

# His Celebration



Photo by Frank Fournier.

## MAN WHO MADE THE FOURTH

LIKE a freeraker that explodes quietly and finally expires long after the rest of the bunch have banged and sized their way into oblivion, comes tardily the story of the man to whom we owe our Fourth of July. Those who have not heard the story and who endeavor to recall some chapter of American history telling of this great man will search their memories in vain. So obscure has he remained in the annals of those times that even his name is unknown; there is only one glimpse of him, as a rider hurrying through the night with a message that was to bring us our Glorious Fourth. The Chicago Post tells the story:

"The friends of a Declaration of Independence were afraid that they might not be in a majority in the great Philadelphia gathering. It is affirmed that they counted noses and were fearful that they would fall short by one or two votes. Then it was that they determined to send a messenger into Delaware to bring back an absent delegate who it was known would vote right if he were present. They looked for a hard rider with the cause at heart, a man who would ride the race for liberty and count fatigue a pleasure. They found him in a man whose name is unknown to posterity, but who deserves well of it.

"The unknown rode on his mission. He tore away, as one of his contemporaries bore witness, as if the devil were at his heels. He broke existing records and sent the absent delegate back in a hot hurry and in time to vote. The Declaration debates and proceedings were secret, but there was a story well believed that the resolution carried by one vote. We have Paul Revere's ride in living verse, but no one has sung the song of the unknown rider, 'The Man Who Made the Fourth.'

### EMBLEMS MUST NOT FADE

Duty of Americans to Hold High Over the Glory Handled Down by Their Forefathers.

IT WAS the practice of Americans for many years to observe the Fourth of July patriotically. Their celebrations did not consist of noise alone. Attending all the music, cannonading, bell ringing and marching there was an intellectual feature that heartened the old and inspired the young.

In the uproarious festivities of earlier times the treasured emblems and trophies of liberty were all in sight for one day at least, and by recurring to the principles of the Declaration everybody's knowledge of and faith in the doctrines that gave this continent a measure of freedom and justice were strengthened and renewed, says the New York World. If these emblems are fading the fault is due more to our native-born inhabitants, who think they have learned all the lessons of liberty, than to the millions of newcomers, whose minds are still open and whose eyes are still keen.

What proportion of the rising generation knows or has accepted the "self-evident truths" upon which the republic rests—

"That all men are created equal?"

"That they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights?"

"That among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?"

"That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed? And

"That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to affect their safety and happiness."

Interest in these propositions used to be cultivated in various ways, partly as a pleasure, partly as a duty. Today the words are unfamiliar, the flag itself is infrequently seen, and Lexington, Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Valley Forge, Trenton, Savannah, Cowpens,

## THE FLAG THEY LOVE

Serve the State First. The revelation of liberty has no validity unless it is a continuing one. Carved into pallid marble and draped with a flag, it is chilled and dead. It must be renewed each day in flesh and blood, in hearts and brains and sinewy hands. The fathers served the state before they served themselves. We must do the same.

Nation's Debt to Almighty God. Any celebration of Independence day which does not give the place of prominence to God is inadequate and unworthy. The words of the poet trace our liberties to the right source and give the honor to him to whom the honor is due. Hail! Independence, Hail! Heaven's best gift. To that of life and the immortal soul!

## A GIANT CRACKER

Maryland Patriots First. The patriots of Harford county, Maryland, gathered themselves together at Harford town, which is now called Bush, on March 22, 1775. On the same day they prepared and signed a Declaration of Independence, probably the first one ever made by the colonies, or any part of them.

Panama—Serious rioting occurred in the City of Panama Sunday on the occasion of the elections. Eighteen persons were wounded. There were no foreigners among them, however. No trouble occurred at Colon. One man was killed in the Province of Chiriqui,

Paris—The minister of marine announced that the Italian auxiliary cruiser Citti di Messina and the French destroyer Fourche have been torpedoed in the Strait of Otranto. The Citti di Messina, which was being escorted by the Fourche, was the first victim of the submarine. The Fourche later attacked and disappeared. Shortly afterwards the Fourche herself was torpedoed. Almost all of her crew was saved.

Washington, D. C.—Five million dollars was added to the fortifications bill as it passed the house by a senate committee Tuesday to be used for purchase and manufacture of mountain, field and siege cannon.

The committee eliminated the \$750,000 provision for the purchase of the John Hays Hammond, Jr., inventions for wireless to control the torpedoes and \$417,000 for installation of one of the Hammond plants, and substituted an appropriation of \$30,000 for investigation of the Hammond inventions.

Food Shortage Impends. Bandon, Or.—This city is virtually out of all kinds of fresh supplies as a result of the longshoremen's strike. Famine of potatoes, sugar and fresh fruits threatens unless the strike is settled within the next week or 10 days. The stores are limiting sugar sales to 50 cents' worth to each customer. Except for locally-grown strawberries there is no fresh fruit on the market.

The gas schooner Patsy, from Portland, is now the only boat entering this port with incoming freight.

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# ULTIMATUM IS SENT MEXICAN REPUBLIC

Immediate Release of Captured Negro Troopers Demanded.

## CARRANZA ORDERED ATTACK

President, Following Conference, Indicates He Will Address Joint Session of Congress Soon.

Washington, D. C.—A demand for the immediate release of the American troopers taken prisoners at Carrizal, coupled with a stern notification that the United States expects an early statement of the purposes of the Carranza government was telegraphed to Mexico City Sunday by Secretary Lansing.

The note discloses that the State department received Saturday a communication from the de facto government stating that the Carrizal fight was the direct result of orders to attack American soldiers moving otherwise than toward the border, personally issued by General Carranza to General Trevino and by the latter communicated to General Pershing.

In reply, Secretary Lansing requires that the de facto government transmit a definite statement "as to the course of action it has determined upon" through the usual diplomatic channels "and not through subordinate military officers."

The Mexican communication is construed, Secretary Lansing states, "as a formal avowal of deliberately hostile action against the forces of the United States now in Mexico and of the purpose of attack without provocation whenever they move from their present position" despite the friendly mission on which they are engaged and which is reaffirmed in the American rejoinder.

General Carranza is required to place himself on record formally and the plain intimation lies behind the restrained language of Mr. Lansing's communication that force will be met with force. Apparently, however, the Washington government is determined that the de facto government shall not evade responsibility before the world if war is forced upon the United States.

The note and the military situation of the United States were talked over at the White House by the President, with the senate foreign relations committee.

After the conference, which lasted more than an hour, Senator Stone said the situation was "exceedingly acute." President Wilson has felt it necessary to acquaint congress with the state of affairs and the action taken, through the foreign affairs committee. It was indicated that he might desire to address a joint session of the house and senate in a day or two, but would not take this final step until the Mexican government had been given an opportunity to reply.

## Big Drive by Allied Powers Begun

On All Sides of Central Powers

## Thirty-Three United States Troopers Known To Have Been Slain

Field Headquarters, Mexico, via wire to Columbus, N. M.—Twenty-three American soldiers are known to have lost their lives on the battlefield at Carrizal, according to a report to Major Pershing Sunday night from General Jenkins, commanding the Eleventh Cavalry column ordered to scour the country in that vicinity for survivors. Major Jenkins said he had evidence that nine American troopers, in addition to those previously reported dead, had been killed. Major Jenkins reported that he had found Captain Morey hidden in a house nine miles from where he was abandoned, and that his wounds were not dangerous.

## Protest Seen in Reply to Note.

El Paso, Tex.—Carranza's reply to the last American note will deal mainly with the old protest against the presence of American troops in Mexican territory, according to a telegram from Mexico City, published in the El Paso Del Norte, a local Carranza organ. The dispatch says a number of persons close to the government say that the note will take for granted Secretary of State Lansing's assertion that the American government desires neither war nor intervention. It will devote itself to the punitive expedition.

## Engineers To Be Enlisted.

Washington, D. C.—Two companies of engineers are to be recruited at Vancouver Barracks under orders from General Funston. These companies will be regulars and will form a part of the first increment to be added to the army under the new reorganization law.

## Two Allied Warships Sunk.

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# PROGRESSIVES ENDORSE HUGHES; ROOSEVELT GIVES SUPPORT

Chicago—By a vote of 32 to 6, with nine members declining to vote, the National committee of the Progressive party Monday, at the end of a stormy session, endorsed Charles E. Hughes for President and the Bull Moose party practically went out of existence as a National political organization.

The fight in the committee to endorse Hughes was led by George W. Perkins, of New York; James R. Garfield, of Ohio, and Chester H. Russell, of California.

The radical element in the committee, represented by Matthew Hale, of Massachusetts; Bainbridge Colby, of New York; Henry F. Cochems, of Wisconsin, and John M. Parker, of Louisiana, vigorously protested against the endorsement of any candidate for President and fought the majority at every step of the proceedings. The minority's first move was to insist on an open meeting of the committee, which it won after a number of the

## May Be Attorney General.



JOHN W. DAVIS

John W. Davis, at present solicitor general of the department of Justice, it is believed in Washington, will be appointed attorney general by President Wilson if he should nominate Attorney General Gregory for the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Davis is regarded as a very able lawyer. He has the conduct of government cases before the Supreme Court. He is forty-three years old and was born in West Virginia.

committee, led by John M. Parker, booted the meeting.

After Secretary Oscar King Davis read Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's letter, in which he finally declined the Presidential nomination of the party and urged that Charles E. Hughes be supported in order to defeat President Wilson, the committee voted to accept the Colonel's declination and took a recess for luncheon.

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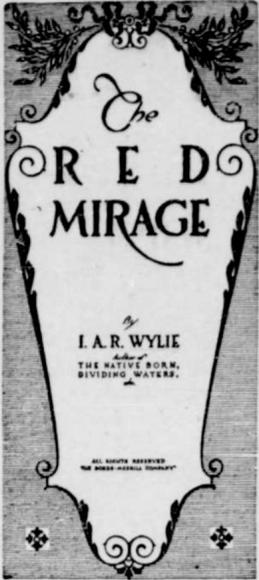
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## SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Omney, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's I. O. U. returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his rooms by Gabrielle Smith. Sower demands an apology. He forces Farquhar to resign his commission in return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Sower's father. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiancé, Farquhar professes to have stolen war plans and tells the real culprit why he did so. As Richard Nameless he joins the Foreign Legion and sees Sylvia, now Mrs. Arnaud, meet Colonel Destina. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goetz of the Colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia, become friendly with Colonel Destina, Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar. Farquhar, on guard at a villa where a dance is in progress, is shot down by Arnaud. Arnaud justifies his inhumanly heinous action to Colonel Destina. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort. Gabrielle meets Lowe, for whom she had sacrificed position and reputation, and tells him she is free from him. Sylvia meets Arnaud in a mosque. Arnaud becomes ill but Sylvia will not help him, nor interfere for Farquhar.

Farquhar knows Sylvia to be a vain, selfish woman. Yet opportunity apparently comes to him to take Sylvia's love—such as it is—once more and bend this wife of another man to his purposes. Do you believe he will succumb to the temptation?

## CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Comrade, in a few days we shall be going south—four hundred of us and thirty officers. The devil goes, too. We are to build his road for him, so that one day someone will give him a little ribbon for his buttonhole. It is amusing, is it not? It makes one laugh. They will be able to use our skulls for mile-stones. I always laugh when I think of it. Yours will be among them. Have you thought of that?"

Farquhar smiled to himself. "I shall not go with you," his brain answered.

"Merde! You will not desert us, comrade? We need you. We count on you. Four hundred men and thirty officers! How simple! We shall go on so doddily. We shall march on and on, forty kilometers a day, right to the edge of the desert, and then one fine morning you shall blow the reveille and the thirty officers will go on sleeping, and we shall leave them there—against the Arabs, against the devil himself, right through Morocco—to freedom! Comrade, you are a brave Englishman. We trust you. We will lead us. If only a dozen of us get through we shall bless you. No get can be worse than this. Death is for all of us sooner or later, and we would rather die as free men under you than as rats—"

Farquhar struggled to free himself. "Duty!" he said sharply and clearly.

He thought he heard a sigh and a curse—farther away now—and the shadow lifted. There were the stars once more, their pure serenity unchanged, and the white-glowing minarets lifting their lace-work of dreams high up into the light as of their inspiration. It was then that Farquhar saw her. He ground his teeth together so that he should not call her, and instead prayed—

"God keep her—oh, God help her!"

It had not been more than a breath, the first utterance of an anguished sense of failure, but she heard it, for she came to him and knelt beside him. He felt her hand touch his forehead, and glide swiftly over his helpless limbs.

"Sylvia!" Her hands touched his wrists, and in answer the dull glowing fire burst out afresh and shot up along his limbs, burning deep into his brain, so that for a moment earth and sky became an endless blazing furnace. Then when the flame died down again he knew that her touch had set him free. He lay still, the cramped half-paralyzed body stretched out in the exhaustion of relief, and she bent over him, peering into the quiet face with passionate anxiety.

"Richard?" she whispered imperatively. "Can you hear me? Do you know me?"

He looked up at her. In the pale supernatural twilight, which hovered over the plateau his features bore that look of white transparency which belongs to death, but his eyes, back under the straight resolute brows, were deliciously alive. They were lifted to hers, but gazed beyond her intently and without recognition.

"I know you," he said. "I saw you coming. I tried not to call, but you must have heard my praying for you. Did you know I needed you?"

"Yes," she answered. Very gently she raised his dark head, so that it rested against her knee, and passed

her handkerchief over his bloodstained lips. "We must be very quiet," she whispered. "No one has seen me—no one must see me. Will they come to see you again tonight?"

"No one will come to me again." It was very still. His hand groped for hers and held it with feverish strength. "It was an act of friendship," he gasped. "I understand—you were thinking of those other days—long ago—and you were merciful. You had judged and passed sentence—and then you forgave. I am glad—it was like you—like my dreams of you—"

"In your dreams did I pass sentence?" she interrupted in the same low tone.

"Yes—you remember—out there in the churchyard. What you said then—it has haunted me like a curse. 'I wish to God I had never met you, Richard!'"

"The woman who said that was cruel and foolish," she said. "She didn't understand."

"And now?" "If I do not understand everything, at least I have still my faith."

"Faith? In whom? An outcast without name or honor?" "You are not without name or honor. You may have strained both in that first defeat—I do not know how or why—but you have not lost them. They are yours still. I believe that they will be yours always."

"You know that? You believe that?" "I know." Her arms were about him; she held his exhausted, tortured frame in a strong tenderness. "If I had not known I would not have come here to you. Only the best of us can fall from great heights. Only the bravest can pick themselves up and begin the long, heart-breaking climb back."

She lifted her white face to the sky, hiding the blinding tears. All was still again. The black grotesque shadow of the sentry crossed the fading line of campfires, and she crouched lower. He passed on indifferently.

"You are right," Farquhar went on at last. "That was what I prayed that you should understand. I had failed, utterly, ignominiously, but not gladly. I can't explain. I shall never be able to; but I meant to go out of your life and leave you happy. It was all I thought of. Can you believe that?"

"I do believe it," she answered hoarsely.

"Thank you." He smiled a little. As though overtaken by a sudden irresistible thought, he dragged himself up and his eyes, sightless and yet tragically conscious, sought her face.

"Holiness to thee, O God, praise be to thee. Great is thy name!"

Then came the gay, joyous call of a bugle and the clatter of arms.

The woman rose slowly to her feet. She stood for a moment facing the grandeur of rising light; then she bent down, and with swift strong hands bound the unresisting figure into a semblance of its first helplessness. Stern indignation blazed in her eyes as she lifted them for a moment, but she neither flinched nor hesitated. Only as a stifled groan broke from the bloodless lips she bent lower and kissed him.

"Forgive me. God bless you, dear."

He smiled faintly, as though in apology, in weak unconscious gratitude, then, sighing, passed from stupor into a peaceful dreamless sleep.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The End of Ramadan. On the outskirts of Sidd-el-Abbes half a dozen Arabs stood and waited patiently. They had stood on the same spot since the hour of sunset, watching the pale emerald change to deepest sapphire, and had neither moved nor spoken to one another. In their spotless burnouses they had looked like statues above them as sentries over the gayly lighted, bustling town behind them. Now, as slowly, gracefully, the thin circle of the new moon rose above the distant line of palms, the foremost Arab bowed himself to the ground.

"The fast is over. Praise be to Allah, the all-merciful."

From the distance came the dull regular thud of horse's hoofs. A moment later a spah, mounted on a foam-flecked, blood-stained horse, which reeled in its gallop, burst through their midst and swept on toward the gates of the fortifications. As he passed he dragged himself up in his saddle and whirled his flint-lock in a semicircle about his head.

"Ramadan is over!" he gasped. "Ouled Nail has risen!"

The last words were lost in the swirl of wind which clung to his horse's heels. The half a dozen Arabs turned their glance for a last time to the sky. Behind the brooding, impenetrable gravity there burned up a controlled half-smiling exultation. Then, still silent, they dispersed swiftly in the direction of the town.

"The Arabs are ready for revolt. This gives the Legionaires an opportunity to successfully mutiny against their officers. A strong man like Richard Nameless can lead the movement and draw to him a large force. Will he do so?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## COSTLY FLOWER LIVES ON AIR

It's Not the Orchid's Board Bill That Makes Aristocratic Bloom So Expensive.

Aristocrats of the flower kingdom—and probably the lowest understood. You hear them called parasites, which is only one of the common mistakes made about the orchid. You see a hundred different shapes and a dozen different colors grouped together, each shape, perhaps, a distinct family and each with a separate name.

In the first place, orchids are not parasites. A parasitical plant is one which gets nourishment from another plant. Certain orchids live on trees, but they get their food and drink from the air by means of aerial roots. We

call them epiphytes. Other orchids get their nourishment directly from the ground. They are called terrestrial orchids.

People don't understand, either, why orchids cost so much. They