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NO SEAT, NO NICKEL

A Humorous Fourth of July Story by Rosa C. Eichorn.

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THE Fourth was the hottest day on record, and the car was crowded. He was fat and perspiring and appeared thoroughly enraged as he struggled with the strap overhead.

"Fares, please! Fare, sir!"

"What for?"

"What for?"

"Yes; what for?"

"Why, for riding, sir."

"When I get a seat, I'll pay my fare; not before."

"Sorry, sir, but I've got to have a fare, or you get off."

"Then you'll put me off! I'd like to see you do it!"

"Them's the rules, sir."

"Don't the fare entitle a man to a seat, or does the company advertise standing room only?" queried the puffing old gentleman.

"I don't know nothing 'bout that, but I do know what my order is, sir, and I'm here to do my duty."

At this stage every passenger was eagerly intent on the impending strife.

"Well, you tend to your business, and I'll tend to mine. Get me a seat, my man, and you'll have your nickel." The tempestuous subject smiled broadly and continued, addressing no one in particular: "I'll be blowed, if I don't get a seat the company will have to ride me free. Seems to me this is as good a day as any to assert the right of the public. On the glorious Fourth over a century ago our forefathers voted no representation, no taxation, and I move no seat, no nickel. I've ridden over this line twice a day for the past four years, and I've paid my nickel every time, and yet I'll wager I haven't had a seat once out of ten rides. It's an outrage! I'll make a test case of this just for the principle of the thing."

"Standing seems to agree with him O. K." Only one person knew where that voice had emanated from, but it sounded from the corner. Every one strained to see for himself.

"Rubber!" It was but a whisper. Sheepishly the curious ones settled back into their original positions. The old gentleman smiled and persisted.

"I'm just waiting to be put off; then I'll sue the company. Perhaps I won't get back some of those nickels they've

"WHAT STREET?"

inveigled out of me! I never knew my rights before. But they don't impose on me again."

The blurry eyed conductor took in the situation and retired to his platform, muttering:

"I'll give you one more chance. If you don't pay then, I'll have to do my duty."

The man of "principles" stared out of the window anxiously.

"What street? Twenty-eighth? Stop the car."

The conductor thought he was getting off easy.

"Got a champagne dinner here. Bet a man of my size can ride ten blocks without paying for it." He chuckled as he deliberately waited for the car to stop. Placing his foot firmly on the street crossing, he added: "Thanks, awfully! Wish you were with me, old man. Sorry to have troubled you, but boys will be boys!"

The conductor pulled the strap. "Another beat!" he growled. The passengers settled back, all but one street arab, who had been an unsuspected onlooker from his position on the rear bumper. Swinging himself from the platform with one foot on the step, he looked frankly into the red face of the conductor and shouted.

"Say, boss, that's the nickel that didn't!"

He escaped. The car bowled on.

A WARTIME FOURTH

LIVELY REMINISCENCES OF AN ARKANSAS VETERAN.

Daylight Attack on the Garrison at Helena—Desperate Charges Under Gunboat Fire—Deeds of Joe Shelby's Troopers—Saving the Guns.

"The warmest Fourth of my experience," said one of Pap Price's original band to a crowd of panting idlers on the deck of a Mississippi steamer, "was not due to solar heat, but to exploding gunpowder and things like that. It was right in this little town we are coming to now, Helena, on the Arkansas shore.

"I was an officer in Fagan's Arkansas brigade, and I never enjoyed a picnic beforehand in my life as I did the stealthy 100 mile march we made from Little Rock to give the Yankees in Hel-

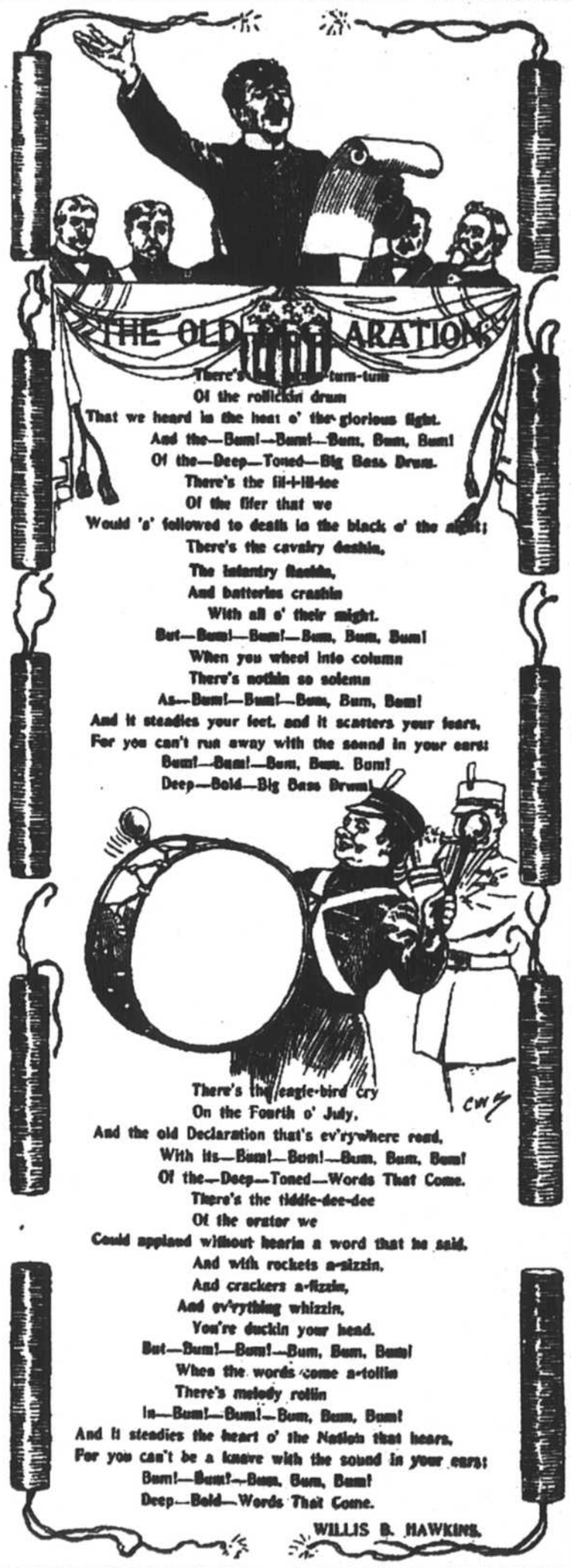
"FIFTY! ONLY FIFTY!"

ena a surprise party the 4th of July, 1863. You see, we had lain idle all summer in Arkansas while Grant closed the coil around our people in Vicksburg. One day our leader telegraphed army headquarters: 'I can take Helena. Please let me attack.' The answer was, 'Go ahead.' Now, if we took Helena Grant would simply have to call off his hunt at Vicksburg and turn it on us; for, once in Helena, we could break Yankee navigation on this river and starve the enemy out at Vicksburg. It was a rich prospect, for we outnumbered the Helena garrison two to one.

"The Yankee gunboat Tyler guarded the river front, and an unbroken chain of forts and trenches covered the city on the land side. The enemy had 4,000 men in Helena and plenty of guns. Our columns were divided into three storming parties to rush the batteries and intrenchments in our path. There were six roads into the town, and the defenders were forced to watch them all. Our brigade opened the ball, and soon after daylight we had carried four lines of trenches. But there was no attack at any other point as yet. The day was frightfully hot, and attention to business made it hotter.

"The guns on Graveyard hill poured shots into us for a time; then that hill was captured, and we took the fifth line of trenches and dashed for Fort Curtis, on our front. Then the gunboat Tyler opened, uniting its fire with that of the fort, and our brigade was about destroyed. The way of retreat was swept by this combined fire, and I made my way to the left, where Marmaduke's cavalry was coming in on the flank. I fell in with Shelby's brigade, which was moving to attack Yankee Battery A. As usual, Shelby went in with a rush, followed by Collins' flying battery. Fort Curtis and the Tyler, as well as a masked field battery, received the troopers in fine shape, and finally the Yankee infantry made a countercharge.

"Shelby was wounded, and the slaughter around Collins' guns was awful. His horses were all shot down, and Shelby called for volunteers to get the guns out through that withering fire. Hundreds of troopers rallied at the cry 'The battery is lost!' Shelby said: 'Fifty! Only 50! Bring the battery along, or fall with it!' Collins and his lieutenants were still fighting bravely, but hopelessly. The dead horses were cut away, ropes were attached to the guns, and the men dragged them through that fire back to the lines. Only 15 of that 50 volunteers got out unhurt, and 20 staid where they fell. We were repulsed at all points and felt like the poor fellows who toy with things they don't know are loaded. Helena was loaded to the muzzle for us, and that wasn't the worst of it. Grant's men were already in Vicksburg, so had we taken the place we couldn't have held it. Our valor was wasted, and all we had to show was a thundering big list of Fourth of July casualties. Any old Fourth seems cool to me now when I think of that day at Helena."



THE FOURTH WE USED TO KNOW.

Oh, for another July Fourth,
The Fourth of days agone,
When cannon bellowed on the green
Before the break of dawn,
When with the village band we marched
Afire with freedom's glow!
Oh, let it come, with fife and drum,
The Fourth we used to know!

Do you remember how we rose
Long ere the break of day
And hurriedly slipped on our clothes
And made a dash away
To where the bells and cannons were,
Where smoke was hanging low?
Ah, yes, a morn of freedom born,
The Fourth we used to know!

Do you remember, too, the flag
Above the village square?
How proud and glorious we felt
To see it waving there!
Do you recall the stirring speech
Which set our hearts aglow,
The grand parade, the games we played,
The Fourth we used to know?

The Fourth we used to know! Oh, where
Has the old spirit fled?
We still are brave; I cannot think
That spirit wholly dead—
The spirit born at Bunker Hill,
At Concord, long ago.
Oh, let it come, with fife and drum,
The Fourth we used to know!

JOE COOK.

The First Flag.

Betsy Ross of Philadelphia was known as an expert needlewoman at the time of the Revolution and had gained reputation in her calling by making the ruffles for George Washington's shirts. When congress, in 1777, appointed a committee to design a flag, the committee very naturally consulted Betsy Ross. The original design consisted of 13 red and white stripes and the same number of stars.

NOTES ON THE DECLARATION.

Some, at least, if not all, of the patriots who took part in the work of congress in 1776 and knew that they were making history expected that July 2, and not July 4, would be recognized as the birthday of American liberty. The Virginia delegates entered congress under instructions to propose a declaration of the independence of the colonies, and in June Thomas Jefferson was appointed by congress chairman of a committee to draft a declaration. The spirit of this declaration was, however, anticipated by Richard Henry Lee's famous resolution.

It was July 2, 1776, that the Lee resolution was passed that the united colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent states. On July 4, after two days' debate, the Declaration of Independence was read and agreed to, but not signed. On the following day copies were sent out through all the colonies. On the 19th of July it was resolved that the Declaration passed on the 4th be fairly engrossed on parchment and signed by every member. On the 2d of August the Declaration was signed by the majority. But not until the 4th of September of the same year did the Hon. Matthew Thornton sign it. There were a number of others who did not affix their signatures until 1781, among them the Hon. Thomas McKean.

Although the popular belief that the Declaration was signed on July 4 is upheld explicitly by John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and the printed journal of the Continental congress, yet no candid inquirer who examines the evidence to disprove the date can doubt that Adams and Jefferson, though both present at the session, and the printed journal, though it bears the authenticity of the official sanction, were grievously at fault.

Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, was born July 4, 1807. Spain brought on the Franco-Prussian war by an act of the cortes calling a German prince to the throne, July 4, 1870.

DRAKE'S ODE TO OLD GLORY.

Joseph Rodman Drake's ode to "The American Flag," ranks next in popularity to "The Star Spangled Banner" as a versified tribute to Old Glory. Drake died at the age of 25, so that precocity has been justified in one instance at least. He was a poet in his childhood. In his twenty-second year he wrote "The Culprit Fay," the work upon which his reputation chiefly rests. The date of his spirited ode is not certain, but he attached little value to it. When on his deathbed, a friend brought it to his side with other fugitive pieces, and the author said, "Burn them; they are of no value." They

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

were preserved, however, and the ode was included among others in a collection published in 1853.

While not suited for musical rendering, like Key's masterpiece, "The American Flag" contains many lofty flights of poetic imagery and gems of poetic expression. An Englishman who was comparing notes upon literature with an American cousin asked him which four lines of poetry he considered the finest in the mother tongue. The answer, given offhand, was a quotation of the first four lines of Drake's ode. After listening with breathless attention the Briton said, "Yes, I think I quite agree with you."

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave unto his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trampings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And roll the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming out
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And highest waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?

RED DOG'S FOURTH.

A Joker Mixed the Mayor, and the Town Had a Close Shave.

[Copyright, 1900, by A. B. Lewis.]

THE citizens of Red Dog were dumfounded one day the latter part of June when an order was issued by the newly elected mayor strictly prohibiting any celebrating in the town on the Fourth of July. He even went so far as to bar firecrackers and threatened to lock up the first individual caught building a bonfire or shooting a rocket. An indignation meeting was at once called, and the result was that a committee of the leading citizens marched over to the mayor's office with a request that he cancel the order.

"That order stands, boys," was the official's blunt reply. "I'm ag'in any sich nonsense."

"But we're a-feelin mighty patriotic this y'ar," protested one of the committee, "and ar' jest achin to do a leetle celebratin."

"I'll her to jail the fust cuss who goes ag'in my order," said the mayor as he looked about threateningly.

"But can't we do a leetle poppin and a leetle whoopin fur freedom?" another of the committee wanted to know.

"Not while I'm mayor of this town."

"But ye don't mind if we shoot off that old cannon over by the town hall jest fur the sake of the battle of Lexington, do ye?"

"I sartinly do. Ye read my order."

"But look-a-yere, Mayor Powell!" exclaimed one of the committee indignantly, "what in thunder ails ye, anyhow? We allus begins whoopin fur independence, freedom, George Washington and good whisky at 3 o'clock in the morning yere every Fourth of July, and I'm hanged if I kin see why we shouldn't keep right on a-doin so! The public demands it!"

"Waal, I'd like to obleege ye all," answered the mayor in conciliatory tones, but it's dead ag'in my principles to allow anything of the kind. I never bothered to l'arn much about history, but a book agent come along last week and told me some facts that put me dead ag'in celebrations."

"But ye ought to be satisfied the way our forefathers fit. Ye couldn't kick at the way they chawed up the British at Lexington and other places, could ye?"

"N-o, sartinly not."

"What seems to bother ye, then, mayor?"

"Waal, it was the beginnin of the hull thing that's riled me."

"How do ye mean?" asked the citizen who had been doing most of the

"IT WAS THE BEGINNIN OF THE HULL THING THAT'S RILED ME."

talking. "As I remember it, the throwin overboard of the tea in Boston harbor started the fuss. Wasn't that the proper thing fur us to do?"

"Throwin overboard of tea?" asked the mayor in astonishment. "Ye don't mean to go and contend that it was tea they throwed overboard?"

They one and all assured him that such was the case, and they went to history to prove it. After a long silence and some deep thinking on the part of the mayor he suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, of course it was tea—of course it was—and that durned book agent was stringin me all the time. The blamed coyote told me it was whisky, and 8-y'ar-old stuff at that, that our forefathers throwed overboard, and I figgered that if they was sich fools as that we hadn't orter to do any shootin fur 'em. Whoop! Everybody give three cheers fur George Washington and then foller me over to the Dewey saloon, and if I kin find a critter that ain't a-hollerin on the Fourth I'll clap him in jail or run him out of Red Dog."

A. B. LEWIS.

THE DAY IN HISTORY

SOME NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Washington's First Battle—The British Flag Lowered to the French. Death of Three Presidents—A Brief Note From the Record of Congress.

It was a curious stroke of fortune that led to the humiliation of the British arms on July 4, 1754, with Colonel George Washington in command of the ill starred expedition. Although a boy in years, Washington had discovered and reported to the governor of the colony of Virginia the plans and preparations of the French for the seizure of strategic positions south of the lakes. He helped to raise troops to check the French and, through the death of the colonel appointed to lead them, arose to the chief command. Meanwhile the British post on the site of Pittsburg had fallen into the hands of the French, and the young colonial loyalist set out with 150 men to retake it. Failing to unite with a force appointed to meet him on the Monongahela, he built an intrenchment and called it Fort Necessity. This was threaten-

ADAMS. JEFFERSON.

ed, and he sallied out on June 27 and fired the first gun of the French and Indian war, opening a conflict which, under a variety of pretexts and on different fields, lasted 60 years. But on July 4 he was closely besieged by vastly superior numbers. Fortunately, a fierce storm of thunder and lightning raged for hours and prevented the French from attacking. At nightfall Washington capitulated and marched forth with the honors of war.

MONROE.

Just 21 years after the contretemps in the wilderness the 4th of July dawned under brighter auspices for Virginia's favorite son. That day, 1775, General George Washington issued his first order to the colonial army at Cambridge. There was no union then and little cohesion among the colonies, and he anticipated the great event of July 4, 1776, by asking that in the army "all distinction of colonies be laid aside." Two years later, in his camp at Morristown, he inaugurated the celebration by the army of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

There is a gap in the chronology of important events in our annals which occurred July 4, extending from 1776 to 1804. Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. Three great presidents—Jefferson, Adams and Monroe—and the most brilliant orator of the era when the results of the war were harvested by wise counsels, Fisher Ames of Massachusetts, passed away on anniversaries of the nation's birth.

Jefferson and Adams, two of the founders of liberty in the new world, died the same day, July 4, 1826. These two patriots, Jefferson of Virginia and Adams of Massachusetts, had been the most conspicuous in the throng of determined men on July 4, 1776, when the burning words of Patrick Henry, "Liberty or death!" became the watchword of the colonists in congress assembled. Ames died July 4, 1808.

James Monroe, founder of the doctrine that foreign interference with American republics will not be tolerated, died July 4, 1831.

There was a scurrying among delegates to be in their places early on July 4, 1776, when the vote was taken on the Declaration. Cæsar Rodney rode 80 miles in saddle to place Delaware on record. The journal of the proceedings of congress contains the following simple announcement of the history making event:

"Agreeably to the order of the day, the congress resolved itself into a committee of the whole to take into their further consideration the Declaration, and after some time the president resumed the chair, and Mr. Harrison reported that the committee have agreed to a declaration which they desired to have him report. The Declaration, being read, was agreed to."

The result of the vote was announced to the assembly at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.