

# THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM



**P**OLLIKINS Dear: So you want to know how I spent the glorious Fourth? Was I sane and sedate, comporting myself in a manner befitting a brand-new college graduate, or did I run off and romp with Brother Tom's kiddies, as usual, forgetting all my recently acquired dignity? Alas, my dear! I must confess that my Fourth was far from sane, and that instead of recovering my sanity I've—But there, my studies in prose style should teach me better than to jump at the conclusion of my story like that! I'll begin at the beginning. It was Independence day. The sun was shining in newly awakened splendor, when the casual observer might have discerned a solitary female form gracefully scaling the stone wall between the luxuriant back gardens of the Hendersons and the ditto ditto of the Bartletts—Tom and his family are staying with her mother, you know, next door.

This feat accomplished, our heroine (that's me!) proceeded up the Bartlett lawn, collecting dewdrops on her trailing cheesecloth draperies and, incidentally, getting her now white shoes deplorably damp. Her slender form was draped also in a large American flag, and her raven curls were surmounted by a fillet of silver stars. This Goddess of Liberty effect was the result of a promise to "dress up" for the two adoring and adorable nephews, Bert and Bob. Arrived beneath the window of the room usually occupied by the nephews, the Goddess of Liberty proceeds to the time-honored ceremony of saluting them; this she does by setting off ten packs of small firecrackers, followed by a "sock dologer" of a big one. No joyful exclamations follow. Aunt Peggy is frankly peeved; clearly, the boys are oversleeping, and she bursts into song, rendering the "Star-spangled Banner" with dramatic effect, marred only by a breathless squeak



Gracefully Scaling the Stone Wall.

on the final "Land of the free." Still no Bob and Bert. Our heroine shies a bit of turf at the window with a command, "Wake up, lazybones!" and as the window sash begins to creak responsively she begins to carol "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom" at the top of her very healthy lungs, for Aunt Peggy has no foolish dignity when it's a question of amusing the kiddies. At last the window opens wide and, looking up, she sees— "Polly, what do you think? Instead of two little white nighties and two tousled curly heads, there was a man! A strange young man, my dear; blonde, blue-eyed, immaculate in a beautiful duck suit and gazing at me with what seemed to be mild horror, mixed with amusement, as though I were an escaped lunatic. I felt like one, I assure you, all the more so because he was awfully good-looking and well groomed and correct; and I

couldn't imagine who he could be. However, it seemed to be up to me to do something, so I drew myself to my commanding height of five feet four inches and begged his pardon for disturbing him, explaining that my little nephews usually occupied that room, and that they were expecting me over to celebrate the Fourth with them—but it all sounded like perfect nonsense. Just then, to my mingled relief and annoyance, Tom appeared at the window, too, with a fiendish grin, as he sized up the situation and my costume.

"Been serenading you, has she, Archie?" he asked affably, while I boiled with helpless rage. "You mustn't mind it, old man; it's the day we celebrate, you know, and our patriotism still runs so high that even the girls seek out peaceable English visitors and taunt them with our independence. Quite the usual thing." Then, as "Archie" and I preserved a helpless silence, Tom sobered down and introduced us in proper style, and as soon as I heard the name I remembered that Archie Vane was Tom's chum in London, when he was over there setting up some machinery. He had just landed and Tom, running across him in New York the night before, had insisted on his coming home with him to spend the Fourth—all natural enough when Tom explained it. So there I'd been hearing the British lion in his den with militant American noises on the anniversary of a day ignored by all good Englishmen; and here was the British lion looking at me with his ingenious blue eyes as if he was trying to decide whether I'd bite or not.

"I was you," Tom added, in his tactful little way, "that Peggy is a rabidly patriotic person, so I wouldn't advise you to start any discussions on international issues. This Columbia setup is quite in character, so beware!" Alice and the boys came out on the porch just then and wanted me to stay to breakfast; but of course I declined with dignity and went home—via the front gate, however, instead of the garden wall. When I turned to latch it that Englishman was still looking at me in a dazed sort of way. The plot thickens. After breakfast my beloved kiddies rushed over to beg me to go with them on the usual family picnic to the pine grove, and I hadn't the heart to disappoint them. I wore my most sensible clothes, and I tried hard to be haughty and distant to Mr. Vane; but he kept developing such nice qualities that somehow I couldn't keep it up, especially as he ignored my crazy performance of the morning so successfully. He was a



Tom Appeared at the Window, Too.

positive genius when it came to chasing cows, fixing hammocks, unpacking lunchboxes and the regular picnic stunts. The boys adored him, and he was simply angelic to the old folks; and by the time we went home I couldn't scarce up a resentful feeling. Yes, Polly, I know; you needn't remind me of all the hateful things I've said about Englishmen and the times I've vowed I couldn't, and wouldn't care for one, not if he asked me on his bended knees. Yes, and I've demonstrated often that no one but an American man was a fit companion for an American girl. I've said heaps of perfectly ferocious things, and I suppose I meant every one of them. But that was before Archie—Polly, dear, do you know, he says it was all over with him from the first moment he saw me—and in that circus-parade rig! Isn't it absurd—and lovely? And, just think, it's only a week since we met. Though I can agree that it seems like years. And you should see my ring—a quaint, old, old one, that belonged to his great-great-grandmother! And his people live in a lovely old Elizabethan house, in a regular Cranford town; and his mother's a dear little old-fashioned soul with side curls, and idolizes him. Please don't remind me of anything I ever said about effects, tradition, will you, Polly? I'm not going to England yet awhile, though, for Archie's here indefinitely, to learn American business methods, in Tom's line of work. I really have a little spark of American pride, I guess, for I am glad he's only a younger son, with no title within reach, though I don't suppose I'd mind that, or anything else. Because, Polly dear, I'm not shouting the battle cry of freedom nowadays. Somehow it gets all mixed up with "Rule Britannia." Do come up with me soon and discuss the new Anglo-Saxon alliance with your bewigged but blissful

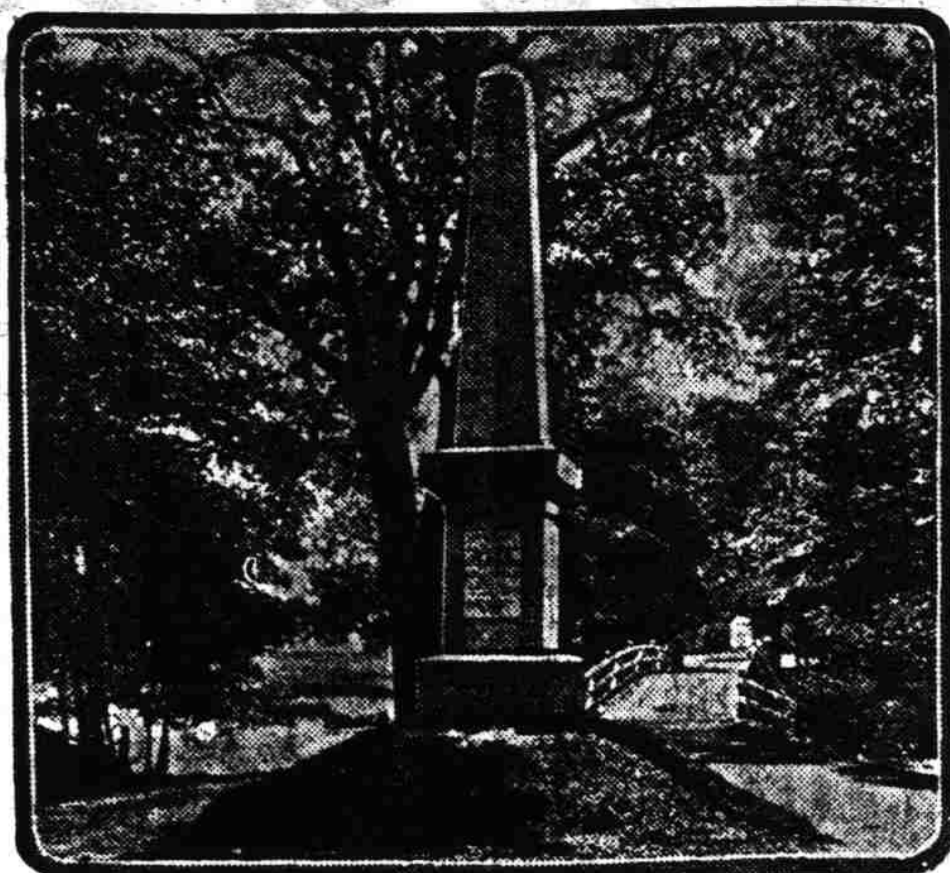
**Patriotism.**  
"My father was wounded in the Spanish-American war and my grandfather lost an arm at Gettysburg."  
"How did you get that scar on your chin?"  
"Trying to tie a bunch of firecrackers to the tail of a buldog."

**The North Carolina STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.**  
Maintained by the State for the Women of North Carolina. Five regular courses leading to degrees. Special courses for teachers. Free tuition to those who agree to become teachers in the State. Fall Session begins September 17th, 1918. For catalogue and other information, address 6-18 101.  
**Julius I. Foust, Pres., Greensboro, N. C.**

**Notice to Creditors.**  
Having duly qualified as executrix of the estate of S. L. Elliott, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said decedent to file an itemized, verified statement with the undersigned on or before the 18th day of June, 1914, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. Persons indebted to said estate are notified to make prompt settlement.  
This the 18th day of June, 1913.  
**Mrs. Mary M. Elliott, executrix.**  
207 S. Clay St., Salisbury, N. C.  
**E. Lee Wright, attorney.**

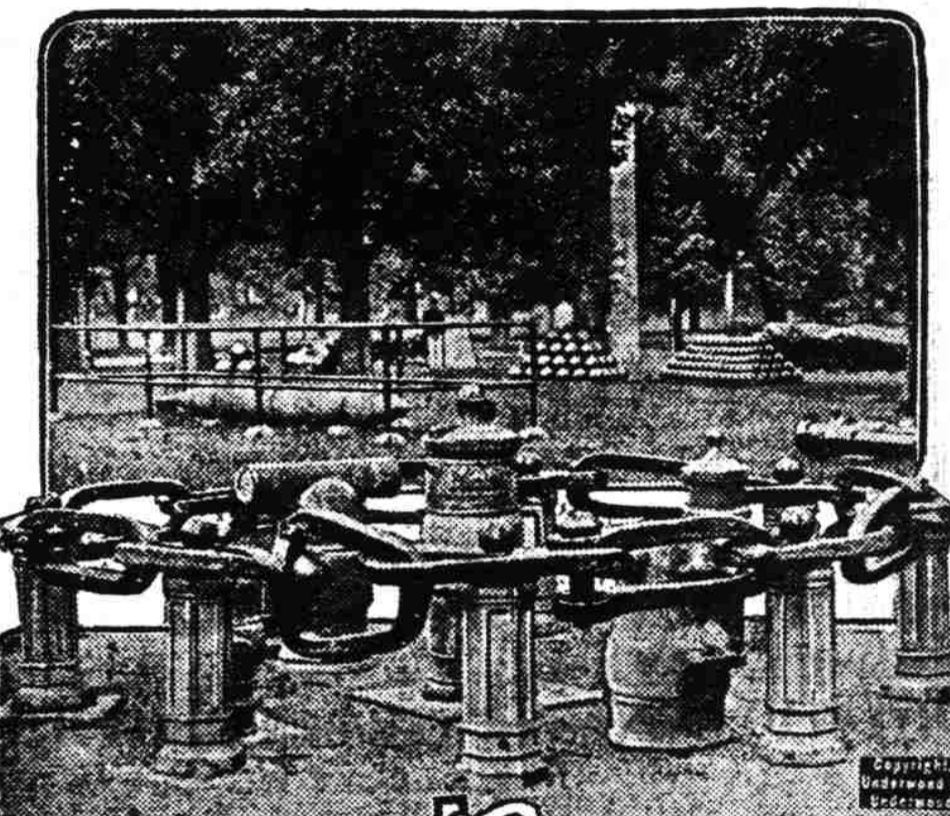
## MEMORIALS OF THE REVOLUTION

Pictures of Places and Incidents That Figured in the Battle for American Freedom.



Monument, Bridge and Minute Man, Concord, Massachusetts.

Here on the 19th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression. On the opposite bank stood the American militia. Here stood the invading army; and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the war of that revolution which gave independence to these United States.



Among the treasures preserved at Trophy Point, West Point, is a part of the massive iron chain which was thrown across the Hudson from the Point to Constitution Island in 1777 to prevent the British fleet from passing up the river and joining Burgoyne's army.



General John Burgoyne in August, 1777, found his communications with Canada cut off by the Americans, and on September 19 was worsted by General Gates at Stillwater. On October 7 he fought the battle of Saratoga and was decisively defeated, and ten days later surrendered to Gates with between 5,000 and 6,000 men.



Parker Memorial Fountain, Lexington.



Old Belfry, Lexington, Mass.

**Wachovia Bank and Trust Co.**  
Salisbury, N. C.  
NEXT TO COURT HOUSE  
Will pay you 4 per cent on your deposits and compound the interest quarterly.  
This is a Big Bank, why not open an account with us!

**SURVEYING!**  
and Mapping, Mechanical Designing, Blue Prints and working Drawings.  
Office over Davis & Wiley Bank.  
**Thos. Smith**  
Salisbury, N. C. Engineer  
P. O. Box 42. 6-11 4t.

## 4TH OF JULY TRAGEDY

W. F. MARINER.



July First.



July Second.



July Third.



July Fourth.



July Fifth.



July Sixth.

**Treat Them**  
to the treat of treats—always welcomed, by all, everywhere—

**Coca-Cola**  
sparkling with life—delightfully cooling—supremely wholesome.

**Delicious—Refreshing Thirst-Quenching**

Demand the Genuine—Refuse Substitutes.

At Soda Fountains or Carbonated in Bottles.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

**THE PLACE**

to get all kinds of useful, artistic and up-to-date Furniture at low prices is

**G. W. WRIGHT'S**  
Furniture :: Undertaker  
LET US MAKE YOUR HOME A REAL HOME.

**Don't Forget!**

**J. O. White & Co.,**  
--Build--

**BUGGIES AND WAGONS**

See that the next one you Buy has their name on it.

**FACTORY, 212 E. FISHER STREET,**  
Phone 143. Salisbury, N. C.

**Farms for sale**

If you want to buy a Farm, Large or Small, see us.  
If you have a Farm to Sell, List it with us.

**SALISBURY REALTY and Insurance Company.**

**DR. M. J. RAGLAND**  
VETERINARIAN.  
Office and hospital on Innes St., near Mansion House corner. Day phone 4-370 2t. Night phone 480.