

The LIBERTY BELL

A July 4th Poem

by Col. Frank V. Drake

LISTEN! Listen! Hark the music! Melody thrills all the air,
Faintly, distant; now 'tis nearer,
now throbs round us ev'rywhere;
Happy echo singing, ringing over
mountain, wood and dell,
Of a precious declaration—'tis the
clamor of a bell!
Preaching still a proclamation in a
voice divinely grand:
"Liberty unto the people, freedom
ever in the land!"

In an ancient isle of Britain, in his-
toric days of yore,
Cunning craftsmen, learned in sci-
ence, from the mountains deftly
tore
Divers metals, rare and precious,
mingled them with anxious care
Into mass of molten union, in pro-
portion due and fair;



To artistic pris-
on bore them,
cast them into
molded cell.
Thus they formed a magio
metal, "one of
many," in a
bell.

In the Bible,
light of ages,
they a legend
sought and
found;
Graved it on the
sonant bosom
ere the bell
had tongue or
sound:
"Proclaim free-
dom to the
people, liber-
ty throughout
the land."

Perched Upon the
Symbol Bright.
Thus commissioned with a blessing,
fated with divine command,
Came the bell across the ocean, her-
ald of prophetic word—
As St. John among the nations,
preaching of the coming Lord.

O'er domain of nascent heroes swung
the bell of destiny,
Undelivered of its message, unpro-
claimed man's liberty
Till one lovely July morning, sud-
den o'er the startled earth,
Burst a peal of merry music telling
of a nation's birth—
Peal on peal, a proclamation; 'twas
the message of the bell!
And the happy birthday chiming
told a tyrant's passing knell.

From the stellar robes of morning
freedom tore a standard grand;
Planted firm the flaming ensign,
aegis over bell and land.
From his eyrie in the heavens
sprang the eagle, poised for
flight,
Then descending, as a star falls,
perched upon the symbol bright.
Round that bell and flag and eagle
freedom gathered from that
hour,
While the banner grows still
brighter, still more wide the
eagle's power.

Now, alas, the bell is silent, hushed
its voice in ceaseless rest;
Broken in the line of duty, with its
message on its breast.
Yet a woodland goddess, waking,
caught the bell's first glad ac-
claim,
To be treasured, ever sacred, till the
fairy learns her name.
Echo then repeats the message, all
the music gives again,
Fills the earth and air and heaven
with the birthday's glad re-
frain.

Listen! Listen! Rhythmic music!
Melody is in the air,
Faintly distant, now 'tis nearer,
now floats round us ev'ry-
where—
In the hearts of all the people, over
hilltop, wood and dell,
Echo make the proclamation, hal-
lowed lyric of the bell;
Preaching still that declaration in
that voice divinely grand:
"Freedom ever to the people, liberty
throughout the land."

The Universal Fourth

Was our Declaration of In-
dependence such a wonderful
event? Was our war for in-
dependence from England nec-
essary? Did our forefathers
of 1776 accomplish anything
for the good of mankind? We
look about us and see col-
onies of foreign nations, ow-
ing and paying allegiance to
European powers, dying the
flag of such powers, yet vir-
tually independent and self
governing. Each of these
countries is admirable for its
wealth, its freedom, its happi-
ness—for the contented state
of its citizens. Yet none of
them fought revolutions. Had
we endured the tyrannies
which brought on our war and
clung to England would not
our condition be as desirable
as theirs? * * * No. Our re-
volution was not useless; our
ancestors did not suffer and
die for nothing, because with-
out the freedom they gained
for us there would have been
no freedom elsewhere without
bitter warfare. We suffered
not alone for ourselves, but
for all the world. Political
freedom is almost universal
today because the thirteen
colonies showed the way, and
once the way was plain the
world was forced to follow.
We think of our war for in-
dependence simply as a national
affair. It was greater, more
sublime than that, more far-
reaching. The Fourth of July
might well be celebrated in
every civilized land on the
globe.—American Boy.

Fourth of July Luncheon

Place a large toy cannon in the cen-
ter of the table. Make a quantity of
tents either by folding napkins in their
shape or by laying striped cotton cloth
over small frames of wire or, easiest
of all, by buying toy tents. Arrange
these on the table.

Buy also a box of tin soldiers on foot
and on horseback and scatter them
about among the tents. Put small
flags at the top of each tent and among
the bonbons.

Use tall vases filled with red and
white carnations and blue bachelors'
buttons either intermingled or grouped
in colors separately. A bunch tied
with narrow red, white and blue ribbon
may lie at each place.

Give each guest a bonbon box rep-
resenting a common firecracker filled
with small scarlet candles. The name
may be painted in white on the side of
the cracker to serve as a guest card,
as also a souvenir.

For your menu serve:
Iced Currants.
Iced Bouillon. Watercress Sandwiches.
Cold Salmon, Sauce Tartare.
Tongue in Aspic.
Tomatoes With French Dressing.
Raspberry Lemonade. Pineapple Salad.
Cheese Straws.
Olives. Almonds.
Ice Cream in Drums.
Cakes. Bonbons.

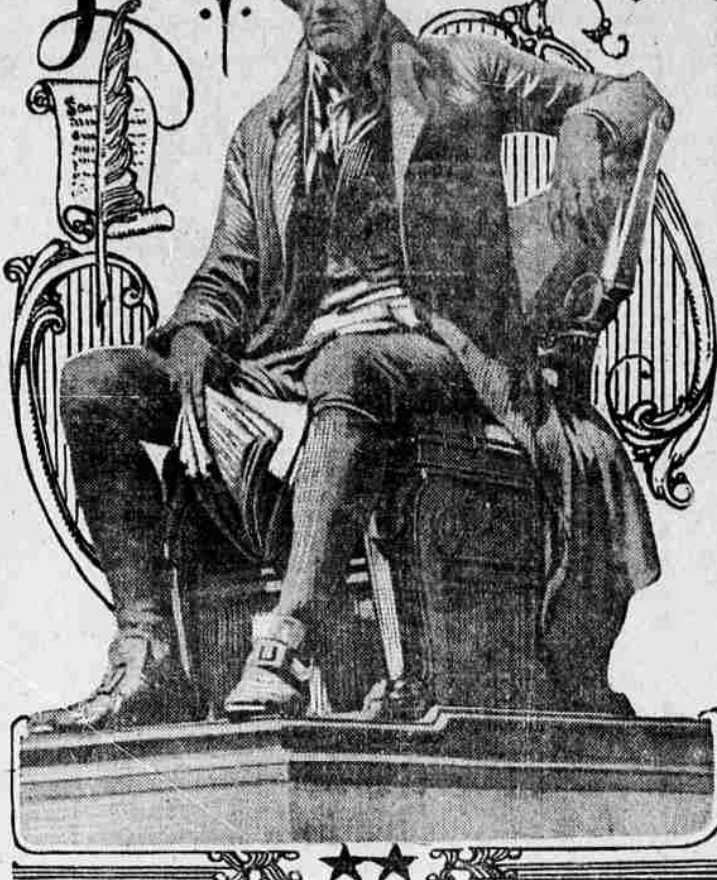
An English View of July 4.

The following view of the American
Independence day was printed in Eng-
land about the middle of the last cen-
tury:

"When a country or a government
has been baffled in its efforts to attain
or preserve a hated rule over another
people it must be content to see its
failure made the subject of never ending
triumph and exultation. The joy
attached to the sense of escape or
emancipation tends to perpetuate itself
by periodical celebrations, in which it
is not likely that the motives of the
other party or the general justice of
the case will be very carefully consid-
ered or allowed for. We may doubt if
it be morally expedient thus to keep
alive the memory of facts which as
certainly infer mortification to one
party as they do glorification to an-
other, but we must admit that it is
only natural and in a measure to be
expected."



THE FATHER OF THE FOURTH



THIS STATUE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, THE WORK OF KARL BITTER, ADORN THE FRONT OF THE COUNTY COURT-HOUSE IN CLEVELAND, O. IT IS CONSIDERED A WORK OF EXCEPTIONAL VIGOR AND FINE MODELING.

LATE in the afternoon of the Fourth
of July, 1776, the old bell in
the statehouse at Philadelphia
rang out a joyous peal. A few
moments before, exhausted by the
great heat and vexed to desperation
by a multitude of flies, the fathers of
this country's liberties had unanimously
adopted the Declaration which severed
the thirteen colonies from Great
Britain and made the United States of
America forever free and independent.

To a certain tall, lanky, sandy
haired delegate from Virginia, who had
sat silent while his colleagues wran-
gled over the form and phraseology of
the document, the action of the con-
gress was a great relief, for in those
days he had listened to much acrimo-
nious criticism of the paper and had
even seen certain passages stricken
out entirely, and Thomas Jefferson
could not sit by and see the child of
his brain torn and rended with feelings
of indifference any more than any other
man. Yet in spite of the diversity
of opinions among his fellow delegates,
who suppressed in all some eighteen
of the more fiery passages in the docu-
ment, few other changes or additions
were made.

A year before, when Thomas Jef-
ferson, lately elected delegate to the Con-
tinental congress from Virginia, had
gone riding into Philadelphia, he had
no premonition that he was to perform
the greatest task that could have been
assigned to a patriot, the writing of
the Declaration of Independence. A
member of the Virginia house of bur-
gesses from 1769, he had already made
himself felt in public life in his own
colony. But it was not until he found
himself among those patriots, many of
them intellectual giants, who made up
the Continental congress that his real
powers showed themselves. He could
speak, though his voice became husky
if he attempted much forensic discus-
sion, but his pen was by all odds
mightier than his tongue.

Jefferson's readiness in composition,
his knowledge of British law and his
love of freedom gave him solid stand-
ing in congress. Events were moving
rapidly. The time had gone past for
compromise. In May, 1776, the news
reached congress that the Virginia con-
vention was unanimous for independ-
ence, and on June 7 Richard Henry
Lee, obeying the instructions of the
Virginia legislature, moved that inde-
pendence be declared.

On June 10 a committee was appoint-
ed to prepare a draft of a Declaration.
The members of this committee were
Jefferson, Franklin, John Adams, Roger
Sherman and Robert H. Livingston.

Jefferson, having been elected chair-
man by reason of having received the
greatest number of votes in the con-
gress, was naturally asked to write the
document. It was not difficult to guess
what kind of a document would come
from Jefferson's pen.

Doubtless it might have been differ-
ent in form, but it could hardly have
been different in sentiment if it had
been written by any other member of
the committee. There was a spirit in
the air. It was the spirit of liberty. It
filled every man's soul. It had already
found its expression in the writings
of the French philosophers and in the writ-
ings of Thomas Paine.

Jefferson did not need to create the
Declaration. He had but to express the
sentiments which were common to the
mass of freedom loving men. In after
years, when enemies declared that the
authorship of the Declaration of Inde-
pendence displayed a lack of original-
ity and that every idea in it was "hack-
neyed" and was to be found in half

a dozen earlier publications, Jefferson
replied with perfect wisdom and fair-
ness, "I did not consider it as any part
of my charge to invent new ideas alto-
gether and to offer no sentiment which
had been expressed before."

It is this fact that has led some his-
torians to allege that Thomas Paine
may have had a hand in the writing of
the Declaration of Independence, for
without doubt there were expressed in
some of his previous writings ideas of
liberty and justice that of necessity
animated many of the sentiments em-
bodied in the document as written by
Jefferson. But there seems to be no
adequate foundation for the truth of
the statement that Paine had any di-
rect hand in its framing.

The original draft in Jefferson's hand-
writing is now in the state depart-
ment at Washington. It shows altera-
tions interlined in the handwriting of
Franklin and Adams.

GOOD READING FOR JULY 4.

The time is near at hand which must
probably determine whether Americans
are to be freemen or slaves; whether
they are to have any property they can
call their own; whether their houses
are to be pillaged and destroyed and
themselves consigned to a state of
wretchedness from which no human
effort will deliver them. The fate of
unborn millions will now depend, un-
der God, on the courage and conduct
of this army. Our enemy leaves us
only the choice of a brave resistance or
the most abject submission. We have,
therefore, to resolve to conquer or die.
Our own, our country's honor, calls
upon us for a vigorous and manly ex-
ertion, and if we now shamefully fail
we shall become infamous before the
whole world. Let us, then, rely on the
goodness of our cause and the aid of
the Supreme Being, in whose hands
victory is, to animate and encourage
us to great and noble actions. The eyes
of all our countrymen are now upon
us, and we shall have their blessings
and praises if happily we are the in-
struments of saving them from the
tyranny meditated against them.—From
Washington's Address to His Troops
Before the Battle of Long Island.

TWO RECIPES FOR THE FOURTH

To Make Red, White and Blue Salad.—
Mix well together a quart of chopped
cold boiled beets, a quart of chopped
raw cabbage, a cupful of grated horse-
radish, two cupfuls of brown sugar, a
teaspoonful of salt and a scant tea-
spoonful of black pepper. Turn into a
jar and cover with cold vinegar. Later
remove the beets and cabbage and
serve on a white paper doily on old
blue china.

For flag cake take a cupful sugar,
one-half cupful of butter, whites of
four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one-
half cupful of milk, two cupfuls of
flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking pow-
der.

For frosting a cupful confectioner's
sugar, a teaspoonful melted butter,
flavor with vanilla, cup chopped nuts
and decorate with Maraschino cherries.
Stick tiny silk flags in a circle around
the edge and in the center place a lar-
ger flag.

A Paean and a Warning.
Spread your banners, hang your wreaths,
Shout until the welkin echoes
All about the defaced world.
Get your old time speeches out;
Chew until you spit the shins,
But be careful, while you spit,
Of your eyes.
—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Week-
ly.

Two Interesting Fourths

On the fourth day of July,
1848, the treaty of peace with
Mexico was proclaimed at
Washington. And on the same
day the cornerstone of the
Washington monument was
laid with great pomp and cere-
mony.

Money for building it had
been subscribed by individ-
uals, but the sum obtained
proved so far inadequate that
the structure remained a mere
stump, only about one-third
its present height, until 1881,
when congress appropriated
the amount necessary for its
completion. It cost in all
about \$3,000,000.

There was a similar and
even more important cere-
mony in Washington on July
4, 1851, when President Fill-
more initiated by the laying
of a cornerstone the construc-
tion of the two great white
marble wings of the capitol.

There was an impressive as-
semblage of dignitaries, and
an oration was made by Dan-
iel Webster, then secretary of
state. Of special interest was
the presence of a few persons
who had witnessed the laying
of the first cornerstone of the
capitol by Washington on the
18th day of September, 1793.

Celebrations In July, 1776

The first "Fourth" was celebrated in
Philadelphia, of course, for it was there
on July 4, 1776, that the Declaration
was signed and the signing proclaimed
by the ringing of Liberty bell.

But it was on the 8th of July that
the first official celebration occurred.
The intervening time was necessary to
prepare for the ceremonies. From a
platform in front of the statehouse
John Nixon read the Declaration of
Independence to a large concourse of
people.

When the reading was finished the
king's arms over the seat of justice in
the courtroom were torn down and
burned in the street. Bonfires were
lighted in the evening, houses were il-
luminated and men and women and
children paraded the streets singing
and cheering until a thunderstorm at
midnight halted the celebrating pro-
cession.

On the 9th New York heard of the
signing and started celebrating the
memorable event.

Boston, the "hub of knowledge,"
learned about it on the 17th, and the
leading citizens gave a banquet, while
"liberal quantities of liquor, according
to the old customs, were distributed
among the populace. A goodly num-
ber of the "populace" became quite
drunk. All through the summer in-
land towns and villages were hearing
of the signing and immediately started
celebrations of their own.

The Spirit of Liberty.
Liberty is a wonderful thing—how
great we, who have never known re-
straint, may not realize. It too often
deteriorates into license, when people
follow only the bent of their own de-
sires. Independence is self reliance,
but the self should be worthy of the
trust or its liberty is worthless. Our
forefathers, to whom we are indebted
for the independence of this country,
felt it to be a solemn thing, this break-
ing away from old ties, from a mother
country beloved by all, and unless they
had in their hearts the meaning of
liberty, as St. Paul puts it, "Where the
spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty,"
they could not have brought about the
American nation's birth.—Dolly Wayne
in Philadelphia Ledger.

ON THE FOURTH



America for Me

A July 4th Poem

by Henry Van Dyke

TIS fine to see the old world
and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces
and cities of renown;
To admire the crumbly castles and
the statues of the kings,
But now I think I've had enough of
antiquated things.

So it's home again and home again,
America for me!
My heart is turning home again,
and there I long to be—
In the land of youth and freedom
beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and
the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town; there's
power in the air,
And Paris is a woman's town, with
flowers in her hair,

And it's sweet to
dream in Ven-
ice, and it's
great to study
Rome,
But when it
comes to liv-
ing there is
no place like
home.

I like the Ger-
man fir woods,
in green bat-
talions drill-
ed;

I like the gar-
dens of Ver-
sailles, with
flashing foun-
tains filled;
But, oh, to take
your hand, But, Oh, to Take
my dear, and Your Hand, Dear,
ramble for a Day!

In the friendly western woodland,
where nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet
something seems to lack.
The past is too much with her and
the people looking back,
But the glory of the present is to
make the future free—
We love our land for what she is
and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again and home again,
America for me!
I want a ship that's westward
bound to plow the rolling sea
To the blessed land of room enough
beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and
the flag is full of stars.

HOW ONE "SIGNER" DIED.

Button Gwinnett of Georgia Was Killed
In a Duel.

The following account by an eyewit-
ness of the duel on May 15, 1777, be-
tween General Lachlan McIntosh and
Button Gwinnett, a signer of the De-
claration of Independence for Georgia,
is contained in a letter that was pub-
lished recently.

George Wells of Richmond county,
Ga., was the eyewitness. He says:
"Late on the evening of Thursday,
the 14th May, a written challenge was
brought to Genl. McIntosh, signed
'Button Gwinnett,' wherein the said
Mr. Gwinnett charged the General
with calling him a scoundrel in Public
Convention, and desired he would give
Satisfaction for it as a Gentleman be-
fore Sunrise next morning in Sir James
Wright's Pasture behind Col. Martin's
house, to which the General humors-
ly sent in answer that the hour was
rather earlier than his usual, but would
assuredly meet him * * * with a pair
of Pistols."

Wells, who was evidently a friend of
McIntosh, then goes on to describe the
meeting, the "polite salutation" and
examination of the pistols. When they
noticed a crowd of spectators they
agreed to go farther down the hill.
Some one proposed they should stand
back to back. The general answered:
"By no means. Let us see what we
are about."

"Immediately each took his stand,"
the affidavit continues, "and agreed to
fire as they could. Both pistols went
off nearly at the same time, when
Gwinnett fell, being shot above the
knee, and said his thigh was broke.
The general, who was also shot through
the thick of the thigh, stood still in
his place, and, not thinking his an-
tagonist was worse wounded than him-
self, asked if he had enough or was
for another shot, to which all object-
ed. The seconds led the general up to
Mr. Gwinnett, and they both shook
hands, and further than this Deponent
saith not." Gwinnett died twelve days
later.