

NO FUND FOR FOURTH.

By ROBERT DONNELL.

"THE' ain't a-goin' to be no Fourth celebratin' at Slocum's Slough this year," said Uncle Si Slocum at the grocery store while he was unloading a big farm wagon cargo of fresh vegetables, berries and other good things to eat which he was selling to the grocer for cash.

"Why's that, Uncle Si?" asked the grocery clerk. "I was thinkin' o' comin' out myself an' celebratin' 'long with your three boys an' the Brown boys

an' Henry Hillers. I know they burn up lots o' fireworks every Fourth."

"Yep," said Uncle Si, "but this Fourth it's a-goin' to be different. The great American eagle will have to flap his wings some'eres else this time, I reckon, an' jest let Slocum's Slough be lonesome-like."

"What's the trouble?"

"Money's too skeerce," replied Uncle Si, pocketing \$19.85 which he had received for his load of produce. One of those fine, large yellow fellows, a hundred dollar bill, disclosed itself to the clerk's view when Mr. Slocum opened his pocketbook.

"Why, your crops seem to be fine, Mr. Slocum," said the clerk, "an' I s'posed prosperity was sittin' on every

fence rail around these parts, singin' a-lone songs o' cheer, so to speak."

"The' ain't no famine, that's a fact," Uncle Si returned, "but all the same cash is too skeerce down 't the Slough fer the boys to celebrate proper."

"Paid off your mortgage last year, didn't you?"

"Yep, an' bought the eighty acres o' bottom land right south o' me too. But prices o' things is terrible high this year, you know."

"That may be," said the clerk, "but we're payin' you terrible high prices fer your produce, Mr. Slocum. I cert'nly can't just figger out how 'tis the' ain't no money fer fireworks in your neighborhood."

"Well, then, sence you ask me, I'll tell you, young feller. You see, my three boys an' the two Brown boys an' Henry Hillers is all a-goin' off 't college this nex' September."

"Oh, I see—got to save up their money fer books an' board an' tuition."

"Well, not zactly that, fer us old folks pays them bills. Them boys is all powerful ambitious 't git 'long well in college an' shine bright in the public eye."

"Want to take special courses in Gæek or somethin', I reckon?"

"Well, no; but they've all got 't gether an' agreed 't save up their Fourth o' July 'lowance to buy football clo'es an' cigarette cases."

Yes, by George!

Now let the imperial eagle screech, the soaring orator start his speech; throughout the land from beach to beach the bands begin to play.

The liberty of which you've heard we bought with blood from George the Third, and still it is no empty word, whatever croakers say.

Though here and there a tiny rift appears in freedom's birthday gift, it's lasted down to George the Fifth—and, so hooray, hooray!

The Only Day.

Hurray! We're going to have it saner! No longer can we stand the strain. Yes; noise is all right in its place, But when it musses up the face, Cuts off our fingers and our thumbs As loudly down the road it hums We look about us, and we say, "Pray, is there not a saner way?"

The little popper is all right, But when it comes to dynamite And other things with which the Jap Would try to reconstruct the map We find the place to draw the line, And very sagely we opine That we can find a better way To celebrate the glorious day.

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J. H. KEENEY, Agent, La Grande, Oregon.

THE BATTLE BALLAD OF THE FLAG

A FOURTH OF JULY POEM

BY
ROBERTUS LOVE

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FOR Liberty and Union, inseparable and one,
We pledge the blood and treasure of brother, sire and son,
Now and forever, even as ever heretofore,
To hold this flag in heaven our valiant fathers bore
When they stood like a rock
In the battle surge and shock
To front and slay the red array
Who Freedom's path would block.

AT Lexington and Concord, at glorious Bunker Hill,
At Brandywine and Monmouth, this banner floated still;
At Yorktown all triumphant it belied to the breeze,
A signal of defiance to tyrants over seas
Who had dared forge a chain
For the freemen of the brain,
For sturdy hands in birthright lands
This side the sundering main.

O'er Sumter's sullen ramparts, amid the wrath of lead,
Still proudly flew the symbol in white and blue and red;
At Gettysburg, Antietam, on Chattanooga Heights—
A hundred bloody battles, a thousand thrilling fights—
Still the flag fluttered there
In the rockets' lurid glare,
A staff of oak unbowed, unbroke,
A flash of colors fair.

SO, even at Manila, that deathless morn of May,
This banner streamed unstricken above the stricken bay,
And so at Santiago, Guasimar and San Juan
We set this beacon forward, where Valor urged us on,
And we raised o'er the town
As the conquered flag came down
This silken sign of peace benign,
Of progress and renown.

SO let us bear this standard, in battles yet to be,
Unstained above our columns, the cohorts of the free,
Nor ever loot and conquest inflame our fighting youth,
But only may they marshal for Justice and for Truth,
And heed, Columbia, heed!
By thy martyrs' blood I plead,
Lest thou profane this flag for gain
And shame its stars for greed.



Certainly.

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why is a pleased dog sure to be prepared to carry parcels?"

"Give it up."

"Because when he is pleased he has his little wag on."

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