

Uncle Peter's Flag

A Fourth of July Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"I TLL be the first time in my life that a flag hasn't flown from the pole on a national holiday," murmured Uncle Peter Mason sorrowfully as he squinted up at the tallest flagstaff in Little River. It stood in the middle of his front yard, and it's gilded ball reflected the sunlight high above the highest tree.

His wife, Aunt Rebecca, held at arm's length a dingy object that once had been an American flag. Now the red and white stripes had been beaten by weather until they took on a uniform gray color, and there was little enough of it, too, for the wind had whipped the emblem to a few tattered rags that might not have been recognizable had it not been for the stars carefully stitched by hand and the faded fragments of hand sewed stripes.

"Don't look like this had once been ten foot long," remarked Aunt Rebecca. "After your father is always flying the biggest flag in Little River and you prying out the same idea I hate like poison to run up a small, cheap one, but I don't know what to do. That interest comes due the 1st of July, and there ain't a cent to spare over, even for patriotism."

"I know it, Rebecca. I haven't done more than price these big flags—\$15 for this size unless I get a cambric one. You can always tell what a flag's made of by its hang and by its float. Job Little offered to let me have the flag and said I could pay him up by instalments, but I says to him that was poor patriotism."

"A cambric flag is better than none," said Rebecca sensibly. "I was telling Etty about it the other day, and she says, says she, 'If I had time I'd make pa a flag, but I'm always so busy with the children's clothes it seems as if I was tired from morning to night.' I told her if anybody made a flag it would be me, but the material would cost a sight if 'twas made of wool or silk."

"My mother made this flag, every bit," said Uncle Peter. "I wish I'd thought of it before," said Rebecca to herself. "I might have done something to get him a flag. The Fourth of July is his birthday. There's a hull week yet. I'll see what I can do in the meantime."

Rebecca Mason went up in the garret that morning and turned out the contents of a dozen trunks. Garments of every color were spilled on the clean floor, and while the wraps hummed about in the shadowy rafters Rebecca turned and sorted and shook and discarded until a pile of white garments lay beside her, and in her lap was heaped her wedding gown, a bright blue delaine.

During the next week Aunt Rebecca was mysteriously busy. She washed great quantities of white poplin, and her dye kettle bubbled secretly in the cellar wash room. Her hands were stained with red, and the sewing machine in the spare chamber hummed busily in every spare moment.

Uncle Peter Mason was busy with the June work in his garden, where the long, straight rows of carefully tended vegetables looked just like the pictures in the seed catalogues which he studied all winter. He had not mentioned the matter of the flag again, and Rebecca had been too busy with her own plans and the fear of discovery to broach the subject. Her daughter Etta, who lived over the river, was up to her ears in sewing for her two children, so Rebecca was quite undisturbed in carrying out her pleasant plans.

Where did you get it? It ain't—it ain't the one that was down to Little's, but it looks like it! Where did you get it?" He was excitedly shaking out the folds of the big flag, and his feeble old fingers trembled as he saw that it was quite as large as the one his mother had made so many years ago.

Aunt Rebecca was crying with delight. She helped him spread the stars and stripes on the grass.

"This blue," she said, touching the star sprinkled field, "is made from my blue delaine—my wedding gown. Peter."

"Oh, Becky!" uttered her husband reverently. "And the stripes was made from all the white poplin dresses I've had, and there was a sight of the stuff—some of it I dyed red—and—"

Uncle Peter had her in his arms, and they were kissing each other, and Uncle Peter was trying to tell his wife that he would rather have hung up his best Sunday shirt than have her cut up her wedding gown. "I know how women feel about such things," he apologized, trying to keep his delight out of his faded eyes.

"Don't say a word, Peter. It's the happiest day of my life!" cried Aunt Becky warmly. "Let's list her up now, Peter, and show Little River we're still on deck!"

Just then there was a light step on the gravelled path, and Etta came around the corner of the house with a huge bundle under her arm. When she saw the flag she stopped and stared.

"Why, where did that come from?" she gasped.

Aunt Rebecca didn't explain.

"Would you believe it?" exclaimed poor Etta. "Look here, ma and pa! She unrolled the bundle under her arm and spread it on the grass.

It was another flag, just as large as Rebecca's, but made of new material—



HE GOT STILL ANOTHER FLAG.

some sort of cheap bunting neatly sewed into a flag. Uncle Peter was openly crying.

"Did you make this, Etty?" he demanded.

"Every stitch!" she said proudly. "If I'd only known ma was going to make one—but there, ma, if I'd only told you you might have saved your wedding dress, but ain't you smart to make it?"

"I've got two flags," sobbed Uncle Peter, "made by the two best women in the world."

"Look at what's coming!" cried Etta, alert with new interest. "It's Job Little and three men from the lodge."

When Job Little's speech was concluded Uncle Peter found himself the possessor of another immense flag, a gift from a few of his closest friends who wanted it to fly from the tallest staff in Little River.

And that was not all. Later the express wagon drove up and left Peter a box which turned out to contain another flag—this one made of silk that rustled richly as it fell from the box.

"Who the land?" gasped Aunt Rebecca.

"Compliments and best wishes of John Hamilton and family—for Uncle Peter Mason. Long may she wave!" read Uncle Peter brokenly from the card in his hand.

"Who would have believed them summer boarders would have remembered our old flag was wore out," commented Etta practically. "Now, pa, what you going to do? Here you've got four flags. You can't hang 'em on the pole all at once without some being half mast."

Uncle Peter's hat had been removed long ago, when he had brought out the tattered remnant of his mother's flag and the setting sun gilded his white head and glorified the faces of the men and women who stood about him.

"I shall use 'em alternate," announced Uncle Peter at last; "first one and then another. Tomorrow, being the Fourth of July, I shall divide the day into four watches of three hours each and give every flag its turn. I can't thank anybody yet. I'm too happy. I hope nobody will be offended, but I feel like I'll run up my mother's flag first with Rebecca's. She made it from her wedding dress. Nobody object?"

"Of course not!" they cried heartily, and in a trice the faded bit of bunting that had been hung to the breeze so many years once more floated over Little River, and beneath it rippled out the splendid folds of Rebecca's flag.

"I think them two flags better float all day tomorrow," said Job Little decidedly, "and these three others—Etty's and Hamilton's and ours—we'll jest drape on the piazza. What say?"

Whistler's Idea of Hands. Whistler, the artist, said: "I always use Irish models for hands, with their long, slender fingers and delightful articulations, the most beautiful hands in the world. I think Irish eyes are also the most beautiful. American girls' hands come next. English girls have red, coarse hands; the German girl has broad, flat hands, and the Spanish hand is full of big veins."

WILSON OPPOSES CAMPAIGN TOURS

(Continued from page 1)

to prevent the Marshall nomination. He positively asserted that his opposition to the Indiana governor was in every way impartial and that he believed a better known progressive should have the selection. But when the nomination was finally assured on the second ballot, it was Bryan who urged, and finally succeeded in having the North Dakotans withdraw Burke so that the nomination might be made unanimous.

NEW YORK, July 3.—Commenting on Wilson's nomination the New York Times today says: "The Democratic party in the nomination of Wilson is reborn. It will be reorganized, it will be more efficient, it will have once more the confidence of the people. The nomination of Governor Wilson will unite the party. It invites, we may almost say, it commands the return of prosperity. It reduces Mr. Roosevelt's bolt to the proportions of a Republican quarrel."

The World: "He will be the first president of the United States in a generation to go into office owing favors to nobody except to the American people and under obligations to nothing except the general welfare. Governor Wilson's nomination means the rule of the boss is over."

Hearst's American: "The New York American will support the nominee. Whoever else may have risen or fallen in the fortunes of the last convention of the Democratic party, William Jennings Bryan comes out of its stained forever and stamped by his hypocrisy and his hates as a fraud and as a demagogue false in language false in profession, and false in friendship as to party."

The Tribune: "The victory of the radical element at Baltimore will be a killing frost to the hopes of the projectors of the new third party. It was even a greater triumph for Mr. Bryan than it was for Mr. Wilson."

The Herald: "Hats off to the governor. He may not know it, but he's on his way, and that way is the way of a radical of radicals."

The Press: "Even if Mr. Roosevelt makes an aggressive campaign as a candidate on the third ticket, Mr. Wilson naturally would have a better chance to hold progressive Democrats from going to the colonel than any other man who was prominent in the canvass before the Baltimore convention. To Wilson the opposing party has lent for this campaign the most powerful suit of armor he could wear. That is Republican factionalism. If there is one spot that can be penetrated behind that borrowed coat of mail, it is the tariff flesh of the Democratic candidates."

The Sun: "The triangle is now complete, unless Oyster Bay retreats. Meanwhile whatever course Colonel Roosevelt may pursue under the circumstances the Baltimore convention has named the most dangerous Democratic competitor the Republican ticket could confront broad enough to warrant an extremely radical construction. By so doing it has thrust on Honorable William Howard Taft the undivided honor of the Pacific telephone and telegraph Co., at Seattle, and recently of Cherryville left Seattle for a two weeks visit among old Cherryville friends, but on his arrival in Portland, was called back to Seattle on pressing business."

Dr. Thompson, of Gresham, is expected soon in Cherryville with his family to spend the summer on his 100-acre farm about a mile from here. We understand it is Dr. Thompson's intention to sub-divide his farm into 5 and 10-acre tracts and locate a colony of school teachers on them. They will set the tracts out to orchard and spend their summers at Cherryville and at the same time look after the orchards.

Mr. Fisher, of Firwood, is putting the finishing touches on Dr. John H. Boyd's new house.

EAGLE CREEK. An abundance of rain has been falling on old mother earth here of late. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Douglas have returned from eastern Oregon and have pitched camp near his brothers Will's home.

Misses Echo and Hazel Githens were overnight guests of Miss Douglas last Tuesday.

Miss Echo Githens, having secured the school in district No. 50, will teach the next term of school in this district.

H. S. Gibson made a business trip to Portland one day last week.

Chicago, July 3.—The Journal, Democratic, says: "The nomination of Woodrow Wilson comes as a master word which brings order out of political chaos. President Taft, for all his tepid pronouncements in favor of progress, is a standpatter, named by standpatters, and running on a standpat platform. Governor Wilson is essentially a progressive, nominated on a distinctly progressive platform."

"The nomination of Wilson destroys the remaining excuse for the 'bull moose' party of Theodore Roosevelt. The nomination of Wilson marks the change of the democracy from a party of protest to a party of achievement. Credit for the change belongs to William Jennings Bryan."

Chicago Evening Post, Republican: "The Democrats have put their best foot forward. If the people want the new third party they will have to demand it as a fundamental principle, and not as a personal endorsement of any man, however worthy."

Chicago Daily News, Republican: "Many forces worked together to bring about the nomination of Wilson. The two most effective were Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan."

Chicago Tribune, Roosevelt Republican: "The Democratic party is to be congratulated upon the choice of Governor Wilson. It also owes a debt of thanks to Mr. Bryan, whose successful fight in the convention against the reactionary plutocracy will go down to posterity as one of the most dramatic exhibitions of the moral influence of a great leader of the people our political history has ever known."

Guns Heard Ninety-seven Miles. My house is on a high hill near Godal ming, and as I sat reading one afternoon I heard, or rather felt, a long vibrating boom several times repeated. I thought it must be a motor van maneuvering behind the house, but found nothing there. Then I guessed what it might be and forthwith wrote to the chief gunnery officer of H. M. S. Orion to make sure. Through the very kind courtesy of this gentleman I am able to state for certain that the discharge of the Orion's guns was distinctly audible ninety-seven statute miles from the ship, the sound taking somewhere about eleven minutes to travel the distance.—Letter in London Spectator.

East Indian Magic. A traveler tells a story of Indian magic. The juggler was a Malay, who stroked with his fingers the blade of a long knife or creese. The observer saw water fall drop by drop from the blade, which became faecid, like a strip of India rubber. Thrown on the ground, it bounced about, but was a knife blade again when lifted by the juggler. An examination showed that there was no water on the mat on which the observer saw the drops falling.

Stories from Out of Town

CHERRYVILLE.

Rev. Dr. Runyan preached in M. E. Church Sunday.

The ladies of the M. E. Church gave a strawberry social at Mrs. Parnell Averill's last Wednesday evening and in spite of the rainy weather was largely attended and was a financial success.

Mrs. and Mrs. Frank Rhodes took a trip to Portland last week.

Dr. O. Botkins has had his pension from the government increased to \$25 a month. Dr. Botkins served as a surgeon for some three years or more in the late war.

Now that the Cherryville Commercial Club has been organized it will add much to the improvement and social life of Cherryville.

"When a bit of sunshine hits ye After the passing of a cloud, And a fit of laughter gits ye And yer spine is feelin' proud, Don't forget to up and fling it At a soul that's feelin' blue For the moment that ye sling it, It's a boomerang to you."

John T. Friel, Jr., expects to soon go into office owing favors to nobody except to the American people and under obligations to nothing except the general welfare. Governor Wilson's nomination means the rule of the boss is over.

Mr. W. G. Webber, of Cherryville, and Miss Gertrude Clark, of the same place were married in Portland last Saturday.

Frank Rhades has bought the timber on Dr. O. Botkins' tract of land about a mile from Cherryville and is now moving his saw mill there and expects soon to commence sawing lumber. Mr. Rhades has sold his old engine and boiler and bought one of the Averill Machinery Co. of Portland.

Fire Warden, Ben Beach, spent several days on his ranch near Cherryville and will return from Portland with his family in about two weeks.

E. L. Bunta and Heath Johnson have finished hoeing potatoes for J. T. Friel, Jr.

Mrs. Ray Murry was out riding a few days ago and her horse got frightened at an automobile and run away, but fortunately the horse ran into a log and Mrs. Murry and the horse escaped injury.

Allen Brooks left Monday for a several days business trip to Portland.

Mr. E. J. Jarl has purchased a four-acre tract of land in Hood View Acres from Dr. Ludvigsen.

Mrs. C. A. Lindell and daughters, Sibyl and Alice, of Portland, are spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Robert Jonsrud.

Mrs. Esther Johns, a daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Canning, with 4 children, are paying the home folks a visit after an absence of 11 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Johns intend buying a home in Portland.

Mrs. Clara McAnley and children, of Blue Canyon, Cal., are here for a two-months visit with her mother, Mrs. C. J. Sindall.

A family reunion was held at the home of C. J. Sindall Sunday, those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Victor Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Jarl, R. E. Jarl, Miss Ellen Jarl, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. G. Bowne, of Holbrook, Ore., and Mrs. Clara McAnley, of Blue Canyon, Cal.

Hilda Johnson, daughter of C. A. Johnson, died Monday morning, July 1st, after a long illness. The bereaved family has the sympathy of the entire community.

SANDY Charles Sharnke is painting the bank building.

A garage is being added to the Sandy livery barn.

P. R. Meinig spent Thursday in Portland.

Mrs. C. F. Barbour is spending a few days in Portland.

Harry Thomas is painting the Hoffman buildings.

W. J. Wirtz has received a large consignment of furniture.

Continued wet weather has caused a good many strawberries to rot on the vines.

W. J. Wirtz conducted services at the M. E. church Sunday evening.

CARUS Among those attending the barbecue at Aurora Saturday were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spangler, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Spangler of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Howard of Clackamas are visiting with their daughter, Mrs. Charles Casto.

Mrs. Viola Douglass, Miss Bina Douglass and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Douglass were Portland visitors last Friday.

Walter Douglass bought a cow and calf from Mr. Russell last week. Carl Huntington, of Portland, was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Huntington, a part of the week.

R. R. Gibson has a new separator, Miss Nettie Woodie is over this way visiting with relatives.

Some of the relatives of Mrs. Roy Douglass were visiting with her last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reid and children were over this way Saturday picking cherries.

Miss Bina Douglass spent last Thursday with Mrs. H. G. Huntington. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Douglass visited with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Clester Sunday.

Miss Myrtle Woodie went to Bull Run Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Huntington and Mrs. R. B. Gibson were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Howlett Sunday evening.

Mrs. Guy Woodie spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Kitzmiller.

Mrs. Viola Douglass spent Sunday with Mrs. Cora Udell.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Woodie and Miss Meda Murphy went blackberrying Sunday.

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Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Howard of Clackamas are visiting with their daughter, Mrs. Charles Casto.

Miss Sarah Edwards, of Portland, who has been visiting with Mrs. J. R. Lewis, returned to her home Tuesday.

Several from here attended the funeral of Miss Annie Evans, of Portland.

Clayde Driscoll who is working for Fred Schafer at Meadow Brook spent Sunday at home.

Clayde Smith and Otis Howard are working for the Mulino railroad.

Jim Buckner and wife are visiting with his brother, Lew Buckner, and wife.

Tom Evans is hauling gravel at Clear Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Casseday visited with relatives at Needy Sunday.

Mr. Schmisler commenced hauling lumber for his new house last week.

Miss Olga Peters returned home last week after visiting relatives in Oregon City.

ELWOOD Wonder when summer will come? A great many people anticipate going to Estacada the Fourth.

Ed Dibble's nephew, Charlie Dibble visited in this vicinity last week.

Miss Jessie Phillips of Eastern Oregon is visiting friends and relatives here.

Mr. Mellike was in Estacada Thursday.

W. T. Henderson and Mrs. Della Vallen picked strawberries near Estacada Friday, securing berries, the delicious Magoon's, at 75 cents per crate or 50 cents and pick them.

Earnest and Otis Vallen were making hay for Mr. Swan last week.

Miss Effie Cox has been visiting relatives and friends in Estacada the past few days.

Jessie Cox is building a barn on his group of lots in Estacada.

The men of Clear Creek Mills were spending a few days vacation in the mountains last week.

Mr. Schwerine, the storekeeper of Elwood is building a barn.

Mrs. Lydia Park is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ina Bittner, of Oregon City.

Mrs. W. M. Surfus did sewing for Mrs. Mattie Maplethorpe this week.

C. E. Surfus was a guest of the Allen's in Estacada Sunday.

Mrs. Montie Cox, Miss Nouna Vallen, Mrs. Della Vallen, Miss Hazelard Karan Freeman, Miss Jessie Phillips and Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Henderson attended the children's day exercises at Springwater Sunday.

Quite a jolly time was spent at Dan Stahlnecker's Saturday at a barn raising, only eight men were present but all worked faithfully and accom-

plished much. Mr. Stahlnecker is truly thankful to Mr. W. T. Henderson, A. Vallen, J. Mielike, Ed Dibble, Matt Jaggerman, Lewis Vallen and Albert Mellike for their donated assistance.

SACRAMENTO EASILY BEATEN BY PORTLAND

SACRAMENTO, July 3, (Special).—Portland white washed Sacramento today, the visitors making 5 runs. Higginbotham pitched a great game, allowing only 3 hits. Portland made 12 off Schwenk's delivery.

The results Wednesday follow: At Sacramento—Portland 5; Sacramento 0. At San Francisco—Oakland 2; Los Angeles 1. At Los Angeles—San Francisco 3; Vernon 1.

National League Philadelphia 8, Boston 5. New York 2-10, Brooklyn 1-9.

American League Boston 7, Philadelphia 2. Washington 3-10, New York 22. Cleveland 8, Detroit 6.


Campmeeting to Be Held by Spiritualists

The New Era Spiritualist Campmeeting will hold its fortieth annual session from July 6 to August 4 inclusive. Mr. and Mrs. A. Scott Blodsoe of Kansas City, Mo., will be the principal speakers and message bearers, and other good mediums will be present. Come and bring tents and enjoy a season of recreation, social enjoyment and spiritual upliftment. Those who cannot camp may come and spend a day with us there are tents to rent or room and board at the hotel. For further information address L. L. Irvin, secretary, Barlow, Oregon.

A small classified ad will rent that vacant room.

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