"Dear John: We had a nice, quiet time on the Fourth, with the exception of my ankle, which was somewhat dislocated because my foot stepped on an infant bombshell, which some exploded for my benefit.

"I like the idea of the Fourth with the exception of the noise.

"I believe that if our forefathers had suspected that their great-grandchildren would make such an infernal racket on the Fourth of July they would have waited for a snowstorm on the 10th of January before setting their John-Hanover's, because then it would be too cold to explode firecrackers under your neighbor's eaves when he least expects it.

"We had a nice, quiet time at home on the Fourth, John, with the exception that little Oscar Maddy, who lives next door, presented me with a roman candle which joined me between the third button on my waistcoat and the solar plexus.

"I acknowledged the receipt by fall for off the front step and barking my shoulder.

"You should always remember, John, that the Fourth is the day when your patriotic voice should climb out of your thorax and make the welkin ring, but it isn't really necessary to get up a row between a stick of dynamite and a bag of gun powder to prove that you love the cause of liberty.

"You will find that some of our best citizens—men who love liberty with an everlasting love—are hiding in the cellar with both hands over their ears from July 3d to July 5th.

"We had a nice, quiet time at home on the Fourth, John, with the exception that your second cousin, Randolph, tried to explode a toy cannon and removed the apex of his thumb sud about half of the dining-room window.

"It may be necessary to celebrate the birth of freedom by bursting forth into noise, but my idea, John, is that Old Glory would like it much better if we were more subdued and kept our children on the earth instead of letting them go up in the air in small fragments.

"We had a very quiet time at home, John, on the Fourth, with the exception of your distant relative, Uncle Joseph Carberry, Uncle Joe annexed about six mint juleps and then went to sleep on the front porch with five packs of firecrackers in his coat pocket.

"Full of the spirit of liberty, your interesting cousin, Randolph, set fire to your uncle's pocket, and when last seen your Uncle Joe was rushing over hill and dale in the general direction of Hartford, Conn., with the firecrackers cheering him on.

"Liberty, John, is the only real thing in this world for a nation, but just why the glorious cause of freedom should be stepped in the face with an imitation of the bombardment of Port Arthur is something which I must have misconstrued.

"We had a very quiet time here at home on the Fourth, John, with the exception that another interesting cousin of yours, my young namesake, Peter Grant, tied a giant firecracker to the cat's tail, and the cat went to the kitchen to have her explosion.

"It took two hours and seven neighbors to get your good old Aunt Maggie out of the refrigerator, which was the place selected for her by the catastrophe.

"The stove lost all the supper it contained; little Peter Grant lost two eyebrows and his Buster Brown hair,

the cat lost seven of its lives, and the glorious cause of freedom got a send-off that could be heard 19 miles.

"We all missed you, John, but maybe it is better you were not at home on the Fourth, because the doctor is occupying your room so that he can be near the wounded—otherwise, we are all well.

"I think, John, that when freedom was first invented by George Washington the idea was to make it something quiet and modest which he could keep about the house and which he could look at once in a while without getting nervous prostration.

"But George forgot to leave full instructions, and nowadays when the birthday of freedom rolls around the impulsive American public wakes up at daylight, above up the window and begins to hurl torpedoes at the house next door, because a noise in the air is worth two noises on the quiet.

"We had a very quiet Fourth at the exception of your second cousin, Hector, who patriotically attached himself to a hot-air balloon, and when last seen was hovering over Erie, Pa. and making signs for his parents not to wait supper for him.

"Most of our neighbors for miles in every direction have sons and daughters missing, but what could they expect when a child will try to put a pound of powder in four inches of manipe and then light the result with a match?

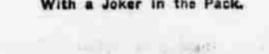
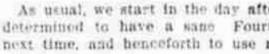
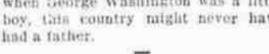
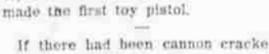
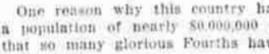
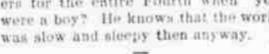
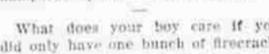
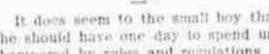
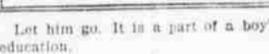
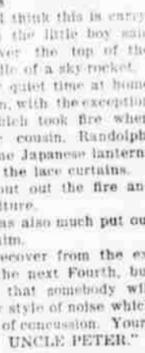
"The Fourth is a great idea, but I think this is carrying it too far, as the little boy said when he went over the top of the house on the handle of a sky rocket.

"We had a very quiet time at home on the Fourth, John, with the exception of our parlor, which took fire when your enthusiastic cousin, Randolph, tried to make some Japanese lanterns by setting fire to the lace curtains.

"The firemen put out the fire and most of our furniture.

"Your cousin was also much put out when I spanked him.

"We hope to recover from the excitement here the next Fourth, but your aunt hopes that somebody will soon invent a new style of noise which will not be so full of concussion. Yours with love,



Two Fourth of July Stories

By Gen. William R. Shafter.

Wholesome enthusiasm, whether fired by the battery of words or gunpowder, is bound to create courage and stir our brave men to greater deeds of valor. I feel that we cannot celebrate too much for the glorification of the greatest day in the history of our union. When I was a little boy I looked forward to the Fourth of July with all of the pleasurable anticipation of childhood, and saved my pennies from Christmas time to Independence day to buy the wherewithal for the fitting and noisy celebration.

I think, however, my most exciting Fourth was in the Cuban campaign of 1898. The morning after the Santiago battle an orderly original doggerel in seven heroic verses. They were entitled: "That Gen. Shafter Wint After," and the first stanza began:

"Now, when Gen. Toral, a Spanish dago,

Met Gen. Shafter at Santiago,

Sez Gen. Toral to Gen. Shafter,

'Be jabbers, old man, now phat are yez after?'

And Gen. Shafter sez: 'Phat d'yez think?'

And gave him the slyest sort of a wink—

I'll get phat I'm after,' sez Gen. Shafter."

I think that the Fourth of 1828 was the only celebration I ever took part in that inspired the muse, for which I am grateful.

By Gen. Charles A. Woodruff.

What promised to be the dearest Fourth of July in my life ended in being one of the most amusing. I was sent to the Indian country on Milk river, Montana, to deliver some annuities, and had to wait several weeks for the Indians to come in from their hunting expedition.

The Assiniboine Indians came straggling into camp one by one, and hung around my camp with undisciplined curiosity. I had a headache, and took a quart bottle of ammonia from my medicine chest and sniffed at the cork. I knew how to mystify the Indians, and I did a couple of side steps, rolled my eyes, jerked my body, and pointed my finger to the cardinal points before taking the dose.

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Took a Long Breath and Fell as One Dead.

The Indians were delighted at my pantomime of war medicine. I told them that whoever took that medicine could never be killed in war, but that I was afraid they would join forces with the Sioux and fight against me if I gave them that dose. I knew them to be the greatest foes of the Sioux, but of course I had to be coaxed into giving away my wonderful charm.

After much persuasion I finally agreed to do it, but bargained that it must not be taken in the presence of others. It was so powerful that no novice could take the white man's medicine with others watching him. Of course that made a bit with the Indians at once, and there were many volunteers to be number one.

I selected the chief. He walked into my tent, and I began my mysterious passes at him. In the meantime I had two quart bottles before me. One contained water and the other ammonia. I made him understand that at the end of my speech, when I clapped my hands, he was to take a deep breath and inhale the war medicine as soon as I removed the glass stopper. I don't believe a motion was lost on the Indian; they are good imitators. I gave three war whoops and made my extemporaneous speech.

Then I clapped my hands, pulled the cork, and thrust the ammonia under the chief's nose. He took a long, deep breath as directed, and fell backward as one dead.

When he revived there were tears rolling down his cheeks, and I expected to have no more fun that Fourth, but here I had not reckoned on the Indian's sense of humor.

That chief went out and was as dumb as an oyster about his treatment, and so close did they keep the secret that every Indian in the camp came into that tent singly and took his war medicine without a murmur.

CANNON CRACKERS

Let him go. It is a part of a boy's education.

It does seem to the small boy that he should have one day to spend unhampered by rules and regulations.

What does your boy care if you did only have one bunch of firecrackers for the entire Fourth when you were a boy? He knows that the world was slow and sleepy then anyway.

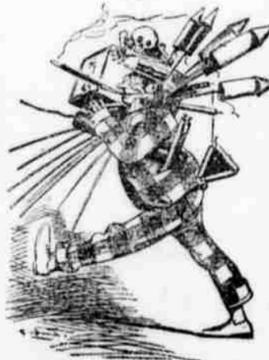
One reason why this country has a population of nearly 80,000,000 is that so many glorious Fourth's have been rainy.

A Chinaman invented the firecracker, but it was some other fool who made the first toy pistol.

If there had been cannon crackers when George Washington was a little boy, this country might never have had a father.

As usual, we start in the day after determined to have a sane Fourth next time, and henceforth to use no other.

ALL FOR HOME, SWEET HOME.



With a Joker in the Pack.

ONE MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN WESTERN CANADA.

There Are Thousands of Opportunities in the Land of Opportunity.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir:

The following experience of an Illinois man who went to Western Canada six years ago is but one of the thousands of letters that could be reproduced showing how prosperity followed the settler on the fertile lands of Western Canada. This letter was written to the Chicago agent of the Government of the Dominion of Canada and is dated at Everts, Alberta, April 8th, 1907:

"It is six years the 5th of this month since I and family landed in Red Deer, family sick and only \$75 in my pocket. Bought a \$12 lot, built a 12x14 shack and went to work as a carpenter. Next May sold for \$400 (had added 16x18 building to shack). Purchased two lots at \$70 each and built a 23x28 two story building and sold for \$950. Filled on a quarter section 33 miles N. W. of Red Deer and have spent three years on it and am well pleased. Quarter all fenced and cross fenced, wire and rail, 2 1/2 miles of fence. House 29x31 feet on stone foundation. Last year was my first attempt to raise grain, 1 1/2 acres of fall wheat, yield grand, but was frosted August 2nd, was cut August 16th and made good pig feed. Had 1 1/2 acres fall rye that I think could not be beat. A farmer from Dakota cut it for me; he said he never saw such heavy grain anywhere. Straw was 7 feet high. I had 4 acres of 2 rowed barley on fall breaking that did not do so well, yet it ripened and gave me all the feed I need for stock and seed for this spring. I did not have grain threshed, so can't give yield, but the wheat would have gone at least 25 bu. to the acre. Have a log stable 31x35 feet, broad roof and two smaller buildings for pigs and chickens.

"I have lived in Harvey, Ill., and know something about it. I have been hungry there and though able and willing to work could get none to do. One Saturday evening found me without any supper or a cent to get it with. A friend, surmising my situation, gave me a dollar, which was thankfully accepted and later paid back. Wife and I are thankful we came here. We were living near Mt. Vernon, Ill., as perhaps you remember visiting me there and getting me headed for the Canadian Northwest, and a happy day it has proved for me. I have not grown rich, but I am prospering. I do not take \$3,000 for my quarter now. The past winter has been a hard one, but I worked outside the coldest day (52 below) all day and did not suffer. We are getting a school started now that is badly needed.

"Our P. O., Everts, is about 15 miles; there is another office 6 miles, but it is not convenient to us. Wife and I would not exchange our home here for anything Illinois has to offer.

"Yours truly,

"(Sd.) E. EMBERLEY."

New in Wall Paper.

A new design in fancy wall paper patterns comes from Kansas City; also a way to utilize cancelled checks. A firm has had all its offices papered with old checks, placed neatly edge to edge. The face figures of the checks vary from \$30.00 to \$1,000, and the total for one room is \$8,000.00. As a gift moulding runs around the edges of each check-panel, the general effect is rather pleasing.

It doesn't take a man long to find out how different married life is from what he thought it was going to be.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any new wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

The Magnetic Sort.

"He is a wonderfully impressive man." "Yes. He is one of those people who will say 'It is a beautiful day' in such an impressive manner that you like giving him personal credit for the weather."



The Farmer's Opportunity

95,000 Acres in the "Garden Spot of the World" is Now Being Opened Up to the American People.

Dr. Chas. F. Simmons Ranch Just South of San Antonio on the Market.

You will never get another chance like this: \$210, payable \$10 a month, without interest, buys two lots and a farm of 10 acres, for truck and fruit raising, to a 640-acre farm in balmy south Texas, where the people are prosperous, happy and contented.

Where the flowers bloom ten months in the year.

Where the farmers and gardeners, whose seasons never end, eat home-grown June vegetables in January, and bask in mid-winter's balmy air and glorious sunshine.

Where the land yield is enormous and the prices remunerative.

Where something can be planted and harvested every month in the year.

Where the climate is so mild that the Northern farmer here save practically all his fuel bills and three-fourth the cost of clothing his family in the North.

Where the country is advancing and property values rapidly increasing.

Where all stock, without any feed, fatten winter and summer, on the native grasses and brush.

Where the same land yields the substantial of the temperate the luxuries of the tropic zones.

Where the farmer does not have to work hard six months in the year to raise feed to keep his stock from dying during the winter, as they do in the North and Northwest.

Where there are no aristocrats and people do not have to work hard to have plenty and go in the best society.

Where the natives work less and have more to show for what they do than in any country in the United States.

Where houses, barns and fences can be built for less than half the cost in the North.

Where sunstrokes and heat prostrations are unknown.

Where sufferers from Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever and Throat Troubles find relief.

Where, surrounded by fruits and vegetables, which ripen every month in the year, the living is better and less expensive than in the North.

Where the water is pure, soft and plentiful.

Where the taxes are so low that the amount is never missed.

Where Public and Private Schools and Churches of all denominations are plentiful.

Where peace, plenty and good will prevail.

Where it is so healthy that there are few physicians and most of them, to make a living, supplement their income from other business.

Write today for full particulars and beautiful views of the ranch.

DR. CHAS. F. SIMMONS, 215 Alamo Plaza, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

FLUE CURING IMPROVES TOBACCO LIKE ROASTING IMPROVES GREEN COFFEE

Flue Curing Develops the Stimulating Aroma and Taste Found in Schnapps that Satisfies Tobacco Hunger

There are three ways used by farmers for curing and preparing their tobacco for the market; namely, sun cured, air cured and flue cured. The old and cheap way is called air cured; the later discovery and improved way is called flue cured. In flue-curing the tobacco is taken from the field and suspended over intensely hot flues in houses especially built to retain the heat, and there kept in the proper temperature until this curing process develops in the tobacco the stimulating taste and fragrant aroma found in Schnapps tobacco, just as green coffee is made fragrant and stimulating by the roasting process. Only choice selections of this ripe, juicy flue cured leaf, grown in the famous Piedmont country, where the best tobacco grows, are used in

Schnapps and other Reynolds' brands of high grade, flue cured tobaccos. Hundreds of imitation brands are on sale that look like Schnapps; the outside of the imitation plugs of tobacco is flue cured, but the inside is filled with cheap, flimsy, heavily sweetened air cured tobacco; one chew of Schnapps will satisfy tobacco hunger longer than two chews of such tobacco.

Expert tests prove that this flue cured tobacco, grown in the famous Piedmont region, requires and takes less sweetening than any other kind, and "has a wholesome, stimulating, satisfying effect on chewers. If the kind of tobacco you are chewing don't satisfy, more than the mere habit of expectorating, stop fooling yourself and chew Schnapps tobacco.

We will ship SCHNAPPS direct from factory to retail dealers in lots of 10 lbs. and over, at the established jobbing price of 40c per pound, express or freight prepaid to nearest point to which a published through rate is obtainable from point of shipment; or mail to any address a sample 3c cut of SCHNAPPS and a cambric tobacco pouch, upon receipt of 5c in postage.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Department M, Winston-Salem, N. C.