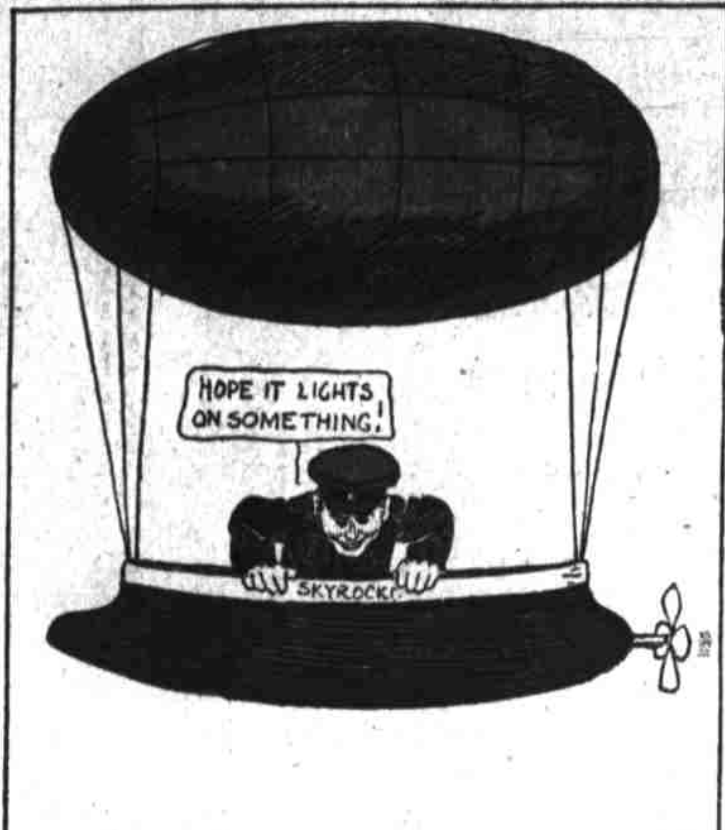


PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 27, 1903.

The Bomb That Boomed Drew Other Booms, and Doomed the Airship Man to Gloom

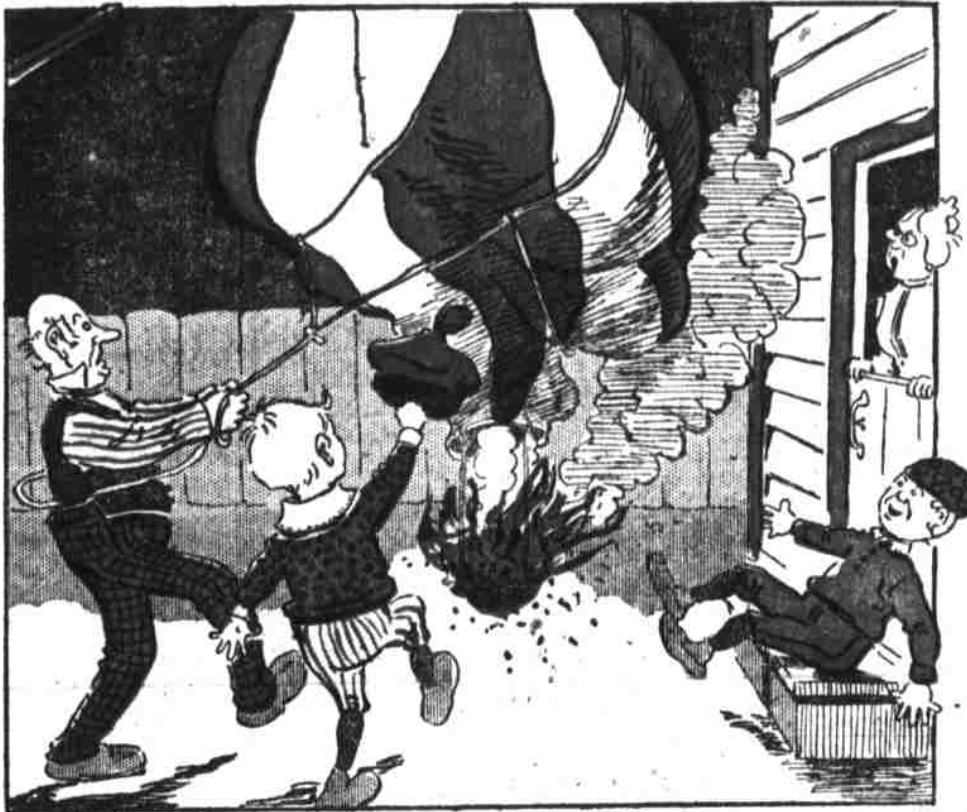
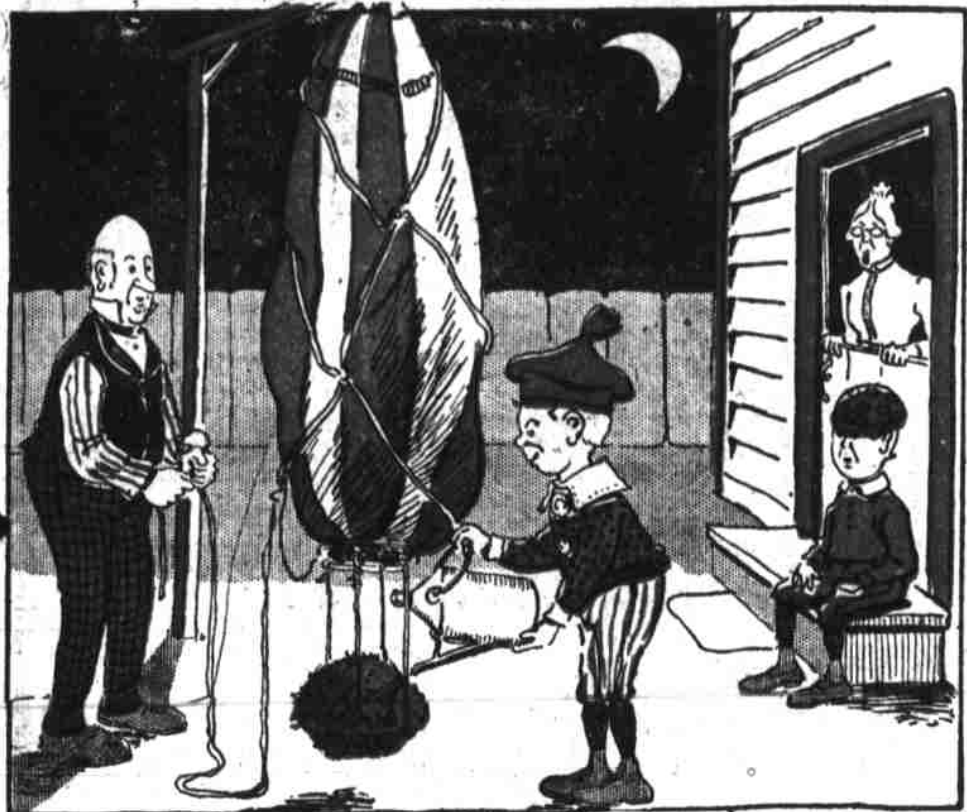


"Anything goes on the Fourth of July—so I might as well have some sport."

"Nobody ought to mind a little joke of this kind to-day." "Oh, murder! What's happened? I'll be wrecked!"

"I wish, by gracious, there were no such fool holidays as Fourth of July!"

Willie Builds a Successful Fire Balloon, But Uncle Tom Spoils the Ascension



"Dear Papa—Uncle Tom and me had an awful scare Fourth of July night. I built a big fire balloon and all the time we was fixing it Aunt—"

"She kept telling Uncle to be more careful, and he got so excited a-tellin' her women didn't know nothing about such things and ought to—"

"Keep quiet that he got all tangled up in the ropes and the balloon took him off over the fence. I tried to hold him and it took us both."



"It'd been great fun, only Uncle Tom he didn't want to go and kept kicking and squirming and hollering for help and trying to grab—"

"Telegraph poles and chimneys, till bimeby we struck somebody's orchard, then we grabbed some branches and let go the balloon."

"Uncle Tom wouldn't let me down till I promised to tell Aunt Maria he was only just running after the balloon to try to catch it; but she wouldn't believe either of us. Willie."