

THE TWO EXTREMES.

A statesman, wise and hoary, gets up some wondrous scheme to help our land to glory, and make life seem a dream. The people then discuss it about the clanging mart, dissect it beam and gusset, and take it all apart; some say it's wild and woolly, a silly lot of junk; one side declares it bully, the other says it's punk. The man of moderation cashed in long, long ago; he gave things meditation, and he was always slow in forming his decision important things upon; with clear, untroubled vision he measured pro and con. But now we break our tether when something greets our eyes; we damn it all together, or laud it to the skies. A treaty with the German, a work by Dr. Cook, a policy or sermon, a ball team or a book, we either praise it fully, or say that it is junk; one side declares it bully the other says it's punk; I'd like to meet a fellow who'd take the middle view, and waive his umbrella, and talk an hour or two,

and give a demonstration of sense of long ago—the old time moderation that sized up con and pro.

WALT MASON.

We are not acquainted with the author but this isn't so bad: "Backward, turn backward, oh time, in your flight, and give us a maiden drest proper and right. We are so weary of switches and rats, Billy Burke clusters and peach basket hats. Wads of jute hair in a horrible pile, stacked on their heads to the height of a mile. Something is wrong with the maidens, we fear, give us the girls as they used to appear. Give us the girls we once knew of yore, whose curls didn't come from a hair dressing store. Maidens who drest with a sensible view. And just as dame Nature intended them to. Give us a girl with a figure her own, and fashioned divinely by nature alone. Feminine styles getting fiercer each year—Oh, give us the girls as they used to appear. One of the Twenty-five years ago kind. One whose fair tresses

were ample enough—without additions of make-believe stuff. Give us the days when the hats women wore were not the real reason Christian men swore. Over our way such a fair maiden steer—Yes, give us the girls as she used to appear."

The BAPTIST cordially INVITE YOU to spend the evening with them tomorrow night at eight o'clock. A square deal social will be held. No admission will be asked for but each one will be charged three cents a foot "according to the measure of a man."

Read the Times' Want Ads.

Middle Aged and Elderly People. Use Foley Kidney Pills for quick and permanent results in all cases of kidney and bladder troubles, and for painful and annoying irregularities. They contain just the ingredients necessary to regulate and strengthen the action of the kidneys and bladder. They are tonic in action, quick in results. Try them. — Red Cross Drug Store.



The Name of Old Glory

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OLD GLORY, say, who, By the ships and the crew And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue—

Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear With such pride everywhere As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to? Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same And the honor and fame so becoming to you, Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red, With your stars at their glittering best overhead, By day or by night Their delightfulest light Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue?

Who gave you the name of Old Glory? Say, who— Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted and, fluttering, then In vague lips and whispers fell silent again.

Old Glory, the story we're wanting to hear Is what the plain facts of your christening were, For your name, just to hear it, Repeat it and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit As salt as a tear, And, seeing you fly and the boys marching by, There's a shout in the throat, and a blur in the eye, And an aching to live for you always—or die! If dying we still keep you waving on high. And so, by our love For you, floating above, And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof, Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast, And fluttered an audible answer at last.

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said: By the driven snow white and the living blood red Of my bars and their heaven of stars overhead— By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast, As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast, Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod— My name is as old as the glory of God. * * * So I came by the name of Old Glory.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



The Suicide of Hannibal.

Defeated at Zama, Hannibal fled to the east to avoid falling into the hands of the Romans and found temporary security in the dominions of Mithridates. He lusted for this monarch to engage in a Roman war, and his advice as to its conduct being rejected, the war proved unsuccessful, and Mithridates was required as one of the conditions of peace to deliver up Hannibal to his enemies, the Romans. The unfortunate Carthaginian heard of his approaching fate, swallowed the poison which for years he had carried about his person and expired just as the envoys arrived to take him in charge.

Ancient Heptate.

A union of discordant particulars is laughable, as, What is wanting to him except fortune and virtue? Similar to this is friendly admonition by way of giving advice, as when Granlus persuaded a bad pleader, who had made himself hoarse with speaking, to drink a cold mixture of honey and wine as soon as he got home. "I shall ruin my voice," said he, "if I do so." "It will be better," said Granlus, "than to ruin your clients."—From Cicero's "Oratory."

An Exciting Contest.

Henson—I bet my wife that I could thread a needle before she could sharpen a lead pencil. Benson—Which won? Henson—I won in exactly thirteen minutes, but I believe I'd have lost if she had not run out of pencils at the end of five minutes.—Chicago News.

Still Stronger.

Grocer—Good morning, Mr. Popple. How are those eggs I sent you? Popple—Better, thank you. They are gaining strength every minute.

Life is a plant that grows out of death.—Becher.

In the Home Place.

If this old world's no friend to grace It's still a feller's dwellin' place. And, though deep trouble still we weave it, Few are the folks who wish to leave it. —Atlanta Constitution.

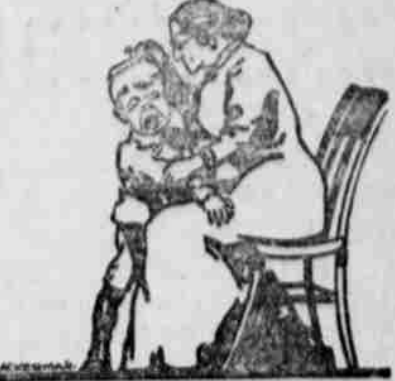
Will It Come to This?

"She's very domestic in her tastes, isn't she?" "Decidedly. They say she really enjoys her husband's cooking."—Life.

The NOISELESS FOURTH
By Willis Brooks Hawkins

PA says that youngsters nowadays Ain't nothin' like they use to be. They have such wild, rambunctious ways; They think of nothin' but to raise A racket all the time," says he. An 'en he tells us how they dose When him an' Uncle Joe was boys An' says they had more simple fun An' didn't madden every one By makin' such an awful noise.

BUT Uncle Joe was here las' night When Rob an' me had gone to bed, An' him an' ps they talked a right, Thinkin' that we was sleepin' tight. But Rob an' me heard all they said. They talked about the happy time When they was youngsters, free from care, An' use to run an' romp an' climb An' get their clothes all over grime An' yell when gran ma combed their hair.



HE says that Independence day Has growed to be a dretful bore, With all its silly whoop-hooray. An' vows that if he had his way The' wouldn't be no Fourth no more. To hear him talk you'd think that he An' Uncle Joe, when they was boys About the size o' Rob an' me, Was just as careful as could be To never make a bit o' noise.

THEY talked an' laughed about the night Before the Fourth, one year, when they Had give the town an awful fright By yellin' "Fire!" with all their might. An' set folks runnin' every way. So now what I can't see at all Is how it come, when they was boys, They use to run an' climb an' fall An' romp an' stomp an' yell an' hawl An' never make a bit o' noise.

A LIBERTY SENTIMENT BY THE LATE JOHN HAY.

SO all in vain will timorous ones essay To set the metes and bounds of Liberty, For Freedom is its own eternal law. . . . For ever in thine eyes, O Liberty, Shines that high light whereby the world is saved, And, though thou slay us, we will trust in thee!



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