

CELEBRATIONS HELD AT LIBERTY'S SHRINE

YEARLY PILGRIMAGES MADE TO INDEPENDENCE HALL PHILADELPHIA

DISTINGUISHED MEN HAVE READ THE IMMORTAL DECLARATION THESE 130 YRS.



SOLDIERS IN EARLY DAYS DRILLING IN FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL IN HONOR OF NATION'S BIRTHDAY. FROM A RARE OLD PRINT.



FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL. ABOUT 1800 FROM A RARE OLD PRINT.

GOOD fortune and solicitude have combined to preserve to Americans the most sacred building in the United States, Independence Hall. It is possible to hold Fourth of July celebrations in the shadow of the very structure which saw the birth and signing of the Declaration of Independence, the most potent doctrine for freedom in the history of the world. The Nation has not ignored the chance. There are many patriotic Americans

who make it a duty on July 4 to journey to Philadelphia, a pilgrimage to the shrine of liberty, there to raise their voices in thanks and rejoicing for the great deed that was there accomplished. Since that day, now distant 130 years, when Charles Thomson, rising in his chair, read for the first time the final draft of that momentous document which Thomas Jefferson wrote, but which underwent many changes before meeting with the final approval of the delegates

to the Continental Congress, not an Independence Day has been permitted to pass without a proper celebration in the public square back of Independence Hall. Presidents of the United States, Senators, Representatives, Justices of the highest courts, and even foreign Ambassadors have poured forth their eloquence at Liberty's shrine. The municipal authorities of the City of Philadelphia are proud to see to it that some distinguished man is always on hand as orator of the day. The pomp of military circumstances

has sometimes been called upon to lend prestige to the occasion, and the best musicians of the land have been proud to play patriotic airs in the shadow of the steeple where hung the bell that so singularly fulfilled the prophetic mission assigned it 24 years before to "proclaim liberty throughout the land." The location of the hall lends itself to purposes of public celebration. There is ample room, both front and back, for the building stands well back from the pavement, so that a large company can gather in front. In the rear, the beautiful

Independence Square, there is still more space, and thousands assemble to listen to the orations and hear the Declaration of Independence read.

This latter is really the distinctive feature of the Fourth of July celebrations in Independence Square. The day would not seem properly observed were this omitted.

It is a notable record of which every American may be proud that not a Fourth of July has passed since we have been a nation without the inspired words being uttered again to the air that heard them first. The tall trees standing in the historic square must by this time know every word by heart.

The first reading of the Declaration was that by Charles Thomson, the Secretary of Congress, when he announced the completed paper to the men who had framed it. Thomson did not, however, read the Declaration from the balcony of Independence Hall to the people crowded outside to hear for the first time in what terms the colonists should tell King George that his control of the 13 colonies was at an end.

of his country was deeper even than his regard for the stage, stood on the same spot and on a Fourth of July morning read the words of Jefferson as no man has read them before or since. A great crowd was present, perhaps the largest ever assembled, and the actor during and after the reading was cheered again and again.

Forrest esteemed the Declaration of Independence as the best single piece of composition in existence, valuing it even above his beloved Shakespeare. It is little wonder that he was cheered so madly as his grand voice rolled out in sonorous glory the indictment of the wrongs King George had inflicted on the colonies, announcing that the time had come when they were at an end, and in beautiful, solemn accents repeated the manly resolve of the members of the Congress to devote their lives, means and sacred honor to the cause of liberty.

Two years after the first Fourth of July there occurred a celebration in Independence Square that had a special significance. The advance of the British and their occupation of Philadelphia during the Winter of 1777-1778 had forced Congress to leave the Quaker City and go to York.

After the evacuation Congress returned to Philadelphia, and a grand celebration of the Declaration was held, in which nearly the entire population of Philadelphia joined. Chevalier Comte Alexandre Gerard, of France, the first Minister accredited to the United States from any power, was an interested spectator.

Chief Justice John Marshall spoke in the State House yard at one of the celebrations in the early part of his tenure of office, and later Daniel Webster delivered a notable address there. During the Centennial in Philadelphia there was naturally a notable demonstration, and no less a person than Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, sat among those who cheered the sentiments that had sounded the downfall of monarchy in this country, and were finally to take his throne from the ruler of Brazil.

felicitous utterances in this country. The anomaly that he was the envoy of one of the most absolute of monarchies did not prevent the celestial part painting in most graphic phrase what the venerable building stood for.

During his first administration Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, came to Philadelphia one Fourth of July and standing on a platform raised in the Square appealed to the young manhood of America that the great lessons of 1776 be not ignored.

Samuel J. Randall, Judge Kelley, General Grant and Lewis Cassidy have also figured prominently in Fourth of July celebrations there. During the administration of Mayor Warwick, himself an orator of genuine gifts, every year was made the occasion of notable demonstrations to which were invited men of National fame.

One of the most commendable features about all these affairs has been the prominence given to children. In fact, they might almost be called Children's Day events. It has been the wise thought of the men in charge that no better use could be made of the Nation's natal day than by impressing on the younger mind the great truths that had their best development within Independence Hall.

A liberal space is always reserved for the youngsters. For months in advance they rehearse their patriotic songs so that on the great day they may pour them forth from fresh young voices in all that glory of natural beauty which rivals the tones of the most talented of trained adults. Among the speakers there is always picked some one who is not only a great orator, but who also understands the art of making himself clear to the juvenile comprehension.

The children's exercises include marching and singing, and if man can look at the throng of young Americans, each one holding a small American flag, and decorated besides with red, white and blue streamers, and listen to their music, without a lump coming up in his throat, then it is because the impulses of sentiment and patriotism have been neglected from his make-up.

The charge that republics are ungrateful can never be established while the representatives of a Nation, young and old, gather at its shrine of liberty once a year to sing the praises of its founders.

Pepper, a Biography, by Marcus W. Robbins

A BOY'S first love is a dog, for a dog is the first living thing that will flatter him by paying attention to his whims. You have seen the small boy and his dog, and you may have been that boy himself, the dog wagging his tail and barking joyously on words of praise and blinking by in the dust of humiliation on words of reproof, and all out of the mouth of a ten-year-old.

We had a dog and his name was Pepper. Hence? Why, he was so ugly that it made him handsome. Long hair covered him from head to tail. His eyes were almost hidden by it, and when he ate he showed the need of a mustache cup.

Pepper was no poodle or spitz, but above the average in size and of cock extraction. We got him while a puppy from a neighbor, and then there was the pleasure of watching him grow, for a puppy will grow like weeds on a summer day. A puppy has to be brought up and trained just like a boy. Who ever heard of a puppy that would not suck? He started early in life to robbing hen's nests and sucking eggs. This was where the training came in that was alike painful to dog and master. But after a few whippings and some eggs doctored with cayenne pepper worked wonders where moral

suasion would have been a miserable failure. Every puppy has that human instinct of making a collection, and so in one corner of our yard Pepper had his cabinet. Here were to be found a choice collection of beef bones, old shoes, articles of clothing and a general miscellaneous array of things attractive to the eyes of a puppy. You took a great risk if you laid down your hat or paper, for the next minute was liable to see it between the dog's paws being torn to shreds or being carried off to that sacred corner. The most attractive thing about a dog is his love for human society. Whenever there is any excursion to be made, the dog always wishes to go along. And thus when we took a skiff to cross the Sound (we lived on Puget Sound) for our mail or to buy groceries at the small country store, Pepper would sit on the beach and howl most dementedly, run up and down shore uttering short, angry barks, which was probably the canine method of cursing. Sometimes he would swim out a rod or two into the salt water, but the wide expanse soon frightened him back and he would then sit on the beach with patient resignation and await our return. When it came all the past slights were forgotten, for the dog's capacity of forgiveness is almost infinite. We always got a happy welcome and no grudges were harbored. The same trouble arose when school started, for the dog was bound to go. If he was tied up with a rope a few minutes sufficed to gnaw it in two and he would come bounding along with a

frayed rope around his neck. A steel chain was the only thing that would reduce him to submission. When he got older we used moral suasion, and would say, "Stay at home," but we had no assurance but that before we had gone a mile he would come sneaking into the road ahead of us with his tail between his legs and a downcast look in his eyes. Then if we spoke a kind word, the transformation was almost magical; the tail curled up again and with some happy barks Pepper was foraging each side of the road for rabbits and grouse.

Certainly a dog can reason, but he is often illogical; however, even man is not exempt from that failing. For instance, Pepper would often chase some festive chipmunk into the roots of a rotten stump and would spend three or four hours madly digging after him. The dirt would fly on all sides, the small roots would be chewed and bitten off with an energy that was almost insane; every few minutes he would lie down and thrust his nose as far as possible into the hole, sniffing for the scent, then he would renew his digging with increased fervor. I never knew him to catch a chipmunk in that way, but he was as hopeful over the last one as the first. Does not many a business man chase the elusive dollar just as senselessly?

But the thing that would arouse his fighting blood the most was a skunk, though he often caught a Tartar. On one occasion he chased a large one under a fir log. The log had burned on the lower side so that it had left a long shelf under which a dog could just crawl. Pepper started under and very soon mut-

The Origin of "Bridge" Whist Not Known

Saturday Review. THE real origin of bridge is somewhat shrouded in mystery. The game is said to have originated in Russia, but there is no satisfactory proof of this statement. It was first known under the title of "blitich, or Russian whist," and this, no doubt, gave rise to the idea that it was of Russian origin, although, as a matter of fact, the word "blitich" is not to be found in any Russian dictionary. The game, as we play it, is far more likely to have been of Levantine origin. It was certainly played, very much in the present form, some 40 years ago, in Eastern Europe, notably in Constantinople and in Greece, and if there were any necessity to assign to it a definite nationality we should not hesitate to award the honor to Greece.

The prevalent idea that bridge was unknown in England up to the time of its introduction at the Portland Club in 1844 is an entirely mistaken one. It was quite unknown in clubland, but there is indisputable evidence of its having been known and regularly played in private circles for many years prior to that date. It is stated in the supplement to the ninth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica that the game of bridge was first introduced into England in the year 1589, but no information is given as to what authority, if any, there is for it. We have received a letter from an English gentleman of Greek extraction, now resident in London, in which we are as-

sured that the writer can remember the game of bridge, very much in its present form, being regularly played among a colony of Greeks settled in Manchester, of whom his own father was one, as far back as the '70s of the last century. The only important point of difference between the game as it was then played and as it is played now was that the value of no trumps was 10 points per trick instead of 12, and that the four aces in one hand counted 30 above the limit, instead of 100 as at present. Also the lead of a heart in answer to a double of no trumps by the leader's partner, which is commonly supposed to have originated in America, was the general custom. The short suit convention had not then been known. That was probably a purely English convention of later days.

In the year 1886 a small pamphlet was printed in London, entitled "Blitich, or Russian Whist." There is said to be only one copy of this pamphlet in existence, and that is in the library of the British Museum. It gives a very attenuated description of the game, with the method of scoring and a few laws as to declaring, passing the declaration, etc.; but again we are without available information as to who framed these laws, or by what authority they were published. As the game is there described, the most valuable declaration, corresponding to our present call of "no trumps," was "blitich" or playing without trumps, and the value of this call was again ten points instead of twelve, and also four aces in one hand counted 30, not 100. The winners on the rubber added 40 points to their score, instead of 100 points, as in our

present game, and this extra score was called "consolation."

There can be no doubt that the score for no trumps ought to be ten points per trick and not 12, as that is following the regular upward sequence of suit declaration, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and also if the value of the tricks at no trumps is to be 12 points, why should the honor score for aces not be also 12 points, instead of ten? When or why, or how or by whom the change was made is quite a mystery. When the game was first introduced at the Portland Club we were certainly told that the value of no trumps was 12 points per trick, and that if a player signed up, must somehow have crept in accidentally.

Cruising Along New Zealand.

Cruising down Milford Sound, New Zealand, when the clouds are clearing after a shower, the mountains are like fairyland. No longer grim and black and fearful, they are laced everywhere with the streaming silver of cloud-born cascades. One day we watched the giddy journey of one of these cataraacts. It sprang from the very top of the Lion Rock—a 200-foot perpendicular wall. Long and slender and glinting like glass in the sun, it fell straight down over us—but never reached us. It had dropped, say, 1000 feet when it was caught by the wind, awayed this way and that, and finally blown clean away, dissolving in misty rain. We steamed right under it or rather under the place where it ought to have been, and experienced the peculiar sensation of looking straight up at a waterfall end as the launch-skipper put it, "never fall anywhere."—Four Track News.