

MISS COLUMBIA On the FOURTH



She has ninety million sweethearts—
All join in to sing her praise!
She's the gem of land and ocean,
And the Fourth's her day of days!

HOW BIDDY ENJOYED THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

BIDDY was born on the "lither side," as she told everybody that was curious enough to ask her. Though foreign by birth, in feelings and actions she was thoroughly American. She had spent one Fourth of July in this country and had observed with intense interest the enthusiasm all boys and girls showed in the day. At the same time she resolved that when the Fourth next came around her celebration would be as lively as anybody's. And so it turned out.

Now, it might be said of Biddy that there had been a serious double mistake in her life. Instead of an Irish girl she should have been a boy and an American. But American she was bound to become, anyway, and no boy living could have entered more heartily into the celebration than this same Biddy O'Hare, in her straw hat with a wide drooping brim and her green frock.

There was just one peculiar thing in Biddy's makeup, and that, to call it by its gentle name, was a tendency to prevaricate. Indeed, prevaricate will hardly do, for she often made up whole stories without even a foundation of truth. It was Biddy's weakness. Her parents fondly hoped that she would outgrow it—she was only eight—but, as things were now, almost all she said had to be carefully considered as coming from Biddy.

In the town where Biddy lived there was a public celebration, and this young Irish-American made her plans to attend. She did not think it worth while to ask permission. When the afternoon came she found it easy enough to get herself lost in the crowd and to follow the rest of the patriotic citizens out to the fair grounds.

This, she felt, made her fully an American. The flags waved for her as much as for anybody. And there was not a sight that escaped her. Wherever there was something extra to see Biddy would crowd in between the older persons or she would get under the ropes or the edges of a tent. When she wanted pink lemonade or peanuts she invited some man to buy them for her. She clapped with the band played. She even climbed to the band stand, where she could stand beside the man with the bass cornet.

So fascinating it all was that she did not notice when the sun went down and the torches and Japanese lanterns began to glow. She stayed right on into the evening for the fireworks. It

was late when her father found her, high up in the grand stand. Of course there had been a fright when her absence was noticed, and so happy were the parents at finding her that they actually forgot to punish her for running away.

Many days passed before Biddy was through telling the wonders of her celebration. Everything she described became under her artistic touch three times as wonderful as it really had been. Biddy gave her imagination full play. The climax came when she told of going up in a paper balloon at night. She declared there were seats all around on the inside, that it was light as day in there and that the man who sent the balloons up wanted other children to go, too, but that she was the only one who dared do it. "And that," she explained, "is why they called me the hero of the celebration. And when I came down on the very spot from which I started the band played a new piece called 'Brave Biddy O'Hare.' And—"

Just at this point her father interrupted her to say very sternly that she need continue the narrative no further. There was a look in his face that Biddy had never seen before, and her story of the Fourth stopped right where it was.—Washington Star.

JOHN ADAMS' JULY 4 TOAST.

In the spring of the year 1826, fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson was eighty-three and John Adams ninety, yet both retained the full enjoyment of their faculties. Throughout the land great preparations were making to observe Independence day, the national holiday. Party feeling was sunk in common love of country, and the attention of the public was universally turned toward these venerable patriots, who, with Charles Carroll of Carrollton, were the sole survivors of the signers. Both men were in the feeblest of health and were aware that their end drew near, but both desired to behold the glorious day, and life, like a flickering taper, prolonged itself in obedience to wills that had not flinched before the wrath of kings.

On June 30 the orator for the celebration at Quincy called upon Adams and asked for a toast. "I give you," said the feeble patriarch, "independence forever." When asked if he desired to add anything to the sentiment the old hero replied, "Not a word!"

"SANE" FOURTH GAINING.

Fewer Lives and Limbs Now Lost in Day's Celebration.

The celebration of the Fourth of July with fireworks, which in former years caused death or injury to an average of 4,000 persons a year, is becoming a memory. The day passed off last year with only 8 dead and 365 injured in the entire country.

The sane Fourth movement has spread widely since last year, which showed a big reduction in casualties as compared with previous years. In Kansas alone fifty towns have passed ordinances forbidding the death dealing kind of celebration.

The saving of life and limb in the larger cities is shown by the following comparison of casualties:

	1913.		1908.	
	Dead.	Injured.	Dead.	Injured.
Boston	0	4	4	51
Chicago	0	7	12	111
Cincinnati	0	0	0	42
Cleveland	0	0	10	62
Harrisburg	0	2	2	28
Kansas City	0	0	0	30
Los Angeles	0	0	0	33
Milwaukee	0	3	1	67
New York	0	4	1	23
St. Louis	0	1	1	13
Washington	0	0	0	41

THE SIGNERS IN RIME.

Their Names Shall Honored Be Until the End of Time.

It will not be denied that the men who, on July 4, 1776, pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" in behalf of our national liberty deserve the most profound reverence from every American citizen. By arranging in rime the names of the signers according to the colonies from which they were delegated the Atlanta Constitution assists the youthful learner in remembering the names of the fathers of American independence:

The Massachusetts delegation That signed our glorious Declaration Were Hancock, Gerry, Robert Paine, The great John Adams, and again Another Adams, Samuel by name. New Hampshire, called the Granite State, Sent Whipple, Bartlett, Thornton great, Alike in counsel and debate. Rhode Island's delegates, we see, Were Stephen Hopkins and Ellery. Connecticut, excelled by none, With Sherman, Wolcott, Williams and Huntington.

New York as delegates employed Lewis Morris and William Floyd, With Francis Lewis and Livingston, Who died before the war was done. New Jersey to the congress sent Her honored college president, John Witherspoon, with Stockton, Clark, Hart, Hopkinson, all men of mark. Though Pennsylvania need not blush For Morris, Morton, Wilson, Rush, And, though most men might seem as dross

To Clymer, Taylor, Smith and Ross, To Franklin each his tribute brings, Who neither lightning feared nor kings. The men from Delaware—indeed As true as steel in utmost need— Were Rodney with McKean and Read. "My Maryland" is proud to own Her Carroll, Paca, Chase and Stone. On old Virginia's roll we see The gifted Richard Henry Lee, And, just as earnest to be free, His brother, Francis Lightfoot Lee, And Wythe and Nelson, patriots true, With Harrison and Braxton, too. But of them all there was not one As great as Thomas Jefferson.

North Carolina's chosen men We know were Hooper, Hewes and Penn. And South Carolina's vote was one— By Rutledge, Heyward, Lynch and Middleton. From Georgia came Gwinnett and Hall And Walton, too, the last of all Who signed our precious Declaration, The pride and glory of the nation.

A REAL JULY 4 AMERICAN



Little Red, the Indian boy,
Went to town one day.
All the folks were celebrating
July Fourth—hurray!

Little Red picked up Old Glory;
Held it straight and true.
They took his Injun name away.
Now he's Little Red, White,
Blue!

A Prophetic Englishman.

We have no news, public or private, but there is an ostrich egg laid in America where the Bostonians have canted 300 chests of tea into the ocean, for they will not drink tea with our parliament. Lord Chatham talked of conquering America in Germany. I believe England will be conquered some day or other in New England or Bengal.—Horace Walpole, Feb. 2, 1774.

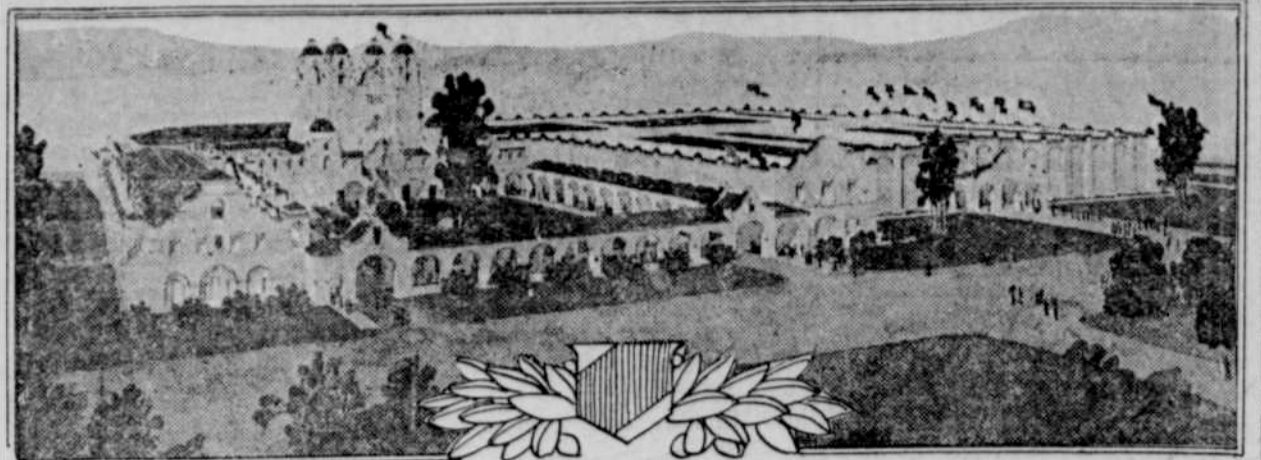


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THE FIVE ACRE CALIFORNIA HOST BUILDING AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

CALIFORNIA, as host to the world, is erecting a vast palace in which elaborate entertainments will be given during the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. The building, which, with its furnishings, will cost \$500,000, will be constructed in Mission style of architecture. Besides being a center of social and official activities, it will house a wealth of exhibits.

Two Big Days' CELEBRATION In Eugene, July 3-4

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