



# LIFE SKETCHES

By W.E. Hill—An Artist Who Senses Spirit Of The Day



It was a terrible stroke of fate for everybody when Arthur's dear little baby brother elected to be born on July Fourth, 1898. Arthur couldn't have so much as a single torpedo or a cap pistol. And when Aunt Myrtle Schlottshausen tiptoed out to tell the glad tidings, she added, "We must all of us be JUST as quiet as little mice." And baby brother was named Schley Dewey Schlottshausen in honor of the heroes of Santiago and Manila.

## THE ONCE GLORIOUS FOURTH

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Just a dear little 1898 girl with a box of torpedoes.



A Fourth of July outing in the good old days before Henry Ford had come into his own. Daisy belonged to a bicycle club. They had club colors—pink and orange—and it was awfully dressy. (Daisy's wearing the very latest thing in sport clothes for the summer of 1899.)

An Independence Day parade, around 1898, showing the glass of fashion and mould of form choicely represented on the side lines. When the Excelsior Hose Company comes alongside the young lady in white will rush out and hand her favorite fireman the bunch of flowers.

At the Fourth of July picnic "over at the lake" you hired a boat—unless you owned a canoe—and you and the dearest little girl in the world went rowing. (And if the dearest little girl who was looking as near like one of Mr. Christy's young ladies as possible that day) owned a Brownie camera she brought it along, and there were many cries of "Oh, Gertrude, you didn't snap it! Why I was making a HORRIBLE face! Oh, you DIDN'T take it!"



Fourth of July fancy dress parties aren't what they were in the good old days. No evening was complete without at least two Janice Merediths and one or more ladies in the guise of Columbia the gem of the ocean.



The Fourth of July porch party, with ice cream and fireworks on the side. About nine-thirty the young people crowded into the hammock. It gave way about nine-forty-five. Then there was a good old-fashioned sing, "Mamie," "Just One Girl," and "Good-by, Dolly, I Must Leave You," being the prime favorites.

The giant cracker that failed to live up to expectations.



"My land! I'll be glad when THIS day is over!" There was always a lady next door who failed to enter into the spirit of the Glorious Fourth. And if she had a dog or a cat the dog or cat felt just as she did.

Pop, en route to the back yard, just to make sure the children didn't harm themselves with the firecrackers. Pop usually wanted to shoot off a few himself.