

The FLAG

Your flag and my flag, We view it with tear-dimmed eyes;
Your flag and my flag, the fairest beneath the skies!
What does it matter if ages ago
Your forefather looked upon mine as a foe?
Is your flag and my flag, wherever it proudly flies,
Your flag and my flag, and brotherhood's sacred ties;
Your flag and my flag, one purpose within us lies,
We are brothers in deed, we are brothers in name,
And as brothers one glorious banner we claim,
Is your flag and my flag, wherever it proudly flies,
Your flag and my flag, wherever a foe may rise;
Your love and my love, together its stars we prize,
We are brothers in blood and in sinew and bone,
And our dearest affection shall ever be shown
For your flag and my flag, wherever it proudly flies.

—S. E. Kiser.

IN GOOD OLD DAYS

Noisemaking Devices Weren't Used a Century Ago.

How the Fourth of July, 1812, Was Celebrated, According to the Newspapers of the Period.

ONE of the most interesting features in connection with the safe and sane method of celebrating the Fourth of July now becoming so popular is the fact that it denotes a return to the good old days of our ancestors when the anniversary of Independence was honored with apparently little noise, but with a great deal of parading, considerable oratory, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, closing with numerous dinners and the drinking of as many toasts as there were states in the Union.

Fire crackers, cap pistols and other ear-splitting devices which have caused so many of the injuries following in the wake of the national holiday, were unknown a century ago. There was sufficient incentive then to make the biggest kind of a racket. The country was engaged in a second war with England, and the younger generation, with the example of the Revolutionary veterans before them, might have been excused had they given vent to noisy demonstrations.

According to the newspapers of the time, however, the celebration of July 4, 1812, was conducted in a very orderly way. The phrase "safe and sane" was not used in describing the events of the day. Their substitutes a century ago were "genteel" or "respectable." One of the early celebrations at Princeton was thus described: The flag belonging to the town was displayed opposite the front of the college. At 11 o'clock a genteel company of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the college hall, where they were agreeably entertained by two excellent orations suitable to the occasion.

How safe the Fourth was in New York 100 years ago may be judged from one of the newspaper accounts, which says:

We are happy to state that no evil accident happened, and that the greatest order and tranquillity were maintained throughout the day and evening. The Fourth of July, 1812, was opened with the raising of the Stars and Stripes over all the public buildings and on the shipping in the harbor. At ten o'clock the militia with the members of the Tammany society, the Tailors, Hibernal, Provident, Columbian and Manhattan societies with the cordwainers, shipwrights and other trades, met in the park in front of the city hall, which had lately been finished. There they drew up in order of parade, and after a national salute had been fired by the veterans of the Revolution, they marched down Broadway to Deaver street to Broad, up Pearl to Beekman, where, at the corner of Gold street, the assemblage entered St. George's church. The services consisted of a prayer, reading of the Declaration of Independence, never omitted in the old-time celebrations, and an oration by Samuel B. Romayne, one of the Tammany Sachems.

Earlier in the day the military organizations of the city were reviewed on the Battery park by Generals Stevens, Bloomfield and Morton, and they marched up Broadway to Chambers street, down Chambers to Greenwich street, and back to the Battery, where, it is stated, "after going through several military maneuvers, they were dismissed."

All That Happened.
"Lo, Jim! Fishin'!" "Naw; drownin' worms."—Harper's Weekly.

BEACH COVERED WITH FISH

Crowds Gather in Thousands off Little Shiners at Night in California.

Thousands of little fish, coming on the sands at Serra, three miles below San Juan Capistrano, furnished a most unusual sight and gave an opportunity for the capture by hand of many hundreds of fish.

Three moonlight nights of each of the three spring months the fish, which resembles the smelt, goes on the sands to spawn. The larger waves carry the fish up and leave them flopping on the sand, flashing in the moonlight. The beach for nearly half a mile on both sides of the mouth of San Juan creek was literally covered with the little fish one night recently. The run commenced soon after midnight.

The coming of the fish is a great occasion in the San Juan Capistrano Mission valley. People gathered from far and near, and nearly every one returned with half a dozen filled with the beauties. Eight to ten automobiles loads of Santa Anans were on hand.

Remember

Get the glowing punk and the cracker out.
Let the hot credo burn brightly.
Flutter the banner and bravely shout.
Give to the screeching old eagle room.
Tell the wondering, listening world once more
Of the glory we claim and our strength
and pride.
Let the shout be echoed from shore to shore
And wafted o'er prairie and mountain side.
Let the folds of our glorious flag be traced
High o'er the heads of unshackled men—
But don't forget that the hand that is lost
Will never grow on your wrist again.

Shoot of the glory our ancestors won.
Let the Declaration be proudly read.
Tear a hole through the roof with the rusty gun.
Cause the dogs to bite or to flee in dread.
Let the cars and the kings of the world be told
Of the pride and the strength of a free-born race.
Let the welkin ring as it rings of old.
Make the lack we claim an glorious place!
Shoot and shout all the glorious day.
Whoop of the greatness of free-born men—
But remember the nose that is shot away
Will never grow on your face again.

—S. E. KISER.

SYMBOLISM IN OUR FLAG

Union, Liberty, Bravery and Peaceful Possession All Indicated in the National Emblem.

When George Washington, Robert Morris and John Ross prepared and presented to congress a standard for the Continental troops and the new Union of States, every detail in our flag was made symbolic of truth in its breadth and beauty and as the proud herald of those fundamental principles our national banner has been displayed for 132 years.

In the first place, it is the banner of the union, the union of states into a solid national compact; the union of effort to free those states and defend them; the union of hearts loyal and true; and this idea of national union emblazoned on our banner is expressed in the field of blue on which shine the stars of the several states. To destroy this union would be to reverse the progress of our history and make void the struggle and sacrifice of our fathers.

In the second place, it is the banner of liberty. These states were united in the cause of freedom. The struggle of their common enemy forced them to unite their efforts in the struggle for common liberty. The recognized liberty as one of the inalienable rights to be bestowed by the creator and in the cause of their liberty and the liberty of their children they have pledged their lives, their liberties and their sacred honor. Yes, it is the flag of the free!

In the third place, it is also the banner of bravery. Never in the history of the world did more heroic men place themselves upon the altar of patriotism because they feared God and recognized the justice of their principles, they were willing to sacrifice life itself. As we look upon the banner today and remember that it was made expressive of brave and patriotic men, it recalls the heroic struggles of the Revolution. The red signifies it is the banner of the brave. In the last place, it is the banner of peaceful possession. Wherever it floats, our flag is the symbol of sovereign right. It stands for national ownership—not of any party, large or small, but the ownership of all the people, and as such it is the pledge of peace and back of the flag stand the people and back of the people is God, whose truth is displayed in its signs and symbols.

REV. S. T. WILLIS.

Rather Dull.
When we get down to it, life hasn't half as many complications as a ten-cent melodrama.

Over the Telephone Perhaps.
"Yeast—What made you say my wife had a prominent mouth, if you never saw her?"
"Calmness—Oh, I heard it."

Neither Did They.
Redd—I saw some striking gloves at Cotton & Goode's store today.
Green—Indeed! I didn't know they kept boxing gloves.

OREGON STATE NEWS IN GENERAL

Industrial and Educational Items of Interest To Oregonians

RABBIT ARMY MARCHING ON "CATERPILLAR" IS AT WORK

Pests Reach Edge of Umatilla Alfalfa District.

Harney County Land to Be Turned By Big Machine.

Burns—What is considered by many as the most important event that has occurred in the development history of Harney county took place this week, when L. M. Baldwin and Fred Holloway arrived in Burns with their 60-horse power "caterpillar" engine and equipment of 12 gang plows of 14-inch cut each, harrows, seeding outfit and disc harrows, which go to make up the big land-opening plant which it is intended to be.

The advent of this \$10,000 bunch of farming machinery in one lot was considered of so much interest that several auto loads of Burns business people went out four miles and escorted them into the city. Upon the arrival of the cavalcade in the city, several cameras were directed on it, and a number of good pictures were taken.

The engine is a powerful puller, and is not a waste of energy. The endless chain drive, which is fastened in sections so as to operate at different angles, runs on a roller-top deck, runs on the ground, having corrugations that take hold wherever they touch, so there is no slipping or going backward, and every ounce of power is utilized.

Behind the engine were fastened as trailers four heavy wire wagons, loaded with plows and other machinery, tanks of distillate and everything necessary for the intended task of putting the prairies into cultivable shape, also camping and cooking materials, the four wagons carrying about 12 tons.

This entire outfit came from Bend, nearly 150 miles, on the power of the engine, in less than six days of travel, this being the longest trip ever made by a "caterpillar" on its own power. After furnishing food for much admiration and speculation to a large crowd of those who liked it and those who didn't, the "train" started for the scene of its first operations near the agricultural experiment station, where Messrs. Baldwin and Holloway have a large tract of land of their own, and the trip was made over some soft roads without difficulty, and in 36 hours after its arrival it was busy turning over the sod.

The 12 plows in the gang will turn over 14 feet of soil, and by working double shifts making about 16 hours per day, it is expected to plow 50 to 60 acres a day, and when all the paraphernalia is used this can be plowed, harrowed, seeded and disked at the same time. Besides plowing their own land, it is the intention of these gentlemen to break up land for the Oregon Western Cattle and Horse raising company, for the Hanley company and for many others who will find this the cheapest way to get it done.

Bay City Has Sensation.

Bay City—Excitement runs high at present over the finding of what is supposed by some to be ambergris. Thursday some of the fishermen brought in a few pounds of the substance and showed it around town. At night men were seen coming home from all directions on the day, and as near as can be learned about 1000 pounds of the same substance has been cached awaiting a report from chemists on samples sent out.

From reports received in Bay City from other points on the Coast, both north and south, much of the stuff is being found, which creates the impression that it is not ambergris.

Road Right of Way Fixed.

Ashland—Fears that the new road over the Siskiyou will leave the ranchers in that vicinity of the right of way are groundless, inasmuch as there will not be any great change made. Out of Ashland the new road will leave the old one near Barron, in this county. At Steelman the new highway will cross the old one and keep to the east of the toll road until Hill, Cal., is reached. These changes are necessary in order to secure a reduced grade which will not exceed 6 per cent in favor of the new road.

Farmers' Union Convenes.

Independence—The second meeting of the Polk County Farmers' Union was held in this city Saturday. The business houses held their monthly sales at the same time, and as a result people from nearly all sections of the county were here. At 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon, in the Sis Theater building, Luther J. Chapin, government expert from the United States department of agriculture, delivered an address on "Farm Management and Demonstration Work." This was followed by a permanent organization.

Roseburg Road to Be Repaired.

Roseburg—After inspecting the Myrtle Point-Roseburg stage road, the county court decided to plank that portion of the highway extending from the summit of the mountain and down the canyon to the Coos county line. The work will be done by contract and will cost in the neighborhood of \$5000 a mile. When planked the road will be in shape for traffic during the winter as well as the summer months.

Damage to Cherries Slight.

The Dalles—The heavy rains of last week slightly damaged some of the cherries in this vicinity, the fruit being cracked. The moisture which was experienced, however, amounting to about an inch, was of general benefit to all forms of vegetation, especially spring grain and potatoes, an advantage which more than counterbalanced the small damage to the cherries.

Umpqua Fishways Inspected.

Roseburg—R. E. Clanton, state game and fish warden, and F. J. Hughes, chairman of the state game and fish commission, inspected the fishways in the Umpqua river this week. An engineer has been employed by Mr. Clanton and the several dams in this vicinity will be provided with additional fish ladders.

Big Sawmill Is Burned.

Hood River—Entailing a clear loss of slightly more than \$100,000 the big sawmill and 1,000,000 feet of lumber, of the Oregon Lumber company, were destroyed at Dec Saturday morning, the flames for several hours menacing the entire town. It is not known whether or not the company will rebuild.

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON
Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of The Hound of the Baskervilles, etc.
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MR CORAN'S ELECTION

(Continued.)

The local was just steaming into the station when a fat, red-faced man came panting out of the booking-office. Peace gave my arm a squeeze as he passed.

"That is Horledge, the chief supporter of Coran's opponent in tomorrow's election," he whispered. "So you have been making some new friends since I saw you last?"

"One or two," he said, stepping into a carriage.

When we arrived at Brendon, the Inspector led me off to an inn in the center of the town. It was a pleasant, old-fashioned place, with black rafters peering through the plaster of the ceiling and oak panelling high on the walls. The modern Brendon had wrapped it about, but it had not changed for three centuries. You could see many such ancient Inns about London, which watch the march of the red brick suburbs with a dignified surprise, until one day the bulldog steps in, and the old coach and horses or white hart comes tumbling down, and a cheap chop and tea house reigns in its stead. We dined early. At half-past seven, by the grandfather's clock in the corner, Peace rose.

"Mr. Coran's meeting does not begin until eight; but I want to be there early—come along."

The platform was empty when we arrived, but a score of people were already on the front benches. We did not join them, seating ourselves near the door. Brendon, or the graver part of it, moved by us in a tiny stream. A few elders walked up to the platform with the air of those who realize that they are something in the world. The clock above them was pointing to the hour when, with a thumping of feet and a clapping of hands, Coran appeared, and shook hands with the white-whiskered old chairman.

It was while the chairman was introducing "the popular and venerated townsman who had come to address them," that the red face of Mr. Horledge came peering in at the door. He stood there for a minute, and then modestly sat down on the bench before us. Peace touched my arm, and we moved along until we were just behind him.

The chairman ended at last, and amid fresh applause, Coran rose and stood gazing down at the little crowd with a benevolent satisfaction. Their respect and admiration was the breath of life to the man. You could see it in his eyes, in his gesture as he begged for silence.

"My friends," he had got no farther when Horledge sprang to his feet with a raised hand.

"Mr. Chairman," he shouted. "I have a question to ask the candidate." There was a slight outcry, a few hisses and groans; but the tide of local politics did not run strongly in Brendon. Besides, everyone knew Horledge. He had the largest grocer's shop in the town.

"It would be better to question him after his speech," Mr. Horledge, protested the old chairman.

"I should prefer to answer this gentleman at once," Coran interposed. He stood with his hands, clasping and unclasping, before him, but never moved his eyes from his opponent. "There was grit in the fellow, after all. I thought it rather fun. He can win the election, and welcome, after this."

"That is all, then. I want a word in private with these two gentlemen. Good night to you, and many thanks."

"Great Scott! Inspector, by you gave me a fright. I hope, Mr. Coran, you don't bear malice? That's all right, then. Good night all."

He glanced over his shoulder at the little man who has thus demanded his attention.

"And what do you want?" he growled.

"I am Inspector Addington Peace, of the Criminal Investigation department. I warn you, Mr. Horledge, that you are lending yourself to an attempt at blackmail."

The detective spoke in so soft a voice that I, who was standing by his side, could barely catch the words.

"Bless my soul, you say so?" cried the other.

"I should like a five minutes' talk with Mr. Coran and yourself. After that you may take your own course. Will you suggest it?"

Mr. Horledge did not take long to make up his mind. He told the meeting that he might have been misinformed. If they would permit it, he asked for a five minutes' private conversation with the candidate.

The meeting received the suggestion with cheers. It was something unusual in the monotony of such functions. We walked up the central aisle between a couple of hundred pairs of curious eyes, mounted the platform, and followed Coran into a small ante-room, the door of which Peace closed behind him.

"On June 15 the Brendon Anti-Vivisection society, of which you, Mr. Horledge, are president, received the sum of twenty pounds from an anonymous source," said the little detective.

"Certainly."

"That sum was extorted from Mr. Coran by the threat of revealing the secret which Miss Rebecca Coran told

me this morning, and which you verified this afternoon by a reference to the old newspaper files in the British museum."

"I had no idea—this is most surprising. Is it illegal?" he stammered.

"Blackmail for whatever purpose is illegal. Further attempts have been made to extort money. It is because they failed that you were placed in possession of the facts today."

"It seemed a mean trick, anyway," said Horledge, penitently. "I wish I had never listened to the old cat. But, Squareroes—I beg your pardon, Mr. Coran—I mean our friend here has always been such a model that I thought it rather fun. He can win the election, and welcome, after this."

"That is all, then. I want a word in private with these two gentlemen. Good night to you, and many thanks."

"Great Scott! Inspector, by you gave me a fright. I hope, Mr. Coran, you don't bear malice? That's all right, then. Good night all."

As he disappeared through the door the elder man dropped into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

"This is shocking!" he groaned. "Oh, Mr. Peace, are you sure it was my sister?"

"There is no doubt at all."

"But what can I do now?" he asked.

gives in case of confinement—£8. It does not make any difference whether the woman is married or not. Mother and child are thus taken for at least one month after the birth of the infant. The Italian law requires, furthermore, that a factory with more than fifty women workers must provide a decent room in which mothers can attend to their babies and nurse them. Frequently, large factories have a kind of day nursery with a trained nurse in charge. Infant mortality has been greatly reduced among industrial workers.—The Survey.

Success.
At a luncheon in New York the topic under discussion was the arrest of Mayor Linn and the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey of Schenectady for street speaking during the Little Falls strike.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., without praising or blaming either the two men or the strike that they advocated, gave utterance to an epigram that every young business man would do well to paste above his desk.

"Success," said Mr. Rockefeller, "knows no eight-hour law."

Most Noiseless Goods He Had.
The new clerk was doing his best to be accommodating, but it seemed to him that his customer was trying to call for things of which he had never heard. Finally she asked, "Have you any silent clothes?" Doubt clouded his face for a moment, then he brought down a box and triumphantly spread out a muffler.

Looking from one to the other of us, with a pitiable expression. "Shall I withdraw?"

"Nonsense," said the little detective, firmly. "Fight your election and win it, sir; and the best way to begin is to go back and tell them all about it."

"Go and tell them? Go and tell the meeting?" he cried.

"Yes. They'll like you all the better for it. Do you suppose there is no human nature in Brendon? Are you going to keep this miserable scandal hanging over your head all your life? If you stick to politics some one is sure to rake it up. Be a man, Mr. Coran, and get it over now."

"I will."

He had got to his feet, his eyes set with a sudden determination. He stretched out his hand to each of us, turned about, and marched out of the room like a soldier leading a forlorn hope against a fortress. As the door slammed behind him, Peace looked at us with an expression in which sympathy and humor were oddly mingled.

"Take my word for it, Mr. Phillips," he said, "many a reputation for desperate valor has been won by a less sacrifice."

It was not until after two days that I heard the arguments by which the Inspector had worked his way to a conclusion. They form a good example of his methods.

"It was evident," he said, "that the blackmailer knew Coran's character, his position as regards the election, and the details of his house and grounds. Those facts suggested a relative or close personal friend. The theory that it was a relative was strengthened by the newspaper cutting. It was not a thing a casual acquaintance would be likely to keep by him all these years."

"From Coran I learnt that he had had differences of opinion with Miss Rebecca. In my conversation with her she spoke bitterly of his refusal to subscribe to her society for the prevention of vivisection. She returned to the subject several times, mentioning the financial difficulties in which the local branch, of which she is the secretary, was placed. Those facts impressed me."

"Before Appleton arrived last night



THIS IS SHOCKING! HE GROANED.

I had carefully searched the summer house. In a corner of the woodwork I discovered a note from Miss Emily. The place was the lover's letter box. Indeed, I had been expecting the young gentleman's appearance long before he came. I did not, however, tell this to Mr. Coran when he pressed for an arrest. It would hardly have been fair on the girl. I do not mean that they will find the old gentleman so stony-hearted after ten years. As for the young man, in the inquiries I made concerning him, I found nothing that was not straight and honest. I put him out of the line at an early date.

"Who the person may have been that listened at the window I cannot say; but I conclude it was Miss Rebecca. She certainly did not attempt to carry off the parcel."

"This morning I discovered that an anonymous donation of twenty pounds was sent to Miss Rebecca's society the day after the first successful attempt at blackmail. I kept an eye on the house, and shortly after midnight she walked down Horledge's shop. He is the president of her society. They remained for some time together, and then Horledge took a train to London. I followed him to the newspaper room in the British museum. Things were becoming plainer."

"I have now no doubt that Miss Rebecca guessed who we were from the first. She told the secret to Horledge, who was, you remember, one of her brother's chief opponents in the election, out of sheer feminine spite. I suspected the man would attempt something at the meeting on Friday night. My suspicion was correct, as you saw."

"And the election?"

"He won his seat on the council. I think he deserved it, Mr. Phillips." (CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

Caring for Blind Babies.
Mrs. Cynthia Westover Allen, president of the International Sunshine society, was the first person to publicly ask permission to take blind babies out of the homes for defectives and to take them to her own home. The Sunshine society is now making the mothering of blind babies one of its departments of work. She established a private home for the blind babies of New York and then asked the board of education to take on the work, and after many disappointments she had the satisfaction of seeing institutions for blind children established by acts of legislature in New York and New Jersey.

The new clerk was doing his best to be accommodating, but it seemed to him that his customer was trying to call for things of which he had never heard. Finally she asked, "Have you any silent clothes?" Doubt clouded his face for a moment, then he brought down a box and triumphantly spread out a muffler.