



### WITH THE FLAG THEY LOVE



Photograph by Frank Fournier, Staff Photographer.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY

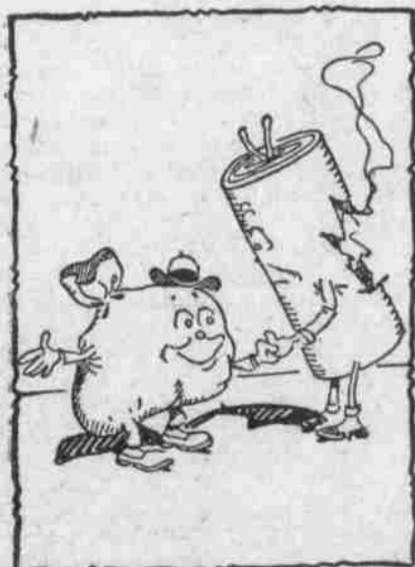
The "Glorious Fourth" Considered in Lighter Vein.

Looking Into the Future of Willie and Johnny—Some Thoughts of the Celebration—Safe and Sane Father.

#### GRIEF.

"Why are you weeping, my poor boy?"  
"Boo-hoo! My p-p-paw said I mu-mu-mustn't spend more'n half of m-m-my money fer firecrackers, bu-bu-bu-u-u we might need the rest for the doc-doc-tor. Boo-hoo."

#### ALL USED UP



The Torpedo—I feel bang-up! How about you?  
The Cracker—Oh, I'd feel better if I wasn't busted.

#### TOO BAD.

"I'm sorry that it is no longer fashionable to have fireworks on the Fourth of July."  
"Why should you care?"  
"My wife's old maid sister, who has been living with us for the last 15 years, has just become engaged to a willing widower, and I'd like to celebrate without letting the neighbors know just why."

#### UNNECESSARY.

"Do you always take off your hat when the flag goes by?"  
"Naw! I'm not runnin' for an office."

#### AFTER THE BATTLE



"The search among the slain."

#### WHERE, OH, WHERE?

Willie has his pistol ready, Willie's heart is full of glee;  
He has bought a little cannon and his breast from care is free;  
Willie counts the passing moments as they slowly drag away—  
Where, oh, where, will little Willie be in two weeks from today?

Johnny's little bank is empty, he has squandered every cent,  
With a giant cracker Johnny will begin the merriment;  
He possesses all the fingers and the toes he should—but, stay!  
Where, oh, where, will Johnny's digits be in two weeks from today?

#### HIS SAFE AND SANE FATHER.

"Father, didn't you ever shoot off firecrackers when you were a boy?"  
"No. I couldn't afford to burn up money in that way."  
"And didn't you ever have a toy cannon?"

"Never. I did my celebrating in a safe and sane way."  
"How was that?"  
"Well, I used to get a piece of gas pipe, plug one end of it, fill it with powder and then touch a match to it. Talk about noise. It beat any toy cannon I've ever heard."

#### HIS FATHER A STANDPATTER.

"Well, my little man, I see you are carrying a flag. Do you know why we are celebrating today?"  
"Yes. 'Cause Huerta didn't bust the country."

#### INDEPENDENCE.

This is the day on which the average man shows his independence by doing foolish things without having gained his wife's permission.

#### ROCKETS AND CRACKERS.

A wet Fourth makes a lean graveyard.  
The fool and his digits are soon parted.  
The sticks fall alike on the just and the unjust.  
A thumb on the hand is worth two in the alcohol.  
It is better not to take a dare than to get your hand scorched.  
The boy who doesn't get too gay may celebrate another day.  
It isn't always the firecracker with the longest fuse that makes the most noise.  
Remember that the giant firecracker is always just getting ready to go off when you bend over it to see what is the matter.  
Let us then be up and shooting, with a heart for any fate, lighting fuses and then scoting—learn to stand aside and wait.

Instead of responding she sought refuge at the window. The stuffy midsummer morning seemed to be lending an atmospheric depression in keeping with her spirits.  
The sickening sun was fairly blazing against the side of the big, red barn, the shadows from the row of willows seemed half-harted in their effort to relieve the stinging landscape, and the fan at the top of the tall windmill was motionless.  
He crossed to where she stood and put a sunburnt hand on her shoulder.  
"You've got to tell me," he said evenly. "I've never paid much attention to this neighborhood gossip, but is it true—are you ashamed to go to town with me?"  
When she still refused to answer a hardness came into his voice as he went on.  
"I was all right to take you home on Friday nights when you came out here to teach school. I was all right to build your fires on cold, winter mornings. My father's farm that he left me here was all right. It was the farm, was it, and the fact that you were tired of teaching school that you gave in to marry me? You were tired of the small pay, and the foreign kids, and the trouble with the directors. That was why you married me, was it? Other folks have been saying these things. I'm beginning to believe them now."

#### SAFETY AND SANITY MADE EASY.

Little Willie's sick a-bed,  
Mumps have put him to the bad;  
Do we view his case with dread?  
No, in fact, we're rather glad.  
Doctor warns him not to stir:  
In his bed he must remain;  
This will make it easier  
For us to be safe and sane.

#### PUZZLE PICTURE



Find the boy who had two whole dollars to spend on fireworks.

#### NOT WORRYING.

"My goodness! I shouldn't think you would permit your little boy to have such big firecrackers. Aren't you at all afraid?"  
"Oh, no, not a bit. I'm only his step-mother."

S. E. KISER.

## The RUBE

OF ONEY FRED SWEET

EDITH had so brooded over the scene when her action would finally have to be taken on the matter, that she shrank with every nerve, suffering as she saw that her husband had finished his morning chores at the barns and was coming up the path ready for breakfast.

"We'll have to hurry up and get ready or it will be a case of taking the other fellow's dust all the way into town," he called enthusiastically as he stopped at the bench outside to wash.

The girl kept mechanically at the pans on the stove.  
"It's going to be a great day for the Fourth," he continued. "There ain't a cloud in the sky." He came in whistling to stop short at the look on his wife's face.

"I guess I won't go, if you don't mind," she said with an effort, her face white and her eyes meeting his as she turned around, staring in frightened fashion. "It's going to be so hot and—besides I've been to so many Fourth of July celebrations."

He waited until she had placed the dish on the table, the anticipation gone out of his being—an embittering suspicion creeping in.

"Not going!" he echoed. "And I've been counting on it ever since the Clarion said Hampton was going to celebrate this year—counting on both of us going in together. It's the first time since we got married that we've been any-where together."

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With a sob she turned until she was in his arms.

"No! No!" she hysterically defended.

"Then you'll go," he concluded, the tenderness coming back. "It won't be so hot with the top on the buggy."

He drew himself away to get the answer, but it was not forthcoming. She was at the window again, her fingers at her lips.

It would be all right to go in her sort of way—to be onlookers rather than a part of the clownishness, but, as a girl in town, she could distinctly remember Henry coming in with a bunch of companions on such occasions.

It was a different sort of man she had married—a man in keeping with the great stretches of fields and the big plans of growing things. But the thought of being dragged by him before her old friends from an ice-cream parlor to a dance hall had made her decide

#### PATRIOTISM

It isn't the flag that floats proudest  
Or highest above the green earth,  
And it isn't the cannon that's loudest  
Which expresses the patriot's worth;  
It isn't the pomp or the shouting,  
And it isn't the musical blare  
That leaves us no reason for doubting  
That the future we face shall be fair.

Think not that vainglorious vaunting  
Shall strengthen the might we possess,  
And it isn't by foolishly flaunting  
Our banners that we shall progress;  
It isn't the challenge, the fearless  
Defiance imposingly hurled,  
That shall keep us undaunted and peerless,  
The wonder and hope of the world.

It isn't the riches or splendor  
That the few or the many display  
Which shall fit us to rule or engender,  
Belief in our fitness to sway;  
The faith that our forefathers gave us,  
The honor for which they could die,  
Alone shall have virtue to save us  
And keep our star bright in the sky.

S. E. KISER.

against going to the celebration when he had first mentioned it.

"You are ashamed of me," he interrupted. "You're saying so with your actions if you won't speak. But you bet I'm not going to have my fun spoiled. I'm going anyway."

When he came down from upstairs a few minutes later his overalls and big straw hat had been changed for a suit of ill-fitting black, a faded derby was placed low over his long crop of hair, and a handkerchief protected his celluloid collar. When men dress up but seldom the tricks come clumsily.

Neither spoke during the breakfast. He ate sullenly, and she made no pretensions of an appetite. A half-hour later he drove with a dash to the door, the horses groomed, the buggy shining, a bow of patriotic ribbon from some former occasion tied to the whip. She knew it was his final invitation.

"I'm coming," she called from the doorway with a half sob. "It won't take me but a minute."  
How deeply she loved him was impressed on the verge of his really going without her.

As she changed her dress hastily a sort of pang came with her woman's intuition that the skirt was too full for the change of style that had come with the new season; the white of

her collar was contrasted with the tan in her face as she had never noticed it before.

That Henry did not notice, she knew full well, as she felt his admiring gaze upon her as he helped her into the buggy.

As the horses swerved madly into the main road, Edith became aware of how others were on their way to the county seat. The knee-high cornfields, robbed now of every trace of morning dew, shimmered beneath the blue sky as if, somehow, the occasion in town had affected nature itself. Among the other vehicles of a more old-fashioned sort an automobile chugged past.

"We'll have one of those, too, one of these days," commented Henry as he reined the horses from their fright. "It's Sid Koffmeier and his girl. Did you notice the paint on her face?"

"I was looking at the country," answered Edith, arousing herself. "I'm afraid we don't appreciate what Dakota is coming to."

"I like a big day in town myself," mused Henry, cracking the whip as a signal to the horses. "I haven't missed a Fourth since I was a kid. Used to get sick usually on candy and lemonade and from walking around on the plank sidewalks in a new pair of shoes. Last few years there's been a gang of us go in together. Sid and I and a bunch of us have had some great times together. The dance is about the best part of it."

The girl turned her gaze to the roadside vegetation—the mullein and the foxtail mixed with the buffalo grass in which the insects kept midsummer chorus. The old fear seized her. Perhaps she had made an awful mistake as her aunt and her girl friends in town had predicted—a girl of education and refined tastes marrying an uncultured "rube."

Soon after their arrival in town they parted, and Edith decided she would go to her aunt's. It would be cool there and quiet, and away from the crowds and anything Henry might do before them.

Aunt Jane was in her garden back of the little white house, putting about as if there were no Fourth of July celebration.

She glanced up from her cabbage and potato beds with surprise and joy at seeing her niece.

"Yes, we came in this morning,"

hastened Edith. "Henry is downtown. We're both well. Yes, I suppose he may come down for dinner. I—I want to rest just a little while in the house."

Somehow she spent the day in the darkened, old-fashioned rooms, while her aged aunt, who had cared for her since her early girlhood, fussed with the cooking and the house cleaning as her rheumatism would permit.

Occasionally, as the long afternoon went by, a strain from the band downtown in the park was borne through the maples by the hot breeze, and the explosions of the firecrackers came in muffled reports. And with each hint of the celebration she found herself jerking as she wondered what part Henry was taking in it all.

She could not help but picture him as going even farther with his good time as a result of their quarrel. There had been times in the past when he and members of his crowd had gotten into fights and been arrested.

Evening came in the stealthy way that she had lately become accustomed to seeing it creep over the farm. Some of the country folk began going past on their way home. It caused a great

loneliness for their own place—for Henry—to come over her. She began chiding herself for her sensitiveness—her foolish pride. After all, it was he she loved. She could have stood anything he could have done.

She went to the dress up, but instead of her fingers touching the yellow keys, her arms dropped across them and she buried her head with a sob.

Twilight without made the shadows thick in the room, yet he must have been able to make her out from the doorway for the screen was shut noiselessly and he had her in his great, strong arms before she could look up.

"Henry!" she breathed hysterically, as she struggled to get free. "You've not gone without me, and you're not hurt!"  
He did not speak for a time, but his presence was comforting.

"No, I didn't go without you," he answered finally. "I understand it all now. I couldn't mix in on the old kind of a time. You've changed me, Edith."

"Oh, I was prudish and selfish," she interrupted. "I should have trusted you."

"No," he went on; "I came in with the plan of doing all the things that I used to. I found out I was changed just after I left you and joined Sid and his girl. But there was nothing to it. The dance hall was just cheap and foolish, and the thought of booze disgusted me. Between everything I saw you, somehow."

She had loosed herself from his embrace and had started for her hat.  
"Come on, Henry," she called roughly. "If we don't hurry up and get down town we might miss part of the grand display of fireworks."

#### What Salvation Is.

Salvation is not the petty conception of personal safety from some far-off doom. It is the saving of the whole man; it is the domination of the higher nature over the lower; it is the education of the spiritual, the development, the evolution of the God to us, that divine spark in all humanity that can never be wholly extinguished.—William D. Little.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY.



Photograph by Frank Fournier, Staff Photographer.