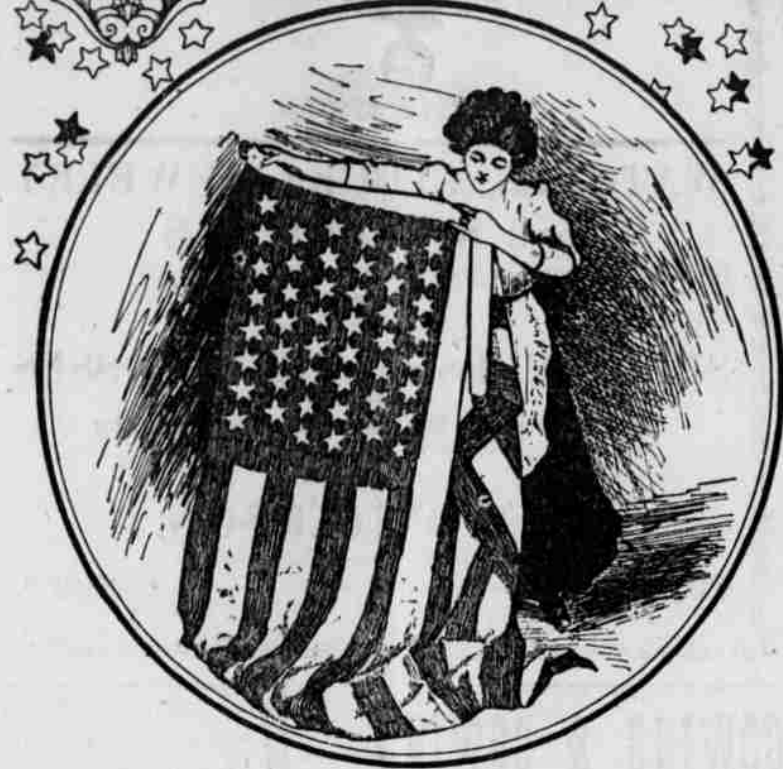


# CHANGING the STARS on "OLD GLORY"



The admission of Oklahoma into the Union has necessitated the rearrangement of the stars on the flag to admit the symbol of the new State, and it has been a big task to rearrange the stars on all the military flags of the country.

Various ideas have been advanced for the simplification of the field of stars on Old Glory. The difficulty in adding new stars is that the rows are necessarily made up of uneven numbers, and

this makes it impossible to arrange a field of stars that is perfectly balanced. In order to obviate this difficulty it has been suggested that the stars be placed in a circle, so that no matter how many new States and stars are destined to apply for a place in the future they could all be provided for by the simple expedient of adding constellations to the end on the circular line. This is a radical departure that has found some favor with the government off-

icials intrusted with the work of rearranging the flag, but it has not been thought expedient to adopt the idea without appeal to Congress and through Congress to the nation, for it is felt that such an important matter as the re-designing of Old Glory is a matter of full national consideration.

Far-seeing citizens have pointed out that in time the addition of new States and the unavoidable division of single States into double or treble commonwealths will so crowd the field of stars as at present arranged that it will look inartistic and unsatisfactory. The greater the number of stars the smaller will be the symbols, for the comparative size of the field cannot be changed without spoiling the flag and destroying the appearance of the finest banner on earth or sea. This problem is being discussed by patriotic persons who take an interest in national matters, and a number of designs are on file at the war office that aim to provide an artistic and striking arrangement of stars that, like that suggested by the circular array, will permit of the addition of a great number of constellations without making the flag look at a little distance like a striped banner with a jack of pure white, as would be the case were the blue field crowded with stars.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

## AUNT HANNAH'S PARTY

"Dear me, Ezra!" said good Aunt Hannah, "I do wish something would happen! Land o' liberty! I get so awful tired of this monotonous life—not a single neighbor less than a mile away an' not a chick or child at home. I ought to be ashamed to complain, and I am! But I do wish something would happen right here in front of our house! Something to look at!"

Aunt Hannah, good soul, little dreamed that before three hours had passed something would happen.

The one great event in her monotonous life was the daily passing of the overland passenger trains, which brought their eager tourists to California or carried home returning wanderers back toward the rising sun.

In Aunt Hannah's daily life this simple passing of the trains grew to be an event of importance. She could catch tantalizing glimpses of women's fair faces and the laughing eyes of little children as the Overland flashed by, not three rods from her own front door.

Sometimes she waved a snowy dish towel at them as they rushed past, and looked wistfully after them till the long cut hid the curving train.

But on this particular day Aunt Hannah's heart almost stood still in her ample bosom. For the Overland came into sight, running more and more slowly, and finally coming to a laboring, clanking stop almost at her very door.

Such a thing had never happened before, and Aunt Hannah was filled with wordless excitement. Something had happened at last! Uncle Ezra was stirring around near the house, keeping a watchful eye upon old Dobbin, the white horse, which was patiently walking never-ending miles in the treadmill which pumped water for the house and garden and the neighboring orchard of young orange trees.

Aunt Hannah speedily informed him of the great event, and Uncle Ezra, as wonder-filled as she, walked down to the railroad track to see what might be wrong.

Aunt Hannah, from the porch, heard him say hospitably to the conductor: "Why, yes, we've got a telephone. Come right in an' use it."

And in a few moments that wonderful creature—the blue-uniformed, brass-buttoned conductor of the Overland was standing on Aunt Hannah's bright rag carpet and talking in crisp, curt, masterly tones to some unseen delinquent at the city ten miles behind. It appeared that some one had blundered.

The passengers swarmed out of the cars and wandered aimlessly along the track. Then the women and children began to stray into Aunt Hannah's front yard, looking with genuine tourist curiosity at every little commonplace thing that met their eager gaze. For this was a trainload of brand-new tenderfeet from the far East, most of whom were stepping upon California soil for the first time in their lives.

Aunt Hannah was radiant and overflowing with hospitality. Before ten minutes had passed she had discovered

an old lady from her own town in Iowa, and a young lady from Boston who had known a second cousin of Ezra's first wife's nephew or some such near relative. Aunt Hannah was in her element. Every rocking chair she possessed and every straight-backed one as well, she brought out into the front yard under the great drooping pepper tree, and her unexpected guests sat around and asked highly intelligent questions of every official they could waylay. Noon came, and the long train stood powerless to move. Unaccustomed rivulets of perspiration trickled down the portly conductor's face as he walked up and down in ill-concealed impatience.

Aunt Hannah's hospitable soul expanded. "I'll fry every egg on the place," she said, "and steep that five pounds of coffee I've just got, and cut up the six loaves of bread I baked yesterday, and open every glass of jelly I've got, but these women and children sha'n't go hungry!"

So she bustled indoors and tied on her second-best white apron, made a



"I DO WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN."

fire and set things going in her usual capable way. "Land!" she said. "It's a long time since I had such a run of company! Of course, they could get their dinner on the train, but mebby good home cookin' 'll taste good to 'em! Anyway, it wouldn't look right for me an' Ezra to set down and eat an' not ask 'em!"

The young lady from Boston tied on Aunt Hannah's very best white apron, beautifully ironed and smelling of old-fashioned lavender, and carried plates and cups and forks and spoons out to the waiting travelers under the great pepper tree.

And when Aunt Hannah's famous coffee began to send forth its enticing fragrance, one by one the men came, too, standing around looking sheepishly expectant.

They sat on the porch steps and waited patiently for empty cups. Then the big pan of doughnuts went around, and generous slices of Aunt Hannah's fresh bread and golden butter and delicious dabs of Aunt Hannah's finest jellies and preserves.

The two dozen eggs did not last long, but Aunt Hannah helped out with crisp slices of home-cured bacon, which, as the blue-uniformed conductor said, went right to the spot.

The white-capped waiters served a few select souls in the dining car of the Overland, but Aunt Hannah's was by far the more popular lunch. She bustled about, flushed and happy. It was like a great beautiful party—a surprise party! Something had happened at last.

Out of the abundance of her generous heart Aunt Hannah had fed the

multitude, but the multitude was not content to have it so. The brass-buttoned conductor himself (who had set a very bad example by eating of Aunt Hannah's cooking instead of the colored chef's) passed his official cap and gathered in a shining shower of silver, which he presented with a neat little speech to Aunt Hannah.

Then the ever-present tourist cameras came into action, and Aunt Hannah was taken with her big white apron on by at least a dozen amateurs. Then there were other snapshots, too—Uncle Ezra in his overalls, the great pepper tree, the disabled engine, the perspiring conductor, and even old Dobbin himself.

The old lady from Iowa and the young lady from Boston insisted upon helping with the dishes, and there ensued a merry clatter from the kitchen. Some of the young folks gathered around Aunt Hannah's parlor organ and sang old Gospel hymns, or looked over Aunt Hannah's plush-covered photograph album on the marble-topped center table.

At last the conductor wiped his streaming brow and shouted "All aboard!" and Aunt Hannah's beautiful party was over. There were hurried handshakes, and one or two impulsive hugs and kisses for Aunt Hannah, many cheery words of thanks and appreciation, and then they all ran toward the cars and scrambled aboard.

Aunt Hannah, looking and feeling twenty years younger, stood on the porch and watched the long train as it got into motion and slowly pulled out, waving her white apron in response to a score of waving handkerchiefs, and could scarcely see them for the tears which dimmed her kind eyes.

And thus she stood as the long train entered the cut and slowly disappeared from view.

She and Ezra began to carry the chairs into the house. Aunt Hannah was a little tremulous from excitement.

"Ezra," she said, "when I wished this mornin' that something would happen I didn't really want the Overland should break down, but I'm awful glad it did!"

"My! My! I don't know when I ever did have such a good time! And, Ezra, here's \$27 that conductor took up in his cap. What, in mercy's name, can I do with so much money? Oh, I know! I know! I'll pay Ella's fare out here—Ella's and the baby's! Seems like I ought to use it some way like that, seeing my opposition restaurant took a lot of customers away from the dining car on the Overland!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Drowned Manuscript.

James Russell Lowell, the first editor of the Atlantic, was walking across Cambridge bridge when his hat blew off and fell into the Charles with half a dozen or more manuscripts with which it was freighted and which he was returning to the Boston office. A boatman recovered the hat, but the scattered manuscripts perished in those waves of oblivion. "If they had been accepted articles, it wouldn't have been quite so bad, for," said he, "we might with some grace ask the writers for fresh copies. But how can you tell a self-respecting contributor that his manuscript has been not only rejected, but sent to a watery grave?"—J. T. Trowbridge in Atlantic

**Unnecessary.**  
"Yes," growled old Roxley, "Mabel's lover interviewed me last night. Stupid fellow; no sense at all."  
"Ah!" exclaimed Ascum, "then you won't have him for a son-in-law?"  
"I? What have I to do with it? The idea of his coming to ask me when the girl and her mother are satisfied. If he had any sense he'd know that settled it."—Philadelphia Press.

**Refined Torture.**  
"Lil, you just ought to have heard how Miss Capsicum talked the other day when she was real mad. You don't know what you missed."  
"What did she say, Jen?"  
"Gracious! You don't expect me to say the dreadful things she said, do you?"

**Entering a Demurrer.**  
"Talk about the superiority of mind over matter!" said the argumentative boarder. "It's just the other way. If you want to be sure not to forget a thing you don't trust it to your memory. You take a pencil and a slip of paper and make a memorandum of it."

**Foreign and Domestic.**  
His Wife (reading)—I see they had a bread riot in Spain recently.  
Her Husband—Yes; and we'll have one at home soon if there isn't an improvement in your biscuits.

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I have used your S. S. S., spring and fall, for the past two years, with the result that it entirely relieved me of a form of Eczema which my doctor was unable to cure. My arms, lower limbs, and, in fact, the biggest portion of my whole body was affected, and when I first began S. S. S. the itching, etc., was worse, but I continued the remedy with the result that the dry, itching eruption entirely disappeared. I think a great deal of your medicine, and have recommended it to others with good results. It is the best blood medicine made, and I can conscientiously recommend it for the cure of all blood and skin affections. **CHAS. HORSTMAN, Wheeling, W. Va.**

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