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A FOURTH OF JULY SURPRISE

"Harry, will you help me get up a Fourth of July picnic?" asked Sally Boyd one afternoon in late June as they met on the street after school.

Harry Norman felt two inches taller at the idea that pretty Sally Boyd should choose him for her aide-de-camp.

"You see, Harry, we can have the picnic in papa's grove, and he will put up a swing for us, and we will have a nice tent by the spring. Now, I want you to invite any ten boys you please, only none of those naughty, rough boys."

"Any fireworks or firecrackers or cannons?" broke in Harry, his cheeks glowing.

"Yes, I think that would be jolly, but please don't bring any of those horrid toy pistols. They are too dangerous."

"Oh, I'll promise you that all right."

"Well, I have asked the girls to bring some nice things to eat. We will have lots of lemonade—"

"Some pink lemonade? That's what all the boys like," said Harry.

"Yes, pink lemonade, pies and cakes and lots of goodies. Oh, what fun!" and the girl laughed merrily.

Suddenly Harry stopped. "I just thought of something. I must go right away and tell the boys all about it."

"Why, what do you mean, Harry?"

and he soon notified Sally that everything was ready for their arrival.

It was a merry little party of girls that soon gathered at Sally's house. Their cheeks were rosy and their eyes were bright as could be. They were all dressed in white, and each wore for a sash the pretty American flag.

"Where are the boys, I wonder?" asked one of the girls as the little party left the house.

"Oh, they'll be in the grove, I suppose," answered Sally, as she marched with her merry band down the street.

The girls just have felt very proud and patriotic, for they were saluted at every hand by the popping of firecrackers and the booming of toy cannons. Some of the girls were a little inclined to be afraid, but their brave leader quieted them by saying:

"Don't be afraid to-day. This is the Fourth of July, and we ought to be very, very brave, you know."

"How lovely! What a sweet little tent! Oh, oh! and a swing!" cried a chorus of voices as the girls reached the grove.

And then they could hold back their merry spirits no longer, for, breaking into a run, they made for the spot where the tent was pitched, laughing and screaming with delight, with their

good crying spell if a new and strange sound had not reached her ears. Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat!

"It is a drum; yes, and the sound of a fife," said Sally, as the sound came nearer.

And then, down a wide path came a



AT THEIR HEAD WAS HARRY.

file of soldiers. At their head was Harry Norman, looking very brave and courageous. He wore a pretty little uniform and carried a bright sword. One bright little fellow beat the drum grandly, while two others tooted their fifes. The other boys carried each a stick with a big firecracker fastened to the end.

For a brief period the sight of the young soldiers and the martial music caused the girls to forget the stolen

tent, not knowing whether it was best to run or hold their ground.

"You must be very brave, girls. Our noble soldiers are after the enemy—oh! oh, my! look!" cried Sally.

The bushes parted and four of the boys appeared carrying a rough, whiskered fellow, whose hands and feet were securely bound. Then followed the brave Captain Norman and the rest of his band, with the baskets.

"Lady, we have recovered your provisions and have also captured the tramp who was making off with them. What shall be his fate?" asked Captain Norman, as he drew up before the group with genuine military form.

"I am sure I don't know."

"Then I condemn him to death!"

"No, no," cried Sally; "he ought to be punished—but not death."

"You plead in vain for his life. Men stand the tramp up against a tree!" sternly ordered the captain.

The tramp pleaded hard for mercy, but there was none. He was placed against a tree, and the soldiers were drawn up in a line a few paces away.

"You have stolen our goodies, also our pink lemonade—for that you must die! Make ready! Take aim! Fire!"

Bang! bang! bang! rang out the firecrackers.

It was a very terrible scene, and the girls screamed as the tramp fell forward.

"Is he hurt?" asked Sally, as she came near the form upon the ground.

"Not much!" The tramp rose up, threw off his hands, pulled off a pair of false whiskers and wig and revealed a face known to all—one of the boys in masquerade.

"This was my surprise, Sally. Wasn't it jolly fun?" asked Harry. The girls all laughed heartily, and said it was fun, only a little too real for genuine sport.

They all enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content, and just before sundown Sally's brother came with the horse and wagon and took down the swing and packed the tent and baskets and drove back, while the merry party strolled along behind singing patriotic songs all the way home.

THOUGHTS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Great is our heritage of hope, and great The obligations of our civic life.

Fling forth the triple-colored flag to dare The bright, untraveled highways of the air. Blow the undaunted bugles, blow, and yet Let not the boast betray us to forget. For there are high adventures for this hour—

Journeys to test the sinews of our power, For we must part—as the risks increase— The hazards of success, the risks of peace!

What need we, then, to guard and keep us whole?

What do we need to prop the State? We need

The fine audacities of honest deed; The homely old integrities of soul; The swift temperances that take the part Of outcast Right—the wisdom of the heart; Brave hopes that Mammon never can detain.

Nor sully with his gainless clutch for gain.

We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel The public honor or the public trust

To be a thing as sacred and august As some white altar where the angels kneel.

We need the faith to go a path untrod, The power to be alone and vote with God.

—Edwin Markham, in the Independent.



INDEPENDENCE DAY MENU

- Patriotic sandwiches
- Ham and tongue, a la Valley Forge
- Star cookies and stripe cake
- Pinwheels, Washington pie
- Giant firecrackers
- Cannon
- Torpedoes
- Iced tea (without tax)
- Pink lemonade, a la July 4



Old New York Fourth.

During the thirties and forties the City Hall Park, New York City, was the centre of Fourth of July celebrations. On the sidewalks in front of the tall, little canvas booths were erected by Aldermanic permission and tenanted by poor retainers of the City Fathers, viz. James and grand dames who made honest pennies by becoming purveyors of firecrackers, cheap pyrotechnics, soda water, lemonade, cookies and a temperance drink long ago out of vogue called mead; and not forgetting clams, oysters and sandwiches. At the end of the military parade of the first division the troops fired a feu de joie in the lower park, where now stands the postoffice. Church bells rang at intervals, and a Bedlam of powder explosions occurred in every portion of the city.

DEWEY GIVES TESTIMONY

Admiral Throws New Light on the Surrender of Manila.

RESISTANCE WAS ALL A SHAM

He Declares Governor-General Caved to City on Day Spanish Fleet Was Sunk—Dealings With Aguinaldo—Gave No Assurance of Independence and Never Recognized Filipino Government.

Washington, D. C.—The surrender of the city of Manila to the American forces was prearranged, according to a statement made by Admiral Dewey before the Senate Philippines Committee. This statement, he said, had never before been made public, but that it was true, nevertheless. The Governor-General of Manila had surrendered to him at the time Montojo's fleet was sunk, and when the formal surrender was made it was in pursuance of a definite understanding between himself and the Spanish Governor-General. The Admiral said he could not entertain a proposal of a formal surrender at that time, because he had no troops to occupy the city. He also fired a few shots at the city and killed a few people at the request of the Governor-General before the formal surrender was made. Although devoid of sensational features, the hearing of Admiral Dewey was of much interest.

The Admiral was questioned by Sen-

THE PANAMA ROUTE WINS

House Adopts the Conference Report, 252 to 8.

Mr. Hepburn Predicts That the President Will Yet Be Compelled to Choose the Nicaragua Route.

Washington, D. C.—The House has passed the Senate Panama Canal bill. The vote was 252 to 8.

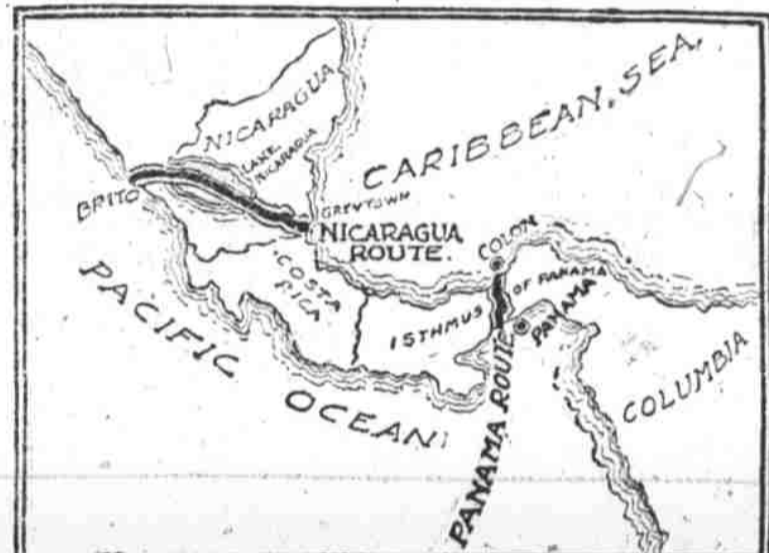
The negative votes were passed by Messrs. Hall, of Texas; Bell, of Colorado; Hay, of Virginia; Jones, of Virginia; Kitchin, of North Carolina; Loud, of California; Neville, of Nebraska; and Woods, of California.

Representative Hepburn, of Iowa, and most of the other Nicaragua canal advocates, voted for the bill in the belief, as Representative Hepburn and others said, that it really meant that the canal would be constructed on the Nicaragua route, since they did not think the President would be able to get a satisfactory title to the Panama Canal property.

In the Senate the conference report on the Canal bill was presented by Mr. Morgan (Dem., Ala.) and was agreed to without comment or division.

The bill was sent to the President. The bill provides for the purchase of the rights and property of the Panama Canal Company by the United States Government provided a satisfactory title can be obtained. Otherwise the Nicaragua route is to be chosen.

The Philippine Bill Passed—Washington, D. C.—At the end of a nine-hour session and of a debate lasting night and day for a week, the



PANAMA AND NICARAGUA ISTHMIAN CANAL ROUTES.

ator Lodge. He said he had first heard from Aguinaldo and his friends about April 1, 1898, a month before the battle in Manila Bay, when it became certain that there was to be war. "I then heard that there were a number of Filipinos who desired to accompany the fleet to Manila," he continued. "All of them were young and earnest. I did not attach much importance to them or to what they said. The day before we left Hongkong I received a telegram from Consul-General Pratt, located at Singapore, saying that Aguinaldo was at Singapore and would join me at Hongkong. I replied: 'All right; tell him to come aboard,' but I attached so little importance to the message that I sailed without Aguinaldo and before he arrived. There were then many promises as to what the Filipinos would do, but I did not depend upon them. Consul Williams assured me that upon our arrival and the firing of the first gun 30,000 Filipinos would rise. None did arise, and I frequently joked him on this point."

He told about Aguinaldo's arrival, saying that he put him ashore and told him to organize his people. Aguinaldo came back discouraged and wanted to go to Japan, but the Admiral told him to continue his efforts. The Admiral said he paid no attention to Aguinaldo's first proclamation of independence of the Philippines. Speaking of Aguinaldo's military operations he said he did wonderfully in whipping the Spanish.

Admiral Dewey said emphatically that he never had recognized Aguinaldo's government; nor did he salute Aguinaldo's flag; he never called Aguinaldo "general," but addressed him as "Don Emilio."

The Admiral said he had never given the Philippine Republic the slightest recognition; that he had no authority to do so, and did not consider it an organized government. He said the Spaniards were fearful of the Filipinos entering Manila, and, therefore, surrendered to him in advance. He said there was no need for the loss of a man in the capture of the city. No man would have been fired but for the desire of the Governor, who said his honor demanded that a few shots be fired. "So I had to fire and kill a few people," said the Admiral, but the Spaniards did not fire because he (Dewey) had warned them not to do so.

Admiral Dewey said he had written the Navy Department that the Filipinos were more capable of self-government than the Cubans, because he saw that Congress contemplated giving independence to Cuba, and he knew that the American people had little information concerning the Filipinos.

He said that when he let the Filipinos have guns and ammunition he thought it was a military necessity. Looking backward he could see that they were not needed. He considered them very ungrateful in turning against the United States.

MINERS IGNORED WARNING.

Two Accidents Result Fatally in Settlement Near Dover, N. J.

Dover, N. J.—Two accidents in No. 2 shaft of the Richard mine resulted in the death of five men and the very serious injury of a sixth.

The dead are: Richard Collect, who leaves a wife and seven children; John Hooper, Richard Branch, Richard Cook and Albert David. John Moriah was the injured man. His right thigh and two ribs were fractured.

The first of the two accidents occurred when John Moriah, Albert David and two other miners were loading cars 770 feet below the surface. This was about five o'clock. At three o'clock a heavy blast had been set off, and the men had been warned not to go near the place until the dust had had time to settle.

The warning was not heeded. The men were engaged in loading a car when a section of the sloping pillar fell over on two of them, burying both. The others gave the alarm. Several men brought Moriah to the surface. Collect, Hooper, Cook, Branch and Thomas Trevarthorn went down for David, although warned. It was only a little while after the descent that the bell in the engine house rang.

When the skip was hoisted to the surface, Trevarthorn appeared, bleeding from a cut on the head. He said that while trying to get at the body of one victim another mass of ore had fallen, completely burying his four companions, while he himself nearly had shared the same fate.

Many men volunteered to go down the slope, Trevarthorn among them. About midnight they brought the bodies to the surface.

Mayor Fined by a Police Judge.

Mayor Holden created a row in Police Court at Zanesville, Ohio, and Police Judge Reed promptly fined him \$100 for contempt of Court. Mayor Holden insisted on his right to withdraw an affidavit charging a woman with intoxication, and resisted Chief of Police Tracy, when that officer, at the order of Judge Reed, attempted to put him out of the court room.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



Where you are, Sally. Just like all the boys are too inquisitive."

"Please tell me what you are going to do," pleaded the girl, as she laid her hand upon Harry's arm.

"Well, I will tell you if you will promise not to say anything about it."

"Oh, I won't say a single word. I promise."

"Well, then, Sally—and the boy's face grew rosy with mischief—"I am going to have—"

"What? Tell me quick."

"A great big surprise for you!" cried Harry, with a laugh, as he ran away.

"That is just like a boy. Well, I must get the girls together and decide on a list of nice things to eat. Boys are such hungry creatures at a picnic that it will take a lot of goodies to go around."

Bright and early on the morning of the Fourth of July Sally's big brother, seated in a wagon loaded with baskets and the tent, was driving toward the picnic grove. It did not take him long to pitch the tent and put up the swing,

patriotic flag sashes fluttering around them.

Sally reached the tent first, and drawing back the flaps peered in. And then, with a frightened look in her eyes, she turned quickly toward the group crowding about her and said, with trembling voice:

"Somebody has taken all our baskets!"

"Oh, oh! that cannot be—"

"Yes, it is so. You can all see for yourselves." Sally stood aside.

The tent was empty.

"All the tarts and pies and bottles of lemonade—gone!"

"I feel just like crying. I don't understand it. My brother brought everything here, and—"

"I guess some tramps must have taken them."

"I—I wish the boys would come. I'm afraid of tramps. Yes, tramps must have taken all our goodies."

Sally was ready to burst into tears, and quite likely she would have had a

goodies. They cheered the little band as Harry halted his comrades before them.

"Oh, Harry, how lovely you all look! What a lovely time we will—!" Then Sallie stopped.

The goodies! "Captain Norman, some naughty boys or tramps have taken all our baskets; we haven't anything to eat," said she.

"What! Do my ears hear aright?" asked the bold captain, putting on a stern, soldierlike air. "And is the lemonade—"

"The beautiful pink lemonade is gone."

"Then let us scour the adjacent forest. The wretches who have done this deed shall suffer." Captain Norman looked very fierce as he led his men into the thicket. The girls could hear his little band beating about the bushes. Once or twice the popping of firecrackers could be heard. The girls grew excited, and gathered before the