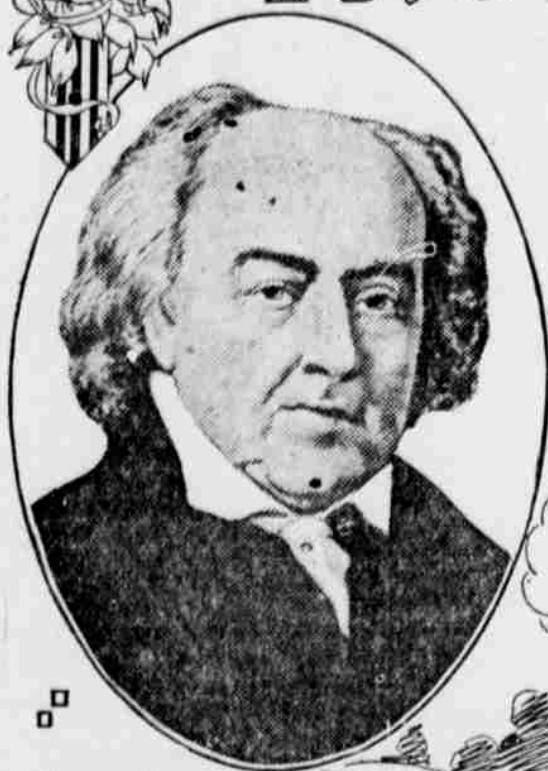


What Shall We Do With The Fourth?

by John Dickinson Sherman



John Adams

\$10,000,000 TO BE BURNED
Co-operative Celebrations Within Poped Enclosure with an Excerpt as Master of Ceremony of This Year's

MOVEMENT FOR "SAFE AND SANE"

Many Cities Seek Substitute for Fire Crackers and Toy Cannons.
PAGEANT FEATURES IN MANY PLACES



WHAT shall we do with the Fourth of July?

The continental congress, in session in Philadelphia, passed July 2, 1776, the resolution presented in behalf of Virginia by Richard Henry Lee that begins:

"Resolved, 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."

This of course is the real Declaration of Independence, the document now known as the Declaration being adopted two days later. Of the adoption of the Lee resolution John Adams wrote to his wife the historic letter which says, among other things:

"The second day of July, 1776, will be the most remarkable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, bells, bonfires and illumination from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore."

Time has proved that John Adams, though he got his dates mixed, was a true prophet. Probably the Fourth of July is our distinctively American celebration. All the civilized world celebrates New Year's, Easter, Memorial day, Thanksgiving and Christmas in one way or another. But Independence day is ours alone. To be sure, we have Washington's birthday and Lincoln's birthday, which are also ours alone but "the Fourth" includes most if not all of what they stand for. In short the Fourth of July comes mighty near being our national day when the American Eagle screams for everything from the Mayflower to the Argonne—from 1620 to November 11, 1918.

Armistice day! That introduces the pertinent point that another change must be made in the long evolution of the celebration of the Fourth of July. For if the Fourth of July stands for one specific thing that one specific thing is just exactly what its original name—Independence day—signifies. And after Armistice day—and all that it stands for—it's quite evident that the American eagle must be taught to coo instead of scream when it goes to the John Bull part of its performance.

For we have seen our old-time—two-time—enemy fighting for his life and for our lives too against a foe that would have destroyed all that we English-speaking peoples in common hold dear. And after a long while we crowded in alongside our ancient enemy and got busy to make up for lost time. Never mind who won the war. We have gunpoint enough to know exactly what John Bull did for Uncle Sam—and are grateful accordingly. And it's quite likely that Uncle Sam came near enough to saving John Bull's life to feel something more than a friendly interest in him. So some parts of our Fourth of July celebration will have to be toned down from now on.

Moreover, it's high time that the American people put their mind to fixing up the "day we celebrate." For the Fourth of July celebration right now is betwixt and between. The old-fashioned Fourth was done away with. The "Sane Fourth" supplanted it. Now the "Sane Fourth" is in danger of becoming merely a holiday. Holiday celebrations, like men and nations, do not stand still. And the Fourth of July is worth the closest attention and best effort of the American people.

The first Fourth of July celebration, which was held in 1777 in Philadelphia, cannot serve as a model. Its principal feature was a banquet at which many toasts were drunk, each toast being followed by the discharge of firearms and cannon. Certainly too "wet" and possibly too noisy.

The peace era inaugurated by the coming of the Monroe administration and continued during the twenties was unfavorable to a demonstrative cele-

bration of Independence day. The enthusiasm of our people for their country and flag can usually be measured by the heat of the national pulse. A typical celebration of the day is that of 1830 in Buffalo, N. Y., which is described at some length in the Buffalo Journal. That newspaper says:

"The return of our national jubilee was celebrated in this village with more than ordinary splendor and the day was duly honored, 'not in the breach but the observance.'"

The procession formed at the Eagle—a famous tavern located on Main street between Court and Eagle streets—and consisted of veterans of the Revolution citizens and strangers, escorted by the Washington and Frontier guard and the cadets of the Western Literary and Scientific academy, "the whole enlivened by music from the Buffalo band."

The oration was pronounced by Sheldon Smith, Esq., at the Baptist church and religious services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Shelton of St. Paul's. From the church the procession marched to the Buffalo House in Seneca street and there an "excellent dinner was partaken of." Dr. Powell was landlord of the house at that time and the papers recorded as something worthy of special mention that there were no liquors on the table. But the good lesson this statement was intended to convey loses its moral in the very next line of the narrative: "After the cloth was removed wine was served with the toasts, which were drunk with the utmost regularity." It is hardly necessary to draw on the imagination to any extent to picture the final state of many in that noble company of 100 who drank the wine "with the utmost regularity." But that was before the days of temperance societies and adulterated liquors.

The marshal of the day was Colonel, afterward General, Sylvester Mathews, a veteran of the war of 1812 a hero of the Battle of Chippewa.

Apart from these proceedings was discourse by Rev. Mr. Eaton of the Presbyterian church on civil and religious liberty. The festivities closed according to time honored custom with a ball in the evening. No mention is made of any fireworks.

The celebrations of several succeeding years seem to have been much like this one, according to the Journal's files. In 1849, however—presumably because of the Mexican war—the celebration was regarded by the Journal as noteworthy.

The Sixty-fifth regiment made its first appearance on this occasion. At 8 o'clock in the morning a detachment marched to the Fillmore House and fired some small arms in honor of the vice president. The line of march included Revolutionary soldiers. Think how old they must have been sixty-eight years after the surrender of Yorktown and seventy-two years after the battle of Lexington! There were also soldiers of the War of 1812 in the line, officers and soldiers of the army and of the Mexican war. The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the Sons of Erin and the German Young Men's association—a sure sign that the city was beginning to take on cosmopolitan form—were in the line of march. The exercises were held at Johnson's park, the orator of the day being H. K. Smith. Vice president Fillmore attended the exercises and was lustily cheered.

The Sons of Temperance had charge of the celebration in 1850, which was held "at the grove near the workhouse." John B. Gough, the leading "temperance" speaker of the day, was orator.

With the breaking out of the Civil war Buffalo broke loose on its celebration of 1861. The parade

was the "most inspiring in the history of the city" and occupied 58 minutes in passing. Even more pretentious was the celebration following the surrender of General Lee. After 1865 Buffalo's celebration of the Fourth of July was rather humdrum and marked by no special features—just as in most other American cities.

By 1910 the "powder disease" had come to its climax and those bent on reforming the observance of the day called it the "national nuisance." Moreover, the nation was alive to the tremendous loss of life. Tables prepared by the Journal of the American Medical Association, showed that the number of the killed and injured in the celebration of 1909 was 5,307; for the seven years preceding 1910 the total was 34,603.

Perhaps the first notable "safe and sane" celebration was that in Springfield, Mass., in 1909. However, in 1910 most of the large cities of the country presented an entirely new kind of celebration, the basis being the parade and pageant. Firecrackers were taboo; the displays of fireworks were municipal affairs.

"I must confess that I always like to brag on the Fourth of July," wrote Chauncey M. Depew, a good many years ago. "It is the greatest day in the American calendar. Nay, more, it gives perfume to the whole air that encircles this globe. Every man, woman, or child who breathes it, no matter where he or she is, feels the better for it. There is not a liberal sentiment where civilization is known that is not quickened on the Fourth of July. It reaches the hut of the peasant, and it enters into the tent of the conscript. The one says: 'There is for me and for my children something better than this hut.' The other says: 'Why should I fight to uphold thrones and cut the throat of my brother to maintain caste and privilege? The Fourth of July lifts the thought, the aspirations, the prayers of the people of all countries to higher planes of living, thinking and doing. Why it is a university, a college, a high school, a common school. It is a liberal education in patriotism and manhood.'"

That's the way a good many good Americans feel about the Fourth of July even to this day, even if there are those who hold that noise is vulgar and "brag is our national vice." Some of us have an idea way down deep that the American who will not brag on the Fourth of July is hardly worthy of his birthright.

Still, it is a self-evident fact that the old Fourth of July is gone, never to come back. Of course we must keep the day and celebrate it. It is too important a day to be slighted. It must be celebrated right.

But let nobody make the mistake of trying to relive all the fight out of it. Our ancestors handed down to us freedom and the love of freedom and that still more precious thing—the readiness to fight for freedom. And that's got to stick out of any proper observance of the Fourth of July in the United States of America.



I Owe My Life to PE-RU-NA

Mr. McKinley's letter brings cheer to all who may be sufferers as he was. Read it:

"I can honestly say that I owe my life to Peru-NA. After some of the best doctors in the country gave me up and told me I could not live another month, Peru-NA saved me. Travelling from town to town, throughout the country and having to go into all kinds of badly heated stores and buildings, sometimes standing up for hours at a time while plying my trade as auctioneer, it is only natural that I had colds frequently, so when this would occur I paid little attention to it, until last December when I contracted a severe case, which, through neglect on my part, settled on my lungs. When almost too late, I began doctoring, but, without avail, until I heard of Peru-NA. It cured me, so I cannot praise it too highly."

Mr. Samuel McKinley, 2504 E. 22nd St., Kansas City, Mo., Member of the Society of U. S. Jewelry Auctioneers.

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DIDN'T WAIT TO BE ASKED

Elsie's Little Scheme to Test Sweetheart's Fidelity Could Hardly Be Called a Success.

Elsie, about to be married, decided at the last moment to test her sweet heart; so going to her friend, Maude, the prettiest girl she knew, she said to her, although she knew it was a great risk:

"I'll arrange for Fred to take you out tonight—a walk on the beach in the moonlight, supper, and all that sort of thing—and I want you, in order to put his fidelity to the proof, to ask him for a kiss."

Maude laughed, blushed, and assented. The plot was carried out. The next day Elsie visited her friend, and said, anxiously:

"Well, Maude, did you ask him?"
"No, Elsie, dear."
"No! Why not?"
"I didn't get a chance; he asked me first."

Here's Something Worth Knowing. Listen to this, fishermen. There's a man residing in New York state who has discovered a reliable way to learn when the fish are biting, without going to a stream and trying his luck. Here is the formula: 'Catch and keep alive a catfish. When you wish to go fishing, dig some worms and throw them to the catfish. If he eats them, the fish will bite; but if he don't, you might as well stay at home.—Exchange.

HOW SHIPS GET LATE MAIL

Airplanes Used to Overtake Liners and Drop Bags While the Vessel is Traveling.

Experiments have proved it entirely practicable to deliver belated transatlantic mail to steamers at sea by airplanes.

The ship may have taken its departure several hours previously, yet the flying machine, with a speed of 100 miles or more an hour, can easily catch up with it and put the mail aboard.

A plane of the "flying boat" type if used for the purpose, and the waterproof mail bag is held in a chute on the side of the hull. The aviator flies over the ship and the rigging entangles a long line dropped from the plane that has grapple tails on its end. This line is attached to the mail bag, which, when the grapple tails catch, is jerked out of its chute, falling into the sea.

It is then an easy matter to haul the mail bag aboard, while the steamer continues its uninterrupted voyage.

The prices of cotton and linen have been doubled by the war. Lengthen their service by using Red Cross Ball Blue in the laundry. All grocers, 5c.

Got Her Revenge, All Right. "Gentlemen of the Jury," the eminent counsel wound up his eloquent oration. "I leave the rest to you. You are Americans; you come of a valorous race. As men, you would scorn to insult a woman—or ill-treat one—to say aught which is unbecoming or unmannerly to one of the gentler sex—"

He paused, with an angry glance at the back of the court, where there was a sudden disturbance. Then he shrank back as a stern-looking woman faced him coldly.

"And only this morning," she said loudly, "that man called me a meddling old cat!"

She was his mother-in-law.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

When Doctors Disagree. John Jimson was very ill. He called in a doctor, who hemmed and hawed and called in a second doctor. Then, while John Jimson lay and suffered, the two quarreled about his case.

"You are wrong," said Doctor No. 1. "I'm right," retorted Doctor No. 2. "You're wrong," repeated Doctor No. 1.

Here the patient gave a groan and brought the medical men to a realization of the needs of the moment. But Doctor No. 2 couldn't resist a last swipe.

"Go your own way," said he, "but I'll prove I'm right at the post-mortem!"—From the Argonaut.

Accommodating. "Stop—hey, stop!" yelled an excited looking farmer, running toward the road as we passed in our car. My friend put on the brakes and ran back to give first aid, when the farmer turned and beckoned frantically to a little boy who came from the house to the road and then close to the car.

"Look it over," said his father as the boy walked all around us, "this running machine is called an auto."

"All right," said the boy at last. "I saw enough of it," and we were allowed to proceed.—Exchange.

Electrical Hair Cutting. There is in use in France an electric substitute for the barber's scissors. It consists of a comb carrying along one side of its row of teeth a platinum wire through which flows an electric current. As the comb passes through the locks to be shorn the heated wire instantaneously severs the hairs, leaving them of even length and sealing the cut ends as in the ordinary process of singeing with a taper.

This time of year it's a good idea to combine fresh fruit or berries with your morning dish of Grape-Nuts

The blend of flavor proves delightful and is in tune with June.

"There's a Reason"