

# DECLARATION of INDEPENDENCE

Let the Children Read and Remember the Immortal Document

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, 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; 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 a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the state remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined, with others (that is, with the lords and commons of Great Britain) to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation.

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states;

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury;

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses;

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies;

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our government;

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioner of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which Independent States may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

## HOW JACK LONDON "ARRIVED."

Popular Author Struggled Hard for High Position He Holds.

Jack London, the fascinating short-story writer and brilliant war correspondent, now at the front, is but twenty-eight years old. Three years ago he was unheard of by the reading world. To-day he is read everywhere, is sought by publishers, and the pages of the magazines, from The Century down, are open to him.

The story of how he "arrived," how he first set foot upon the stepping-stone to success, he tells in The Editor, the New York magazine for literary workers, incidentally giving the latter class some excellent advice. Here are a few of his terse, pregnant sentences:

Work! Don't wait for some good Samaritan to tell you, but dig it out yourself.

Fiction pays best of all. Don't write too much. Don't dash off a 6000-word story before breakfast.

Avoid the unhappy ending, the harsh, the brutal, the tragic, the horrible—if you care to see in print the things you write.

Keep a notebook. Travel with it, eat with it, sleep with it. Slap into it every stray thought that flutters up into your brain.

"As soon as a fellow sells two or three things to the magazines," says Jack London, "his friends all ask him how he managed to do it," and then he goes on, in his own racy way, to tell how it happened to him.

He had many liabilities and no assets, no income and several mouths to feed. He lived in California, far from the great publishing centers, and did not know what an editor looked like. But he sat down and wrote. Day by day his pile of manuscripts mounted up. He had vague ideas, obtained from a Sunday supplement, that a minimum rate of \$10 a thousand words was paid, and figured on earning \$600 a month, without overstocking the market.

One morning the postman brought him, instead of the usual long, thick manuscript envelope, a short, thin one. He couldn't open it right away. It seemed a sacred thing. It contained the written words of an editor of a big magazine. When, modest as ever, he had figured in his mind what the offer for this 4000-word story would be at the minimum rate—\$40, of course—he opened the letter. Five dollars!

Not having died right then and there, Mr. London is convinced that he may yet qualify as an oldest inhabitant. Five dollars! When? The editor did not state.

But, by and by, in the course of its wanderings, one of his stories reached an editor who could see the genius of Jack London, and had the patience to penetrate beneath the husk of wordy introduction and discover the golden grain.

Here is the incident that proved the turning point in Jack London's literary career, as he so graphically tells it:

"Nothing remained but to get out and shovel coal. I had done it before, and earned more money at it. I resolved to do it again, and I certainly should have done it, had it not been for The Black Cat.

"Yes, The Black Cat. The postman brought me an offer from it for a 4000-word story which was more lengthy than strongly. If I would grant permission to cut it down half, Grant permission? I told them they could cut it down two-halves if they only send the money along, which they did, by return mail. As for the \$5 previously mentioned, I finally received it, after publication and a great deal of embarrassment and trouble."

And the rate he received for his first Black Cat story was nearly 20 times what the five-dollar editor paid.

Nor is Jack London the only writer who has been lifted from obscurity to prominence by the lucky Black Cat, which, as the New York Press has truly said, has done more for short-story writers and short-story readers than any other publication.

Each of its famous prize competitions has brought new writers to the front. In its most recent, the \$2,100 prize was won by a young Texan who had never before written a story, and the second, \$1,300, went to a lawyer's wife in an obscure Missouri town.

It has just inaugurated another contest in which \$10,000 will be paid to writers in sums of from \$100 to \$1,500. This will, no doubt, add many new names to the list of those who have "arrived" through its recognition.

The conditions are announced in the current issue of The Black Cat, and will also be mailed free to any one by the Shortstory Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Even those who cannot write a winning story themselves may earn \$10 by giving a timely tip to some friend who can.

But all should bear in mind that it will be entirely useless for any one to send a story to The Black Cat without first reading and complying with all the published conditions. Here is a chance for the reader to dig dollars out of his brain, for what life does not at least contain one tale worth telling?

"The Singular Miss Smith," the latest work from the pen of Mrs. Kingsley, is a story full of human interest. A rich young orphan endeavors to find out how working women live, so she goes out to service and has various adventures, during which she meets a foundryman who seems to be above his station. Finding that she is falling in love with him, she returns to her social sphere. Afterward she meets him on board ship, where he is nearly killed while saving a child's life. He turns out to be a teacher of ethics and sociology at Harvard and they begin life together with the joint determination to spend all of her money in doing good.

# JEST NUTS

## Too Deep for Her.

Small Ethel had been to an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" matinee with her mother, and on her way home she asked: "Mamma, does little Eva play again to-night?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. "Well," continued Ethel, "I don't see how she can die at 4 o'clock and go to heaven and get back in time to play again at 8."

## Following the Adage.

"Hank Slocum wrote to one o' these here beauty doctors for treatment," said the grocer. "What'd the doctor tell him?" asked Mr. Meddergrass. "Sent him a little book that said beauty was only skin deep." "Hank take the treatment?" "Guess he did. He got skinned all right."

## Generous Mr. Fox.

"Mr. Fox, the merchant," said the college president, "has offered to donate \$5,000 for a library building to be known as 'Fox hall.'" "But \$5,000 won't build a library," replied the dean of the faculty. "Oh, no. Mr. Fox's generous offer is contingent upon our securing donations of \$10,000 each from ten other public-spirited citizens." — Catholic Standard.

## Two Views.

"It's funny that love stories should invariably end with the marriage of the hero and heroine," said young Lovelorne. "Why so?" demanded Peckham. "Because that's really only the beginning of their lives." "That may be; but it's the end of the love story."

## Hearing and Seeing.

Enthusiastic Visitor—If you'll come down into the country with me I'll show you where you can hear the corn grow! Unemotional Cityite—H'mph! If you'll come with me over to the Board of Trade I'll show you where you can see it grow.—Chicago Tribune.

## His Scheme for Safety.

Miss Askitt—I didn't know you had an automobile. Mr. Wise—I haven't. Miss Askitt—Then why do you wear that auto cap and goggles? Mr. Wise—To keep the chauffeurs from running over me. They think I'm one of them in this rig.

## Too Wise for Her Years.

The governess—Of course, you know the story we have just read is merely a fairy tale, and there are many such quite familiar to childhood. Can you tell us another, Elsie? Little Elsie—Oh, yes; you once told mama that you had four proposals of marriage during your life.

## Point of View.

Biggs—"Soques is quite an optimist." Diggs—"I never noticed it." Biggs—"Well, he is; at least he seems to take a rosy view of everything." Diggs—"Oh, that is merely a reflection from his nose."

## After the Slugging.

"Now, in our town," said the visitor, "a bus comes after the baseball players. What comes after them here?" "Well," responded the tough young man in the green shirt, "sometimes it's de patrol an' sometimes de ambulance."

## No Trouble About That.

Anxious Hostess—I am afraid the company is getting bored. Can't we do something to keep the conversational ball rolling? Host—"That's easy enough. Talk golf."

## It Was Violent.

"She was deaf to his suit." "I don't see how she could be. Why, his clothes are louder than those the college boys wear."

## INSULTED.



Farmer—Come, beat my carpet an' I'll give you a good dinner. Tramp—I'm sorry but I don't beat my way, thank you.

## Another Guess Coming.

"Well," said the editor, looking at the man who had crashed through the roof, "what can I do for you—anything?" "No, not now," replied the inventor. "My original intentions, however, were to call and inform you that I had invented a successful airship, but I've changed my mind since I dropped in."

## Recasting His Phrase.

"It's curious; that women are never great poets or great musicians," said Mr. Meekton. "What did you say?" asked his wife. "I was merely remarking that women are too sensible to squander their energies on poetry and music to the extent that some men do."

## Love in a Flat.

"Why does Harker look so cross these days?" "He's married and has three little ones." "I don't see why three children should put him in a bad humor." "Who said anything about children? He is married and has three little rooms."

## Taken for Granted.

Judge—"Why did you arrest this man?" Officer—"For profanity on the street." Judge—"Did you hear him using it?" Officer—"No, but his shoestrings broke twice as he was running for a car."

## Given a Raise.

With tender hands they took him from the topmost branches of a tall pine. "What happened?" he gasped feebly. "You were tossed by a bull," they responded. "Then it's not so bad. I thought I was tossed by a racing automobile."

## The Curious Crowd.

"They're raising a safe into the tenth story next door." "Yes?" "Yes, and there are a lot of people below who don't seem to realize that the safe side of the street is the side directly opposite to the safe's side." —Philadelphia Ledger.

## Good for Delaware.

There is nothing to indicate that the usual number of sweet girl graduates will not receive diplomas in Delaware. This would seem to indicate that the Delaware peach crop isn't always a failure.

## Exception.

Gunner—"They say if you get a divorce you will never have any luck." Guyer—"I know one man that had luck." Gunner—"Indeed! Who is he?" Guyer—"A divorce attorney."

## Her Mission.

Mrs. Homer—"I suppose your daughter is attending cooking school so she will be able to do her own cooking after her marriage?" Mrs. Uppson—"Oh, my, no! She is going to write a cook book."

## Sizing Up Si Perkins.

A well-known literary man who has been spending several weeks at his old home in Vermont tells of a conversation which he overheard between two visitors on the porch of the village store. An acquaintance of theirs had just passed in the street and the following comment was heard by the visitor: "That goes Si Perkins." Then a meditative pause. "Si ain't the man he used to be." "Naw—an' he never was."

## Trials of Cupid.

"Yes," related the romantic young man, "as we sat on the park bench I leaned over and planted a kiss on her ruby lips." "Planted, eh?" remarked the buffoon friend. "Did you raise anything?" "Yes. A policeman saw me and soon afterward I had to raise \$10 for a fine."

## Future Assured.

"Yes, we found the baby playing with a volume of verse." "Indeed? He will probably turn out to be a poet." "But he tore the verses up and tossed them out of the window." "Did, eh? Well, that shows he's going to be an editor."

## THE WORST TO COME.



Judge—You don't seem to realize the enormity of the charge against you. Prisoner—Naw. I haven't got me lawyer's bill yet, but I'll bet it'll be a corker.

## Good Advice.

The young man wired home from college: "Dear Pop: I want to give my classmates a farewell supper. How can I raise the dust?" In two hours the return message arrived: "Beat a carpet.—Pop."

## Calling Him Down.

He (at the garden party)—"I will always love you, darling. By you pale moon I swear it." She (interrupting him)—"Don't get woozy, George. You pale moon is only a Japanese lantern."

## Peep into the Future.

"I demand recognition!" screamed the delegates from the 'steenth district. "Impossible," rejoined the chairmanship of the convention. "The female from the 'steenth district is not in our set."

## Real Agitators.

"Is it true," asked the English vaudeville actress, "that there are people in America who really mean the elevation of the stage?" "Yes," replied the man from the board. "The gallery goes."