

THIS IS THE CENTENNIAL YEAR OF "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"



Upper, the Constellation; lower, the original "Star Spangled Banner," which flew at Fort M'Henry (now in the National museum, Washington).

THIS year sees the centennial celebration of the writing of "The Star Spangled Banner," the national song, by Francis Scott Key. The anthem was inspired by the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, near Baltimore, in September, 1814. Various celebrations, official and unofficial, have been planned, and the occasion will be remembered on the Fourth of July of this year. The government decided to repair and restore the historic frigate Constellation at a cost of \$50,000, so that the vessel might be taken to Baltimore for exhibition in September during "The Star Spangled Banner" centennial at Fort M'Henry and afterward stationed permanently in the Potomac river, near the Washington monument and the Lincoln memorial. The frigate has been stationed at the naval training station at Newport, R. I., and is the oldest vessel in the American navy.

RAISING THE SCHOOLHOUSE FLAG

A Fourth of July Poem

Today the birthright of her hopes the
younger nation sings
As on the pinions of the light the banner
lifts its wings.
Today the future on us smiles and studious
labors cease
To set the flag above the school, our
fortress wall of peace—
War bugles old, storm beating drums
and veterans scarred and true
And children marching for the states
mid roses winned with dew.
Behind ye thrice a hundred years, before
a thousand grand,
What says the past to you today, O
children of the land?
What are thy legends, O thou flag
that gladdens land and sea?
What is thy meaning in the air amid
the jubilee?

Oh, my America, whose flag we throne
amid the sky,
Beneath whose folds 'tis life to live and
nobles death to die,
I hear the peaceful bugles blow across
the silver sea
And bless my God my palace stands a
cottage home in thee!
So speak the voices of the past, ye
children of the land,
Behind ye thrice a hundred years, before
a thousand grand.
Such are the legends of yon flag that
gladdens land and sea;
Such is the hand that scrolls the air
this day of jubilee.
Flag of the sun that shines for all,
Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all,
Flag of the school that stands for all,
Flag of the people, one and all—
Hail, flag of liberty, all hail!
Hail, glorious years to come!
—Hezekiah Butterworth in Youth's
Companion.

Franklin's Suit of Clothes.
Shortly before the outbreak of the
Revolution Benjamin Franklin, then
postmaster general for the American
colonies, was in London trying to get
fair treatment for the Americans. His
petition was dismissed by the government
as "groundless, scandalous and
vexatious," and he lost his official post.
On returning to his lodgings that night,
says Lossing's "Pictorial Field Book of
the Revolution," Franklin took off the
suit of clothes he had worn and declared
that he would never wear it again
until he should sign the declaration of
independence of America. More than ten
years later he donned the suit again when
he signed the treaty of peace which
freed the United States.

Hawthorne Born July 4.
Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the
greatest of American writers, whose
work is distinctively American, was
born on July 4, 1804.

THE SIGNERS IN RIME.

Their Names Shall Honor Us 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
were Hancock, Gerry, Robert Fane,
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 delegation, 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
drowsy
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, Paea, 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, Hew and Penn.
And South Carolina's vote was one—
By Rutledge, Heyward, Lynch and Mid-
dleton.
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 par-
liament. Lord Chatham talked of con-
quering America in Germany. I be-
lieve England will be conquered some
day or other in New England or Ben-
gal.—Horace Walpole, Feb. 2, 1774.

British Earl Fought For America.
One of the most interesting figures
of the Revolutionary war period in
America was the Earl of Stirling, who
fought for American independence.
He was the only British peer who
served in the American army, and he
was a warm friend of George Wash-
ington. He held the rank of major
general in the American army. Lord
Stirling lived the greater part of his
life in America, was married to a New
York lady and died in Albany, N. Y.,
in 1783.

July 4 Killed a President.
The cornerstone of the Washington
monument at the national capital was
laid July 4, 1850. It was a very hot
day. President Taylor, who was present,
was exposed to the heat of the sun for
three hours. On his return to the
White House he drank freely of
ice water and iced milk and also par-
took of some cherries. Shortly after-
ward he was taken ill and died July 9.

Over 200 women and girls are car-
rying on a novel recruiting campaign
in London, where they are distrib-
uting circulars telling women of the de-
lights of army life.

HOW BIDDY ENJOYED THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

BIDDY was born on the "Iber
solde," 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 re-
solved 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 mis-
take 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
frocks.

There was just one peculiar thing in
Biddy's makeup, and that, to call it by
its gentlest name, was a tendency to
prevaricate. Indeed, prevaricate will
hardly do, for she often made up
whole stories without even a founda-
tion of truth. It was Biddy's weak-
ness. Her parents fondly hoped that
she would outgrow it—she was only
eight—but, as things were now, al-
most 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 other persons or she would get un-
der 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 when the
band played. She even climbed to the
band stand, where she could stand be-
side 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 ab-
sence was noticed, and so happy were
the parents at finding her that they ac-
tually forgot to punish her for running
away.

Many days passed before Biddy was
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 inter-
rupted 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 prepa-
rations 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 de-
sired to add anything to the sen-
timent the old hero replied, "Not
a word!"

So powerful are the Mormons that
it is estimated that their missionaries
in Europe, exclusive of England, send
across the Atlantic to Utah between
800 and 900 girls annually.

Miss Margaret McMahon has been
employed in the Bethlehem, Pa., post-
office for 25 years.

Some Trite Facts About Dallas In a Nut-Shell

Dallas has two planing mills and
wood working factories, also an iron
works and machine shop.

Dallas is a trade center for a vast
surrounding territory.

Dallas has nine religious organi-
zations, with seven edifices of wor-
ship.

Dallas has a modern sewer system,
touching all sections of the city.

Dallas has many beautiful and
costly homes. And the number is on
the increase.

Dallas has an active Commercial
club and a Woman's club constantly
working for the material interests of
the community.

Dallas is the starting point for the
hunting and fishing grounds. Deer,
grouse, pheasants and quail are here,
while an occasional cougar or wild-
cat is found. Speckled beauties
abound in the streams.

Dallas enjoys the reputation of be-
ing a clean town, with a good moral
atmosphere.

Dallas has a \$15,000 armory, large
and well equipped.

Dallas has a sawmill cutting over
15,000,000 feet per annum, and fur-
nishing steady employment to 175
workmen.

Dallas is a ready market at good
prices for everything raised on the
farm. The local demand is greater
than the supply.

Dallas has a volunteer fire depart-
ment that fights the destroying ele-
ment like old-timers.

Dallas probably handles more mo-
hair than any other town in the state.
Angora goats make money for their
owners.

Dallas has two substantial financial
institutions, occupying modern brick
blocks.

Dallas has large tracts of standing
timber tributary to it, dotted here and
there with sawmills of the smaller
class.

Dallas is picturesquely situated on
the LaCreole river, and has a happy
and contented population of about
3,000, 90 per cent American.

Dallas has some knockers; but,
thank the Lord, they are in the mi-
nority.

Dallas has good transportation fa-
cilities, both passenger and freight.

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