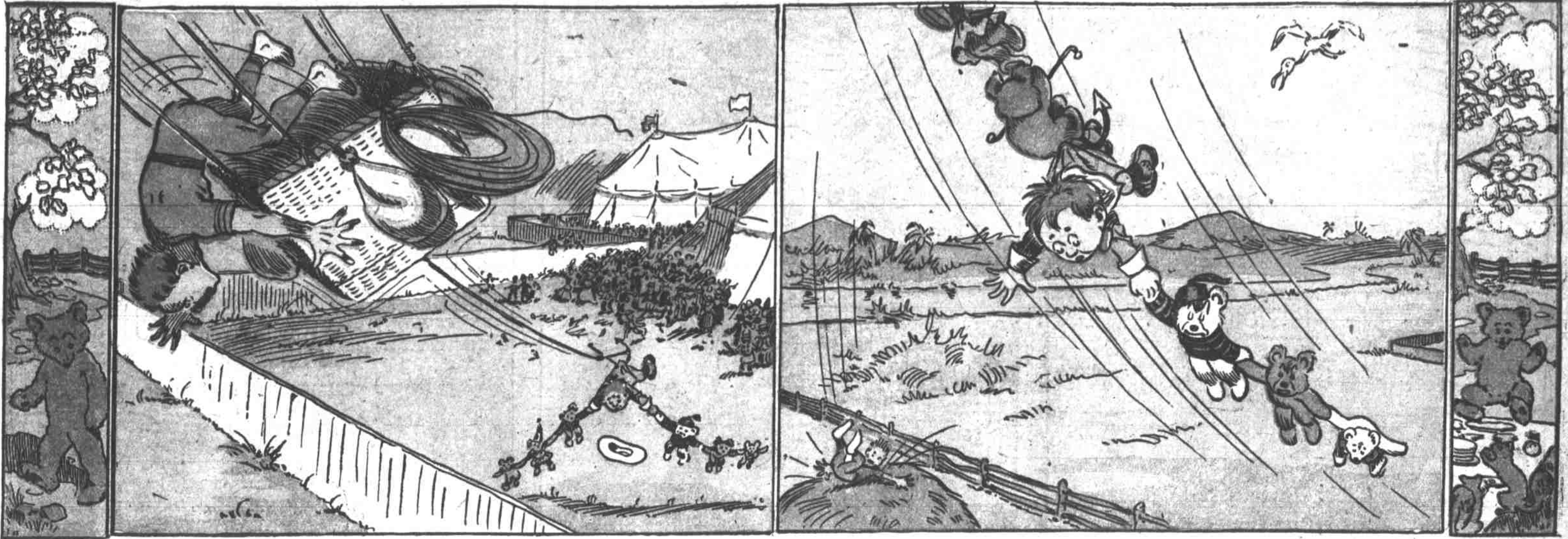
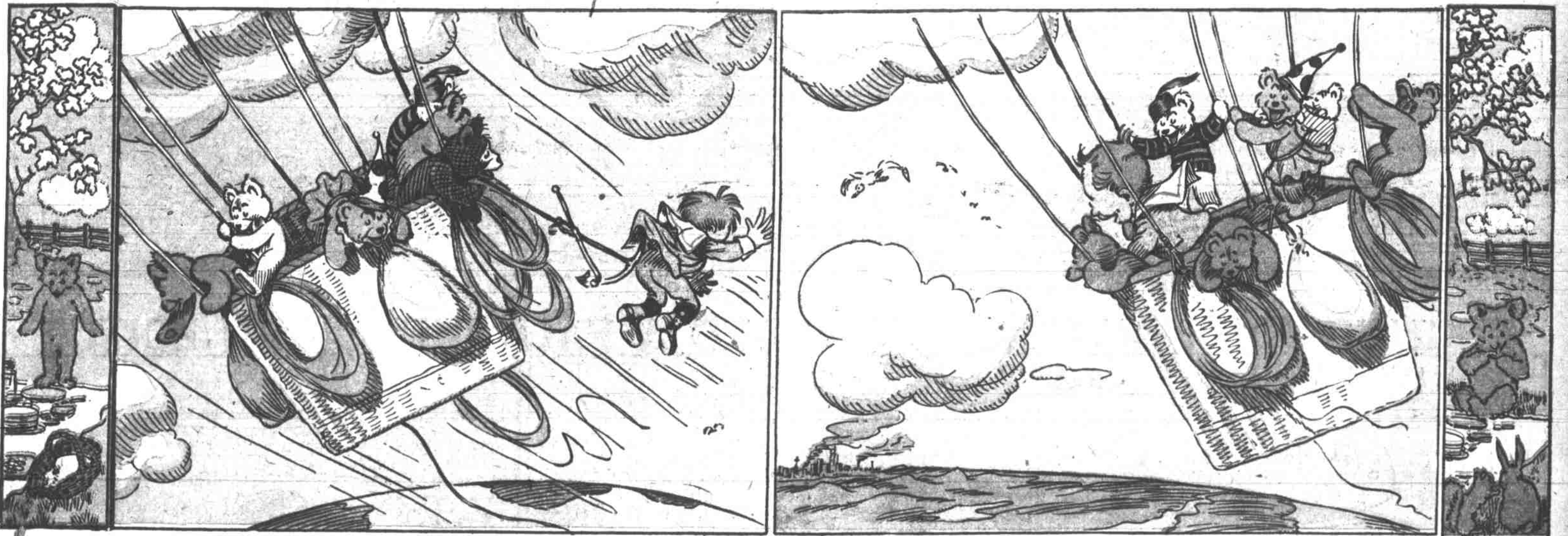


PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING JULY 4, 1908



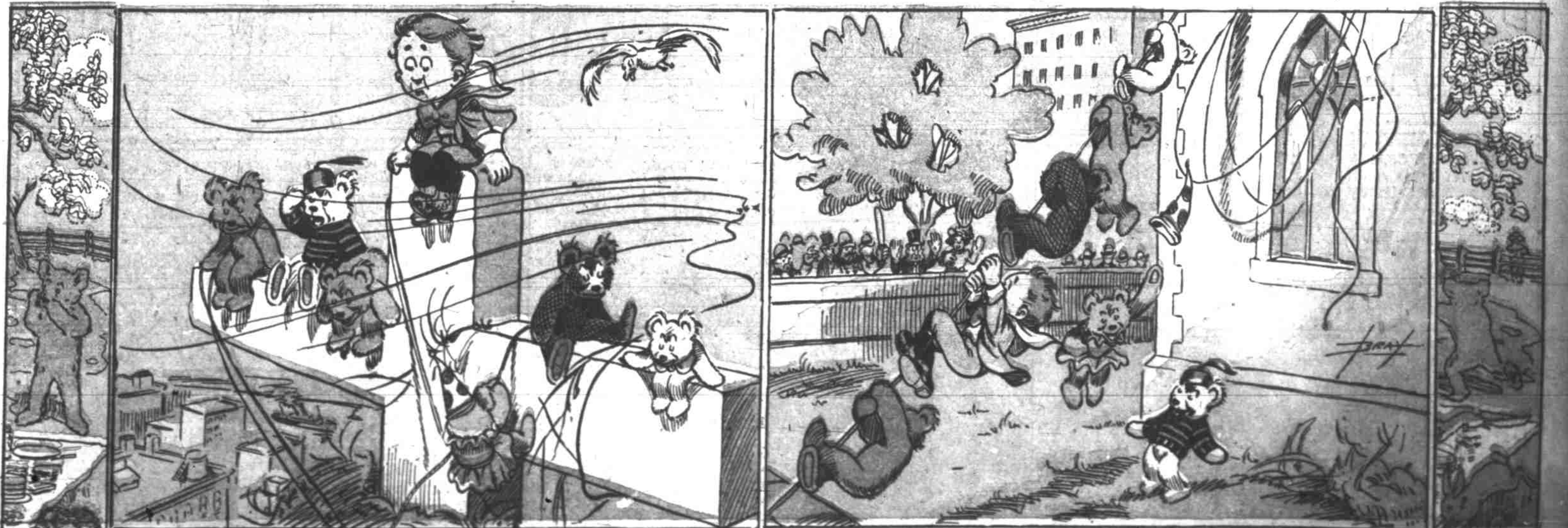
1. The Teds and John attend a fair
 To see a great balloonist there.
 But while excitedly they look,
 They're tangled in an anchor-hook.

2. The aeronaut, surprised, alarmed,
 Falls from his basket quite unharmed.
 The frightened Teds, all hand in hand,
 Are whirled a mile above the land!



3. But with vast bravery and skill
 They shin the anchor-rope, until
 They're safe, and then, with one accord,
 They promptly haul poor John aboard.

What joy to navigate the air
 And race the birds and breezes there!
 The lands that far below them lay
 All seemed to race the other way



5. All trips must end, the more's the pity.
 They flew too low above a city,
 And bumped, ker-smash! against a steeple.
 You should have seen the staring people!

6. The many ropes on their balloon
 They tied together very soon
 And slid to earth with manner proud,
 The center of a gaping crowd.