

# Pop Elton's Quiet Fourth

By ROBERTUS LOVE.  
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"THIS year," said the elder Elton to his wife on the 2d, "I'm going to have a quiet Fourth of July. I'm sick and sore of the abominable pop, pop, pop all around me whenever the glorious natal day of our country comes around. I'm patriotic, too—you know I am. When I was a very young man I used to deliver Fourth of July speeches at picnics. I believe the United States is the greatest, grandest, glorious nation in all the tides of time, as Congressman Somebody recently remarked on the floor of the house. But there's no use in celebrating it the way we do. I'm for a safe and sane celebra-



THEY WORKED NOW FAR OUT ON THE BRANCHES.

tion, and this time I'm going to have it. What's the use of submitting to a bedlam of noise?"

"I don't know, my dear, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Elton.

"Nor I, Well, I won't submit. I shall set my alarm clock tomorrow night for 4 a. m. I shall arise then, don my golfing duds, take luncheon enough for three square meals and hie me forth to the sequestered shelter of that spreading chestnut tree that stands in the middle of Milbank's pasture. You remember I pointed it out to you when we autoed past it last week? It's two miles from town. Underneath its shading foliage the grass is green and soft. I shall take books with me—the life of George Washington, that collection of poems that contains Joseph Rodman Drake's tribute to the American flag and maybe some quiet sort of book like Emerson's 'Essays' or 'Locke on the Human Understanding,' and I'll spend a nice, quiet, sunny day, reading and smoking my pipe under the tree alone with nature. Do you get that?"

"You're rather selfish to wish to be all alone," said Mrs. Elton. "You might invite me."

"No, my dear, this is to be my day. Am I not entitled to one quiet day out of the 365? Verily, I am. Sunday I'll take you on a long motor ride, but this day I must request that you stay home and see that the children don't blow their own heads off."

"Very well, then," assented the dutiful wife and mother. "But Beardsley is fourteen now, and he won't need any looking after. He's so taken up with that electricity craze of his that I imagine he won't want any fireworks."

"I think you're right," said Mr. Elton. "Beardsley has grown to be quite a sensible boy, and I'm proud of him."



HE RECTED IT TO THE UNLISTENING AIR.

Some day he'll be a great electrician—maybe a second Edison or a Marconi!"

It so happened that Beardsley Elton had rigged up an electrical contrivance which permitted him to hear from his workshop in the barn every word that was spoken in the sitting room of his home. He heard the conversation between his parents. Arthur Allison, his particular chum, also heard it.

"Geel!" grunted the future Edison as he peeped and moom must think I'm so very on 'lectricity that I've got light patriotism. We'll show 'em, won't we?"

"How, Beard?"

"Well, let's see. Do you know where that tree is?"

"Sure! Mr. Milbank's my uncle. I used to gather chestnuts from that tree before I met you."

The two boys set forth at once for the tree. Beardsley surveyed the surroundings. Tall timothy grew all the way between the tree and a solid stone wall fence a hundred yards east. The approach on the other side of the fence was through dense underbrush, so that an enemy could come up on that side without being seen.

"We can establish our base of operations, as General Grant would say in the history book, right under the lee of that fence," said Beardsley, "and this timothy will conceal the wires. Art, I've got the dandiest idea for scaring pop away from his dinner! We'll eat that luncheon ourselves."

Returning to town, the boys bought all the giant firecrackers they could afford. Their purchases included also a package of gunpowder and many feet of wire. Then they proceeded to Chestnut Tree fort and climbed into the tree. They worked diligently for two hours, now near the top of the tree, now far out on the branches. Then they climbed down and worked along, stooping to the ground in the growing hay, to the "base of operations" across the stone wall.

Mr. Elton arose promptly at 4 a. m. on the Fourth, which was indeed a glorious day, bright and beautiful. He walked out to his chestnut tree haven and prepared an early breakfast, making coffee in a can he carried in his outfit. A fire built of twigs supplied the heat.

All morning Mr. Elton lay on the grass and smoked and read. He heard "The American Flag" in his heart. He recited it to the unlistening air. He arose once and delivered what he remembered of his youthful Fourth of July speech. He read Emerson on "Self Reliance" and congratulated



"GEE, BUT THIS IS A DANDY FREE LUNCH!"

himself that he had relied upon himself to create for himself a quiet Fourth. He became proud of himself.

At noon the quiet Fourth spread the heat of his edible dainties on a cloth upon the grass. Mrs. Elton had put him up a most enticing luncheon, and there was plenty left over for his supper.

"Why, I've got enough dinner here for two!" exclaimed Mr. Elton to himself, but two others heard it and snickered.

Mr. Elton had just finished making his pot of coffee and was about to begin on the chicken sandwiches when suddenly he became aware of an amazing sound. First there was a sizzling noise, then a crackling of crescendo character and finally a terrific explosion. Looking up, Mr. Elton saw a thick column of smoke arising from the center of the treetop.

There was profound silence for a few seconds. Then there began a series of sharp pops which seemed to run all around the upper branches of the tree, descending gradually to the lower branches. Little puffs of smoke shot up from each popping place.

Talk about a quiet Fourth! Why, all the firecrackers and sizzlers and such things which Mr. Elton had experienced in his whole life if put into a bunch and fired off wouldn't have made half the racket caused by that infernal din in the sequestered tree.

Mr. Elton made a run for the road on the side of the meadow opposite the stone fence, leaving the untasted dinner spread upon the ground and the coffee can sizzling on the twig fire.

Two boys vaulted over the fence and approached the tree.

"Gee, but this is a dandy free lunch, Art!" sang one.

"Yes, but it's too bad we scared four pop so, Beard," said the other.

"Oh, he won't worry. He's proud of me because he thinks I'm an electrical genius."

Just after the two hungry lads fell to at the feast Mr. Elton came moseying back, looking sheepish.

"Well, I'm game, boys," he said, "but won't you share your captured rations with the capitulated garrison?"

# AFTER NINETY YEARS FLAG FLOATS OVER ITS LAUREATE'S GRAVE

By ARTHUR JAMES.  
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

WITH all due respect to "The Star Spangled Banner" and James Whitcomb Riley's "Old Glory," the one banner poem that continues to float to the breeze above all is "The American Flag," by Joseph Rodman Drake. I cannot read that poem to this day without wanting to shoot firecrackers and deliver a Fourth of July oration. Of course I do neither, since shooting firecrackers is against the law and delivering Fourth of July orations ought to be. In these days we must seek milder and more humane ways of showing our patriotism. But the cutting out of platitudes and noise does not detract from Drake's performance. His is really the noblest flag poem ever written. It is so filled with freedom, stars, milky baldric—whatever that is—red streaks and angles that on perusing it we can scarcely restrain ourselves from giving three cheers and going out to march our legs off in defense of the country.

It was fitting, therefore, that when Joseph Rodman Drake park was opened in New York city something more than a year ago—on Memorial day, 1910, to be exact—a fine American flag was unfurled over the poet's grave. The orator of the occasion was Charles De



FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, CLOSEST FRIEND OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE AND AUTHOR OF THE EULOGY "NONE KNEW THERE BUT TO LOVE THEE," ETC.

Kay, Drake's only grandson. De Kay is also a poet, likewise an art critic and a founder of clubs. To get at the matter at first hand I hunted him up not long ago, finding him in the National Arts club, one of those he was instrumental in starting.

"So you have the spring fever to write a story about the neglect of Joseph Rodman Drake's grave?" he said when I had explained my errand. "Every spring, when the news is scarce," he went on, "some editor discovers that Drake's tomb needs attention and proceeds to bestow it, at least to the extent of a story."

Later on Mr. De Kay explained that the descendants of Drake and of others buried in the same little cemetery near Hunt's Point provided a watchman who looked after the graves. As for the wild scene, the tangle of vines and the apparent neglect, that was the sort of place Drake loved and in which he would wish to rest.

But now all is changed. The little cemetery is a park, the tangled vines are cleared away, the knoll is rounded and all in apple pie order.

Drake was born in 1795 and died at the age of twenty-five from consumption. His best known poem other than "The American Flag" is "The Culpit Fay," the scene of which is laid in the Highlands of the Hudson. There is nothing like this poem in American literature. Only in an earlier school of the English poets is found anything approaching it. The "Fay" was written as the result of an argument between Drake and some of his friends, the poet contending that American scenes lent themselves to romance and romantic treatment. Despite its artistic finish, the poem was written with great haste. When I was in the Highlands a few years ago the natives pointed out the very mountain said to be the scene of the poem. It was old "Cro-nest," just above West Point, which also inspired some of the songs of George P. Morris. Drake was passionately fond of nature and spent most of his time with a relative at Hunt's Point, overlooking Long Island sound, some of the scenes of which were also woven into the "Fay."

The young poet studied medicine and in due time annexed the resultant title to his name, as is indicated by the inscription on his monument.

For a time he collaborated with Halleck in skits for the New York Evening Post over the signature of "The Croakers." The "Flag" did not appear until 1819, one year before Drake's death. It is said that Halleck had a hand in this, writing the last four lines. That one poem made Joseph Rodman Drake immortal. As long as the American flag floats the author of this its noblest panegyric will be remembered, and it is indeed a fitting tribute to his memory that after he has slept ninety years in an obscure and lonely little graveyard that flag has been raised at last over his tomb.

FOR THE KITCHEN.

**NONE BETTER MADE**

Than the Kitchen Cabinets we sell. Let us show you the line, and prove their superior qualities and unequalled conveniences

Kitchen Cabinets, top and base	\$ 9.00
Larger Ones	\$11.00
All Maple Cabinets	\$24.00
With Glass Canisters	\$37.50

Always the Best, Always the Lowest Prices.

## Perry, Montgomery & Co.

**ALICE H**  
The Popular Picnic Boat.

Now makes regular schedule on the South Coos River run. Leaves Marshfield week days at 3 p. m. Arrives in Marshfield at 8:45 a. m. Sunday, leaves Marshfield at 8 a. m. Returns at 6 p. m.

LEVI SMITH, Master.

### We Work And Advertise

To bring a customer here the first time, after that he comes of his own accord. You know why.

**REMEMBER**  
There is no kink, or cue that we can't do.

**"THINK IT OVER MARY."**

### Coos Bay Steam Laundry

PHONE MAIN 57-J

### Blanchard's Livery

We have secured the livery business of L. H. Heisner and are prepared to render excellent service to the people of Coos Bay. Careful drivers, good rigs and everything that will mean satisfactory service to the public. Phone us or a driving horse, a rig or anything needed in the livery line. We also do a trucking business of all kinds.

**BLANCHARD BROTHERS.**  
Livery, Feed and Sales Service.  
141 First and Alder Streets.  
Phone 138-J

**A TURKISH BATH** will do you good. Phone 214-J.

**PHONE I. S. KAUFMAN & CO YOUR COAL ORDERS—\$4.50 PER TON.**

*Would you like to have Electric Lights in your Country home?*

Find out the number of lights you would want and we will be pleased to give you all the information you ask.

### Coos Bay Wiring Co.

PHONE 237-J.

### Good Livery Service

Fancy new rigs, good horses and careful drivers are now at the disposal of the Coos Bay public at **REASONABLE RATES.**

Rigs or rigs with drivers ready for any trip anywhere any time. Horses boarded and rigs cared for.

New hearses and special accommodations provided for funeral parties.

**W. L. CONDRON'S**  
LIVERY AND FEED STABLES  
PHONE 273-J

### Real Estate

**BUY NOW**

All kinds of City and Farm Property. Rooming house at a bargain.

**AUG. FRIZEN**  
68 Central Ave., Marshfield, Ore.

**MEN** of ideas, who have some inventive ability please write **GREELEY A. McVYRE**, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

Have your job printing done at The Times office.

THE FAST AND COMMODIOUS

## Steamer Redondo

(Equipped with Wireless)

INTER-OCEAN TRAMP passengers both ways and freight Will make regular trips carryinisco. All reservations for passengers between Coos Bay and San Francisco and Inter-Ocean Transp. Co. made at Alliance Dock, Marshfield. For information, phone 44-J or 285. Sailing from San Francisco Friday afternoon, July 17. Union Street Wharf No. 2, SANSPORTATION COMPANY.

### FAST SERVICE TO ROSEBURG

Our autos, leaving Marshfield at 6 o'clock every morning, connect with the evening train to Portland. Fare \$6.00.

**COOS BAY ROSEBURG STA GE LINE**

**OTTO SCHEITLER, Agent, C. F. BARNARD,**  
120 MARKET AV., Marshfield. Agent, ROSEBURG, Ore.  
PHONE 11

"THE FRIEND OF COOS BAY"

## S. S. ALLIANCE

CONNECTING WITH THE NORTH BANK ROAD AT PORTLAND

### SAILS FROM COOS BAY, FOR PORTLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 6th

NORTH PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.  
PHONE 44 C. F. McGEORGE, Agent

EQUIPPED WITH WIRELESS

## STEAMER BREAKWATER

ALWAYS ON TIME

SAILS FROM PORTLAND AT 9 A. M. ON JULY 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30.

SAILS FROM COOS BAY AT SERVICE OF THE TIDE ON JULY 2, 7, 12, 17, 22 AND 27.

L. H. KEATING, AGENT PHONE MAIN 35-L

## DRAIN-COOS BAY AUTO LINE

VIA

## ALLEGANY

NOW READY FOR BUSINESS

### Leaves Marshfield Daily

BOAT LEAVES ALERT LANDING, MARSHFIELD 5:30 A. M. ARRIVE DRAIN 4 P. M. SAME DAY.

TICKETS FOR SALE AND INFORMATION AT

### The Busy Corner Drug Store

PHONE 298

### Have That Roof Fixed NOW

See CORTHELL

Phone 3121

After the show try a Turkish bath Phone 214-J.

MARSHFIELD'S POPULAR FAMILY HOTEL THE LLOYD

Rates reduced to: Day—50c, 75c and \$1.00; week—\$2.00 to \$5.00. Housekeeping apartments with gas range \$10.00 to \$18.00 per month. FREE BATHS—E. W. SULLIVAN, Prop.

Read the Times' Want Ads.